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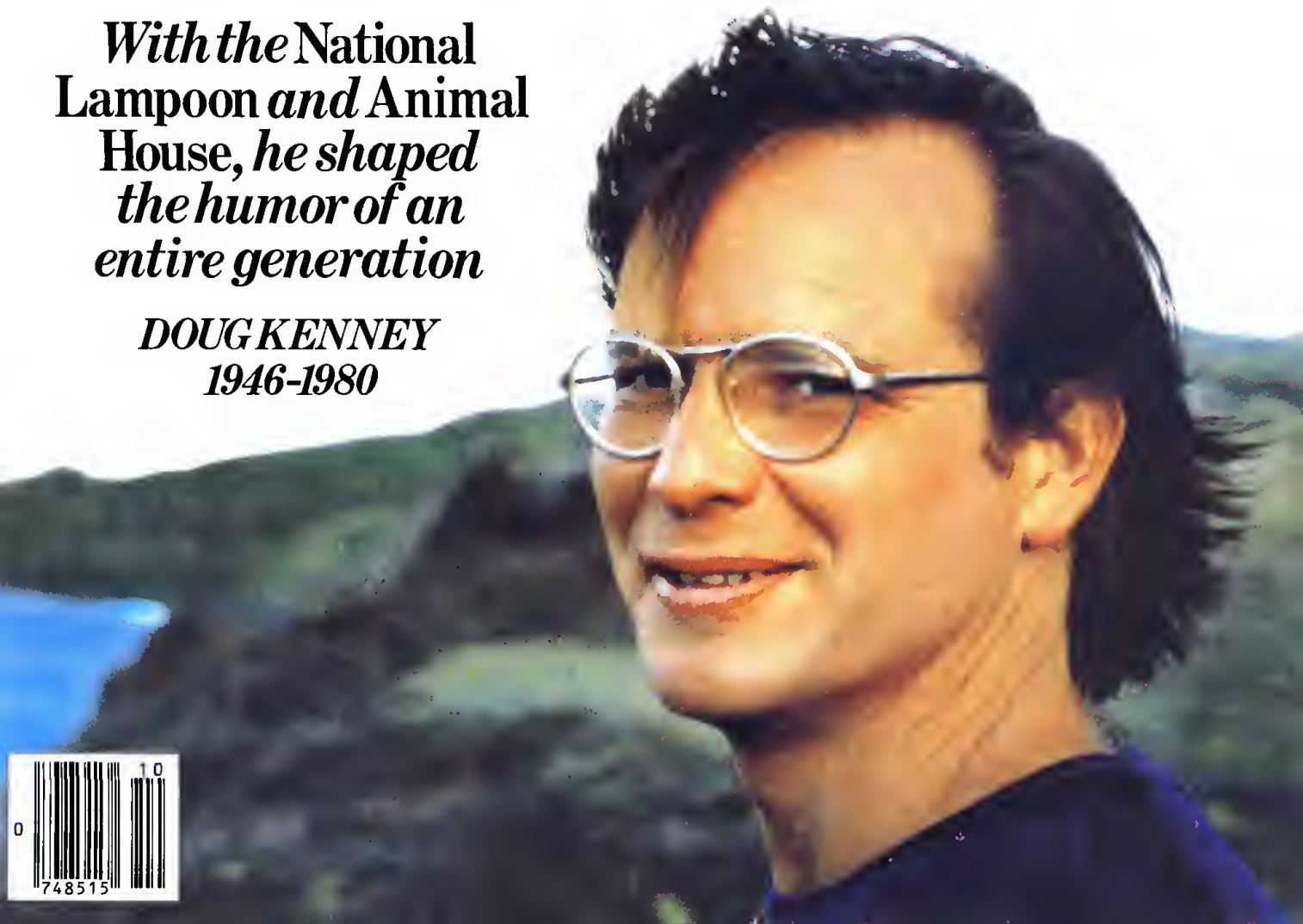
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COVER PHOTOGRAPH • COURTESY OF KATHRYN WALKER

Esquire (ISSN: 0194-9535) is published monthly by **Esquire Publishing Inc.**, 2 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Second class postage paid at Glasgow, Kentucky. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. The **Esquire** publication number is 561910. Subscription rate in the U.S. and its possessions: $16 a year; Canada, $20 a year; elsewhere, $24 a year. Rate on subscriptions payable in advance. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to **Esquire**, 1255 Portland Place, Boulder, Colo. 80323. Microforms are available from: University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106. © 1981 by **Esquire Publishing Inc.**



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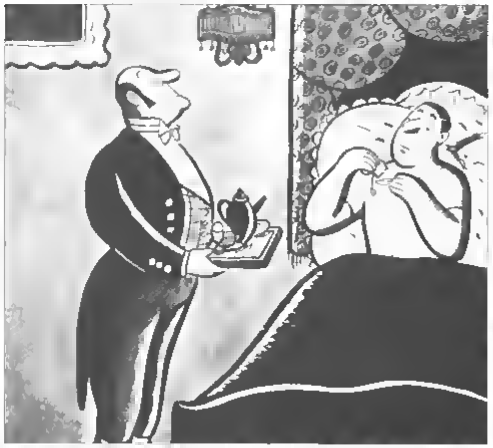
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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ESQUIRE



THIS OCTOBER issue is the first for thousands of new readers who responded to a midsummer subscription mailing. Therefore, it is especially appropriate at this time that we reiterate the philosophy and purpose of this magazine called Esquire, a magazine that defies the easy definition of most magazines in today's highly specialized world. If forced to describe in one sentence Esquire's purpose, I would say that it is to bring quality into the lives of its readers—quality in style, action, and thought. Esquire is for men who are tired of authors who don't think, of movies that don't hold together, and of material things that don't last. It is for men who rebel against mediocrity and who strive not only for professional achievement and advancement but equally for intellectual and emotional growth.

Esquire is a magazine founded on ideals. It is concerned with the ethics of living, with the propriety of a man's manners and the firmness of his word in a world where civilized behavior often loses out to expediency. It honors an inherent rightness, whether found in the qualities of a leader, in a do-it-yourself tool, or in the way an athlete moves. It is committed to the belief that each person can and should achieve quality in his own life, not quality as defined by an outside standard but quality in relation to the person's capacity. For it does not matter how fast or how far a runner runs against others, only how he runs against his capacity to run. Esquire calls for and honors the exceptional.

Esquire is also a magazine that aims to establish intimacy with its readers. We like to think that a writer's personal story is just as much at home when printed in these pages as it would be if it were being told in a good friend's living room. Like a good friend, the magazine will occasionally disappoint, but also like a good friend it can be relied upon to reach out, to uplift, to tell about new people and new places and new adventures.

Finally, Esquire celebrates the written word. The written word stands for civilization; it is crucial for maintaining freedom in thought and action; it is the most powerful and enduring means of conveying ideas. It demands a quality of thought often lacking in video communication. It allows the reader a lyrical entry into the mind of the author and, even more important, into the reader's own imagination. The written word can warm on lonely evenings, inspire in times of despair, and delight at any moment. It partakes of both passion and reason. And so, each month, Esquire consciously strives for excellence in writing, not in some abstract form but in the course of relating to you, the reader.

These, then, are the reasons why you find on our cover each month the motto MAN AT HIS BEST.

THIS MONTH'S cover story focuses on the personal struggle of Doug Kenney (1946–1980), a man whose talents greatly influenced our culture but whose name and persona never enjoyed wide public recognition ("The Life and Death of a Comic Genius," page 37). Kenney cofounded the *National Lampoon* and, throughout the Seventies, helped define comedy as we now know it. The story was researched and written by regular contributor Robert Sam Anson, who had followed Kenney's career since high school days, when they first encountered each other at a speech tournament in Ohio (Kenney won).

A SECOND profile in this month's Esquire centers on a man named Bob White, whose prospering publication is devoted to a conspiracy interpretation of current events ("The *Duck Book*," page 50). The story was reported and written by Randall Rothenberg, a first-time contributor to Esquire, who sees the paranoid view of American politics as pervasive. "People like Bob White, who believe that the Council on Foreign Relations or the Trilateralists are running this country, are not just a bunch of crazies—practically everyone I meet believes in some conspiracy or another. A part of the American character wants to give in to the idea of a power elite."

LEONARD MICHAELS can remember the exact moment when he realized his father was not just a father but also a *man*. "We'd go up to the Catskills every summer. Once there was a fire at a neighboring farm, and all the men went to help put out that fire. I panicked when I saw my father joining all the other men, but he gave me a big hug and took off to fight that fire. I was maybe seven years old." The knowledge that just such realizations are shared by all men prompted us to initiate a new series in Esquire of evaluations of fathers by their sons. Michaels, who last appeared in Esquire with a short story that later became part of his book *The Men's Club*, has written the first of this series ("My Father's Life," page 74), which will appear intermittently over the next year.

ALSO IN this issue, Richard Higgins, Class of '74 at Holy Cross, writes about a subject dear to the hearts of most of the members of his generation: the continuing dilemma of housing ("Looking for a Hovel," page 60). And Esquire gets into the spirit of fall with an article on the superfans of college football (page 92). There is much, much more, including the Esquire Film Quarterly (page 101), and we hope you enjoy it all. —**Phillip Moffitt**



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

NO FRILLS

YOUR AUGUST cover of a woman in a chef's outfit ("The 100 Best *New* Restaurants in America") was very amusing. For a professional cook, hair must be worn up (her mass of side curls was very cute but a violation of health codes), makeup runs in the heat of work, and, guys, no frills on either the hat or the coat.

Joan Barker
Seattle, Wash.

AMUSING BUT ABSURD

I DON'T know where Chris Welles got his information for the sidebar ("Supply Side and How It Grew") on his supply-side-economics story ("The Collapse of '84," August).

It may be sensational to trace supply-side thinking to a lone economist, Arthur Laffer, toiling in the federal bureaucracy in the 1970s; it is also absurd.

In the early Kennedy years, the National Association of Manufacturers and its lobbyists pushed supply side with a vengeance. Nor was the idea original with them. Indeed, the dogs were barking the theory in the streets. All that has been added to that theory in the last twenty years is the name "supply side."

John M. Barry
Washington, D.C.

TAKING INVENTORY

HOORAY FOR rich socialist Michael Phillips. Ever since reading Adam Smith's article on Phillips ("How Should We Live Now?," Unconventional Wisdom, July), I've been tallying my own possessions, trying to bring them up to 250, but I've gotten snagged in the count.

I need to know:

Does my twelve-inch black-and-white TV count the same as someone else's thirty-six-inch color set?

Since my thirty knives, forks, and spoons and my stainless-steel garlic press were purchased with ten cereal box tops each, can I count them as three hundred?

Does my subscription to Esquire count as one or twelve, and since I share it with a roommate, do I then have to cut the count by half?

For just $12.95 (plus postage and handling) I'll send Mr. Phillips my hand-typed (Royal manual, 1959) edition of the Seven Laws of Poverty. This includes such pearls of wisdom as Money Will Come When You Are Born to the Right Class and my mother's old proverb, The Rich Get Richer and the Poor Get Pregnant.

Vivian McInerny
Portland, Ore.

THAT *COSMOPOLITAN* MAN

BOB GREENE'S "Bachelor of the Month" (American Beat, August) is probably more a commentary on the power of the media than anything else. All the women Greene talked to seemed to have been interested in the bachelor Jeff Kaiser because he was featured in *Cosmopolitan* rather than for who he was or what he was. (Admittedly, his looks had something to do with it.)

The women Greene talked to were also unhappy with the men they met in their own spheres. What made them think that the men elsewhere, such as Kaiser, would be any different? I'm venturing to guess that they would find the same kind of men they found back home, only wearing different clothes and working in different jobs.

This whole idea may sound terribly cold, but I don't believe that just because someone is featured in a magazine—or any other medium, for that matter—he or she is more unusual than those around us.

Sam Vigil Jr.
Cambria, Calif.

COSMOPOLITAN AND *Penthouse* fans drool for different reasons, perhaps, but with the same wistfulness. If they only knew how little they really meant to the object of their desires, they wouldn't bother themselves with The Fantasy.

Jeff Kaiser says he doesn't want to appear an arrogant fellow, but somehow such phrases of his as "it would be good for business' lead straight to the conclusion that he is.

Bradley Dunmore
Statesboro, Ga.

LITERARY TRASH HEAP

I HAVE had it! Taki has finally gone too far. First the self-appointed arbiter of social and intellectual excellence named Norman Podhoretz, of all people, "the most thoughtful man in America" ("Arbiter of Chic," High Life, May)! That was bad enough. Now, in the course of his diatribe against the Hamptons ("The Impossible Hamptons," High Life, July), the pompous name-dropper not only continues his vendetta against E. L. Doctorow but adds Joseph Heller and Kurt Vonnegut to his literary trash heap. His Royal Haughtiness should soak his head in George Plimpton's pool. A few years down the road, these authors will still be widely read while Taki will be forgotten by all—except for a few other social climbers who thought that Lee Radziwill was swell too.

Paul M. Leonard
Washington, D.C.

NO MORE PUNK

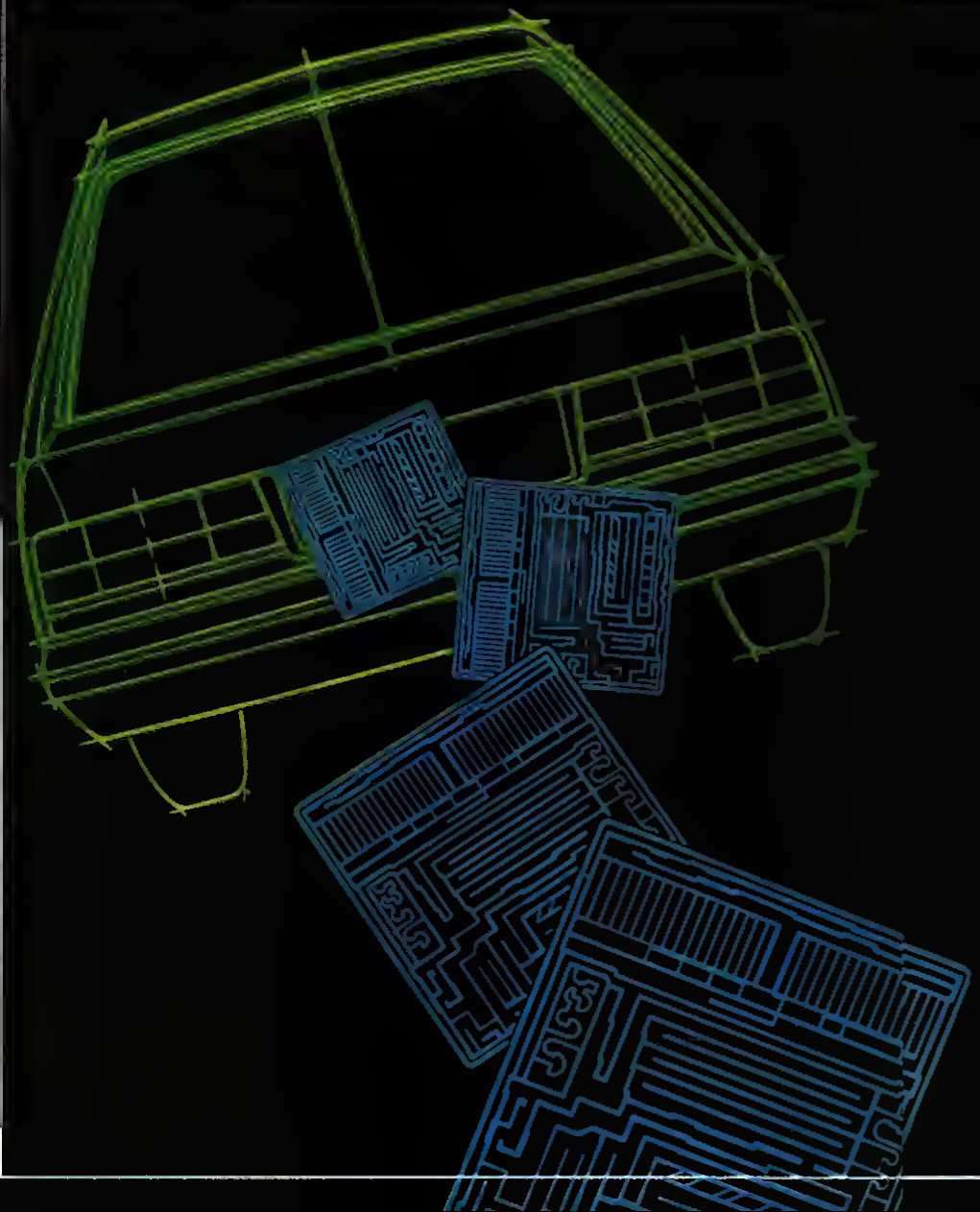
NIX ON punk literature such as that of Carol Caldwell ("Listen to Rosanne Cash," July). The few moments of lucidity witnessed in the article made the remainder appear all the more tasteless and juvenile. As a reader who generally lavishes Esquire with superlatives, I'm disappointed and somewhat put off by the contents of this interview. It's definitely out of keeping with the high standards you've developed. The whole thing was too teensy and plastic, just like the Bubble Burgers described for (believe it or not!) one whole paragraph. "Baby-diarrhea rhythms,' 'barrel-assing" down highways with "aubergine purple" hair, "moving through an atmosphere of day-old oatmeal"... ad nauseam. Surely you can do better than this with little or no trouble. The appeal here is to the punks who have nothing better to do with their time than read junk. I doubt that punk rockers are your average readers, so why are you trying to appeal to them? Please, Esquire, leave punk where it belongs—in the gutters and on the shrink's couch and out of your covers. Enough is enough.

Pattie Fitzpatrick
Raleigh, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In our August cover story, "The 100 Best *New* Restaurants," it was incorrectly reported that *The New York Times*'s Mimi Sheraton gave the New York restaurant The Post House a two-star rating. That rating was given by Moira Hodgson of *The New York Times*.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.





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UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

BY ADAM SMITH

THE LESSONS OF MRS. T.

For better or worse, we can learn from Britain's Iron Lady

"MRS. T" is what the prime minister is called in London. "We are thinking of doing a TV show," said the managing director of *The Economist*, "and one of our editors, Sarah here, does a very good Mrs. T." The BBC and the Treasury still call her "prime minister." Labour hecklers in Parliament call her "a vandal" and "stupid woman"; placards of demonstrators call her "bitch." Everybody else just says "Mrs. T."

I was in London to ask a question: What can we learn from Mrs. T.?

When she came to power, she seemed like the point man (or point woman) of the platoon, someone who goes first and draws the fire. Like the Reagan administration, she was determined to cut down the government's role in the economy. She has, of course, faced more trouble than the President; unemployment is at a postwar high, and so are the numbers of demonstrators in Trafalgar Square. Riots have swept the racially mixed areas of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Newcastle. Some pundits thought those riots would finish her tenure. Her stern Iron Lady policies of tight money and retrenchment, it was said, created the unemployment that produced the riots. That is dismissing Mrs. T. too quickly.

She came to power with two main programs: cutting down the rate of inflation, which was in the mid-twenties, and revitalizing British industry, which had fallen far behind the leading industrial countries of Europe. "Made in England" once stood for quality. Britain was the first industrialized country, and "made in England" made London rich when Germany was a string of petty principalities and the Japanese were still cut off from the world. Rich London can be deceiving. It always looks so serene with its houses around handsome squares and its parks with centuries-old trees. Limousines purr at the curbsides, and the restaurants are expensive and full. Construction signs are everywhere as the pleasant town houses of nineteenth-century barristers and stockbrokers are converted into $300,000 apartments. (The barristers never owned the land under the houses, great dukes always kept the land, and leased it for ninety-nine years.) Manchester and Birmingham could be in another country.



ILLUSTRATION - JULIAN ALLEN

If a whiff of depression is what the economy needs to restore it, said Mrs. T.'s men, then down it goes like cod-liver oil. It may make you shudder, but it's good for you and it gets the job done and you'll be glad later. Do the armed forces protest that Mrs. T. is cutting their budgets, that the once-great British navy is reduced to bathtub proportions? Perhaps the armed forces lobby too effectively. Mrs. T. abolishes the posts of the secretaries of army, navy, and air force so they cannot lobby so well. Mrs. T.'s cabinet feels it is working against time; it must get the job done before 1984, the date of the next election, and it must utilize the economic breathing space granted by North Sea oil, which will begin to run out in the next decade.

This summer, Mrs. T.'s critics, who sprang to life in the wake of the riots, all ganged up on the issue of unemployment. The television films of besieged bobbies made it seem not only that Mrs. T.'s days were numbered but that unemployment was the reason for the violence.

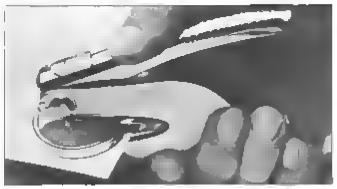
But other critics chose another tack: not that she had cut too much but that she had not cut enough. She had, indeed, by a whiff of depression, made private industry leaner and fitter. Productivity had actually increased, turning around a sad slide. (From 1973 to 1980, for example, output per person went up one percent, but hourly wages went up more than 213 percent.) But her critics charged she had not cut the public sector nor tamed the unions. A million jobs disappeared from the private sector, but the civil service and the nationalized industries were so strong that they successfully resisted the cuts. "She should have gone in with a bloody great ax," said Norman Macrae, deputy editor of *The Economist*, "and instead she used a scalpel."

Mrs. T. would probably have liked to use an ax. "Thatcherism" is more than a hard-money, pull-up-your-socks policy; it is an economic program with moral overtones. Mrs. T. deplores the image of the state as parent; she decries "a pocket money society, in which the fruits of our work belong mainly to the state, and where we are handed back a little each week for our personal use."

I TOOK a taxi to Parliament Square, to the Treasury.

"We realized," said my Treasury host, "that what we had to do was to change the national perception on a very deep level. *The government cannot be responsible for the national happiness.* Now that goes

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against all the thinking of the last fifty years. But making the government responsible produces an unrealistic gap between expectations and possibilities. It also induces a lack of responsibility. For example, when the British government took over British Leyland [the automaker] in 1975, you could feel the relaxation. They thought the gravy train had arrived.

"So what the government intends to do is to move decision making back down the line. All decisions should not be made in Whitehall [the seat of government]. Some should be made on the shop floor or in town councils. We still get too many calls from the county level, from people who should solve the problems at those levels. Lines must be drawn."

And how is the tough policy working?

The inflation rate has been cut in half, down to 12 percent. In the private sector, productivity is going up. The decontrol of oil prices has worked, and so has the decontrol of exchange regulations. What is still not known is whether Mrs. T can keep inflation coming down, whether she can hold down the next round of wage increases, and whether she can really make a dent in the government. David Stockman must be watching raptly.

"Inflation is a large beast with great momentum," said my Treasury host. "It takes time to turn around. We think it will take us five years, and only in the last eighteen months of that period will we see real results."

But Mrs. T—and her government—could theoretically be thrown out before 1984 if she lost popularity.

"Yes," the Treasury official responded. "We never expected to be popular. We expected to be successful, not popular. There is no quick fix."

THERE ARE similarities between us and the British. We are both humane industrial democracies, we both have low productivity and big government deficits, we both have sophisticated financial institutions, and we both speak English. There are also differences. The British have oil in surplus, at least for the next ten years, and we do not, but we are more self-sufficient in other respects. The British trade unions are not only more powerful than their American counterparts, they have a grip on such onportant state monopolies as water, power, and coal.

The British have been further down the road to state control, and they have tried what economists call an "incomes policy," which means that labor, industry, and government sit down together and try to work out a master plan with goals, allotments, and percentages.

"The British government," said my Treasury host, "has tried an incomes policy thirteen times. It doesn't work."

The advice on what we can learn ranges all over the lot. Donald Regan and David Stockman could make up a whole laundry list. The British Treasury people were passionate in their opposition to "indexing," which ties wage increases and Social Security to some widely used indicator such as the Consumer Price Index. "A vicious handicap to truth, clarity, and understanding," said the Treasury man.

"Do the difficult things first," said Macrae, of *The Economist*. "That's one lesson. Here, for example, we have the civil service and the government-owned industries, and Mrs. T has already made that tactical error. She should have had Sir Keith Joseph [secretary of state for industry] take them on, but he hasn't. In your case you have the mess of Social Security, but you've already seen what a political ruckus you get when dealing with sacred cows. Mrs. T swore she wasn't going to bail out any lame ducks, and private industry has already gotten the message, even if she has made some exceptions. You had the Chrysler bailout, but that really doesn't belong to the Reagan administration. We've also learned that you don't prop up exchange rates artificially—you had to defend the dollar back in 1978, though it's doing well now—but I see in Washington some infatuation with what we call 'kindergarten monetarism.' That's when you decide there's some magic rate at which the money supply should grow, such as five percent. Except that no one knows quite what the money supply is, what with money-market funds and NOW accounts and so on, and meanwhile small businesses crash."

There is an assumption behind both the Thatcher and Reagan supply-side philosophies. That assumption is that if you just get the government out of the way, the entrepreneurial spirit will meet whatever demands there are.

"Maybe that will work for you," said Anthony Sampson, author of *Anatomy of Britain* and other best sellers on politics and economics. "Maybe entrepreneurs will spring to life and solve everything. But I don't believe the British government is frustrating some great entrepreneurial leap. You have young chaps beating on the doors of the Stanford and Harvard business schools, we don't have this passion for M.B.A.s. We still have a public-school ex-imperial tradition that says making money and doing deals is not classy.

"But there's no question that the British are working harder. Mrs. T got a mandate to bash the unions, and bash she will try, and unemployment has helped productivity. It seems a primitive way to get results, but fear can be a motivator."

Both President Reagan and Mrs. T have some room to try their plans because their opposition is weak and divided. The President's men were able to induce some Democrats to defect and support his tax plan; Mrs. T's opposition is the Labour party, which is now being fragmented by a new group, the Social Democrats. Sampson believes the Social Democrats, as a new party of the center, could provide a real alternative to Labour. Because the opposition is so fragmented, Mrs. T has time to shake off her twin demons of inflation and the industrial sloppiness known as "I'm all right, Jack." She has time to get new riot shields and water cannons for the besieged bobbies. That will be popular in law-and-order Britain. Already in the wake of the recent riots, she has increased the budget for youth employment programs, which will cost up to £490 million in the current fiscal year.

Mrs. T has distanced herself from her own party, and from her cabinet, so she can appeal directly to the electorate. "She is a woman, and everyone admires her pluck," said Sampson. "She is heard as a different voice, a descant above the bass."

Liverpool's Toxteth section burned in midsummer, but Mrs. T's policies won an initial success. What might have helped to prevent unemployment in the industrial cities, said her conservative critics, was not more dollops of government spending—she was not holding down government spending anyway—but some move against the labor unions to stop their restrictive practices, to make it easier to become an apprentice and to get a job.

"Mrs. T appears as the Iron Lady," said one former MP, "but she has been iron only in one sector, and not tough in the others. Her grip is iron in this respect: if her cabinet is divided, she can sack her cabinet. She may have problems in Parliament, but she can stick them out. She would win a referendum. She will be around at least two more years."

But the danger in Mrs. T's solutions is not just that they are tough. "The danger," said Sampson, "is that they are short term. Many of our unemployed are now young and black, and a permanently unemployed labor force can give you real problems. The bulk of crimes comes from the teenage unemployed. We still have unarmed policemen and, compared to you, low crime rates. Can Mrs. T bring along the depressed Northeast and Northwest? Can she put the fires out? Northern Ireland is an even stickier problem, there, a whole generation has grown up without jobs, throwing petrol bombs for excitement. Mrs. T's policies polarize the society.

"And there is the long-run danger. Britain has never had a revolution. The British political genius has always been to yield to discontent before it becomes revolutionary. Mrs. T assumes a division in society. It would be ironic if Mrs. T were to succeed in the account books but end up with a Britain that is bad-tempered, polarized, and not the Britain we are trying to preserve."

GOVERNMENTS CAME to have such power in our everyday lives because, fifty years ago, the free markets failed so utterly. In those fifty years governments became the arbiters and umpires of business. The New Deal began pragmatically, by trying to find what worked, it improvised the stimulation of the economy. Then the U.S. government began not only to do what worked but also what it saw as *fair*—hence, school lunches, Medicare, Medicaid, clean air, OSHA, and so on.

Both Mrs. T and Ronald Reagan are having their day because that wave had gone far enough—the wave of government participation. The government is not in loco parentis, said the classically trained British Treasury official. The government is not a parent. You must take responsibility and fend for yourself.

The rhetoric in this direction is strong, because both the Reaganites and the Thatcherites have *moral* overtones. Neither policy is totally consistent. Mrs. T is torn between bashing the unions and bashing government workers. The Reaganites believe the free market should rule, but they sponsor import restrictions on Japanese cars and prop up the sugar and tobacco producers. They want to cut federal spending if it is for the poor but increase it if it is for defense. They lament our failing skills in technology but cut research funding. It's easier to articulate a philosophy than to make it a political reality.

We have already learned some lessons from Mrs. T. We learned that you can have an initial success in controlling inflation by putting on the monetary brakes, and we learned that workers who see other workers get fired get more productive. We also learned that tight money alone does not cure everything, no matter what Milton Friedman has said. If government spending stays up, that produces, in a contracting economy, budget deficits. If there is no surplus in sight, then workers, employers, lenders, and borrowers seek to protect themselves against *future* inflation by wage and price increases, or by higher rates in the case of lenders.

Mrs. T could also learn something from us, from what happened to us in the Sixties. The Iron Lady image does not calm the fears of the unemployed. Mrs. T will have to appear softer and more concerned. Our own times of riots and troubles produced the Kerner Commission, a national debate in the press, minority members in the police forces, inner-city training programs, and some movement toward the easing of chronic problems.

Mrs. T may still succeed in her program, even though the conventional wisdom has pronounced it dead. The real lessons in the experiment, though, are not simply in productivity rates and diminished inflation. The real lessons in the experiment come when you see what kind of society you have after the economists have pronounced you a success.

ADAM SMITH is the author of The Money Game, Supermoney, Powers of Mind *and* Paper Money.

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BY BOB GREENE

A MAN AND HIS MUSIC

When you're Frank Sinatra Jr., an impossible standard fills the stage



PHOTOGRAPH: LARRY WILLIAMS

ON A TUESDAY evening at a nightclub called the Blue Max, in Rosemont, Illinois, a comedian named Jerry Dye told his last joke of the night and walked offstage. Simultaneously the house orchestra began to play and the featured singer, Frank Sinatra Jr., came forward holding a hand microphone.

Sinatra, thirty-seven, wore a neatly pressed tuxedo with a red handkerchief showing from the breast pocket. "Good evening, everyone, and welcome to the show," he said, and then began a number called "Singin' the Blues."

The house was perhaps 60 percent full. Sinatra finished the song and, almost without taking a breath, segued into the next one, "Too Close for Comfort." When he had completed it, he said, "I'll bet it's been a while since you've heard that number."

For the next hour, Sinatra worked his way through a list of middle-of-the-road standards. The members of the Blue Max's orchestra were young men, many in their early twenties, they were paid by the evening to back up whoever was booked into the room. But Sinatra turned to them as if they were the Nelson Riddle Orchestra and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the wonder of the large band is that it possesses many colors."

During his first break for patter, Sinatra motioned toward the rear of the room and said, "All you nice folks in the back from International Harvester, we thank you for coming tonight," and the International Harvester group applauded themselves. For the first thirty minutes, Sinatra made no references to his father, but then the orchestra hit the opening chords of "That's Life," and he said, "As they say on Madison Avenue, let's put up the flag and see who salutes."

He did a fine job with the song, standing with his legs apart and jabbing at the air with his right arm, and when he had finished it the audience was cheering as they had not cheered his previous efforts. And with the smallest of smiles, Sinatra said, "Every night we do that number, and every night I know wherein your loyalty lies."

He did not perform any more songs associated with his father, although factors he could not control—his face, the timbre of his voice—were a constant reminder to the audience, and would have been even if he had had another name. Certain mannerisms were almost haunting in their familiarity, the way he lit his cigarette so that the action was a part of the song's percussion, the way he credited a songwriter with "A marvelous song—Johnny Mandel." But when a man in the audience, perhaps emboldened by the drinks the waitresses kept delivering, called out for "My Way," the singer said, "No, I only sing one Sinatra song per show."

At the end, he said, "This is the curtain call. Except we don't have a curtain, and you didn't give us a call." He sang two more songs, a ballad and an up-tempo number backed with lots of brass, and then he said, "We are delighted that you are here. This nightclub gets very, very lonely when no one is here." And then he walked off.

I HAD ARRANGED to meet Sinatra in a hotel coffee shop half an hour after the show. He walked in precisely on time: he had replaced the tuxedo coat with a dark-blue poplin jacket. We shook hands and took a table.

He had told me on the telephone that he was reluctant to get together with me; not because he didn't want to talk, but because he could not figure out why anyone would be interested in anything he had to say. We were handed menus, and he immediately started up on the same theme, he said he was afraid he was wasting my time, because he could think of nothing of importance he might offer on any subject.

"All I've ever been is a traveling singer," he said. "For seventeen years I lived on the road, and that's all I know about."

Up close his face looked even more jarringly like the face on a 1955 Frank Sinatra album cover; the eyes, though, were deep brown. In the front, his dark hair had begun to turn gray. Although the publicity photos I had seen of him made him look like a young boy, the man sitting across from me was fully grown, at the beginning of middle age.

"I only travel fifteen weeks a year or so now," he said. "For one thing, it isn't easy to find clubs that want to feature my kind of music. But the main problem is paying for musicians. I used to have a full band travel with me, but I can't afford it anymore. The airline prices are just too high. So I have a guitar player and a pianist who work for me, and then I hire musicians in each city.

"No one gets rich doing this. You don't make forty thousand dollars a night, like you would if you were a rock group. This

I'M ONE OF MANY SINGERS WHO ARE TRYING AND NOT QUITE MAKING IT. I DO NOT HAVE A RECORDING CONTRACT. WOULD I LIKE TO HAVE ONE? OF COURSE. I'M A SINGER," SINATRA SAID.

week I have to pay four trumpet players, four trombone players, and five saxophone players. I'll be lucky if I walk out of here with a hundred dollars."

I asked him if he had ever considered any other way of making money. He shrugged.

"This is what I have always done," he said. "I have to work. I don't own stocks. I have a house with a mortgage.

"I know I don't sing the kind of music that appeals to this generation. A rock concert ... I do not understand that kind of commerce. I won't call it music. I would have no more chance of succeeding at that than landing the space shuttle. I know that rock bands play to tens of thousands of people every night, but to me the number of people in the audience is immaterial. I've worked clubs where the capacity was sixty, the incentive is not in the number of people you sing to, but singing right for the people who are there."

I asked him if he didn't envy the entertainers who could, indeed, pack a football stadium with fans.

"I travel with two people," Sinatra said. "Jeff Morrison is my conductor and pianist. Dan McIntyre is my guitarist. None of us gets famous. None of us gets rich. I've never sold a million records, never had a hit movie, never had a hit TV show. I've worked in joints all my life.

"What you have to understand is that, in this business, I'm a struggling little guy. I'm one of many singers who are trying and not quite making it. I do not have a recording contract, for example. Would I like to have one? Of course. I'm a singer. Of course I'd like one. But all during my career I've been singing the music of the Forties, and they have wanted rock stars. In all these years I have made a total of four albums, and none of them sold.

"I'm going to be forty years old soon, and I'm too damn stubborn to change. All I can do is go out there whenever someone will hire me, and sing, and hope someone in the audience sees me and likes me. If people like me, then perhaps there will be more offers, and if that happens, perhaps the price will rise."

We had been talking for an hour when I finally brought up his father. He had not mentioned it, but I could not avoid it any longer. So I asked him: How did he deal with being Frank Sinatra's son, and with being a singer who had trouble finding work?

"Even if I didn't have the name, it would be a problem," he said.

"People see me, and they say, 'This guy looks like Frank Sinatra, this guy sounds like Frank Sinatra.'

"That will always be with me. So you ask me how I deal with it? I don't dwell on it. What would you do? If I dwell on it, I will be in a straitjacket in an institution. If I dwell on it, it will kill me."

IF HE WERE not Frank Sinatra's son, of course, I would not have come to see him. That fact was so obvious that it did not need to be verbalized. He knew it and I knew it, and to say it out loud would have seemed to serve no purpose.

And if I had not thought to come see him, neither would the people in his audiences. For all his life he must have been living with that knowledge, and if he is ever tempted to forget it, there will always be a man like the one in the audience this night, who, at the end of a song, said in an audible voice: "Well, he's not his old man."

Of course he isn't. We are a nation of men who spend most of our lives trying to escape the shadow of our fathers, whether they are famous or obscure. With most of us, it is simply a matter of growing older, of building our own lives and our own identities until, one day, we wake up as our own men.

For some, though, it is destined never to happen, and I sought out Frank Sinatra Jr. because he seems faced with a curse few of us will ever know. He told me that he did not, in fact, go into the music business at the urging of his father, or in an attempt to imitate: "When I was five years old, my mother arranged for me to take piano lessons. I wanted to go out and play ball with the other boys, but she insisted, and soon I couldn't get Rachmaninoff and Chopin out of my head."

And if there was ever any doubt about how he would spend his life, it disappeared one night when, as a high school boy, he went to see Leopold Stokowski conduct a 124-piece orchestra in New York's Carnegie Hall. "I stared at that old man, and I listened to the music coming from that orchestra, and I sat in my seat and I just trembled."

That will never matter to the men and women who come to see him in a lounge somewhere. They will pay the cover charge and buy the drinks because of the name, and because by some twist of their own fortunes they find themselves not in Las Vegas or Atlantic City, but in Rosemont, Illinois, on a Tuesday night with nothing to do. They will demand something that the singer cannot provide, but he will do his best to come close, because for him, too, it is a Tuesday night in the middle of his life, and he, too, by a configuration of the fates, has found himself in Rosemont.

WE WERE THE last people in the coffee shop. Sinatra was in no particular hurry to leave, although it was late, his next shift did not start until nine o'clock the following night, and all that lay ahead was a day in his hotel room.

He said he didn't feel like going to sleep yet; back home in California, he said, he could kill time during the day by auditioning for television shows, but here there was really nothing for him to do in the afternoon. If he went to bed now, that would only mean he would wake up that much earlier. I asked him if he really walked into Los Angeles casting sessions cold, reading from scripts with the other hopeful actors.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I'm not at the point where I won't read for a part. And once in a while I get a small part in a show..." He let his voice trail off.

He said again that he didn't feel like going to his room just yet.

SO WE TALKED into the night. I asked him about the tuxedo. It seemed, in a way, part of another age, entertainers for the last twenty years or so have been dressing a bit more casually, and especially for members of his generation, the tuxedo seemed an oddity.

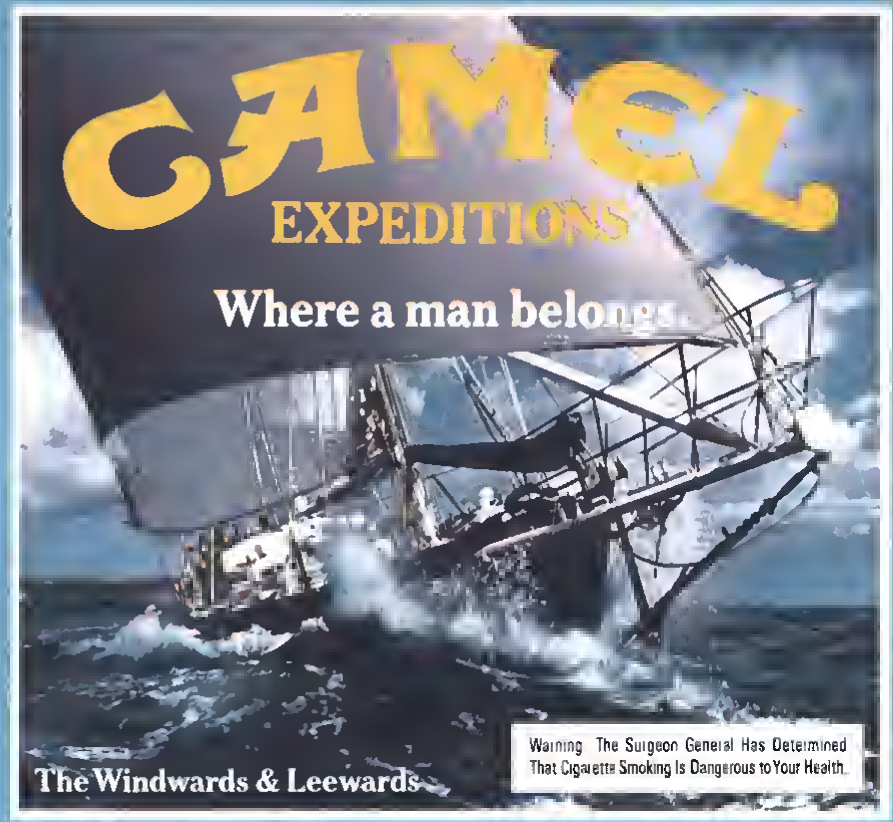
"That's the way I was raised," he said. "It's the idea of bringing a little class to the nightclub and showing a little respect for the audience. I know some people might not understand that, but I wouldn't feel comfortable dressing any other way."

He said that after his week's engagement at the Blue Max had ended, he would return to his home in Los Angeles and continue looking for work. He does not have a manager; he books his own appearances and arranges his own travel. He has never married, and he said, "I live the kind of life that most single men lead. I do my laundry, and take my dry cleaning in, and go to the market."

The waitress came by and said that she was about to unplug the coffeepot, so if he wanted another cup, now was the time to say so. She left the check and walked away.

Sinatra got up to leave. "The thing that keeps me going is that I like my life," he said. "It's not the greatest, but I can get by doing the thing I like best, and that's nice. I have my pianist and I have my guitar player, and very shortly, if everything goes okay, I'll have my own drummer again. If it doesn't take much to make you happy, then your chances of being happy are pretty good."

BOB GREENE is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.



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Can John Updike's Rabbit find happiness as a car dealer?



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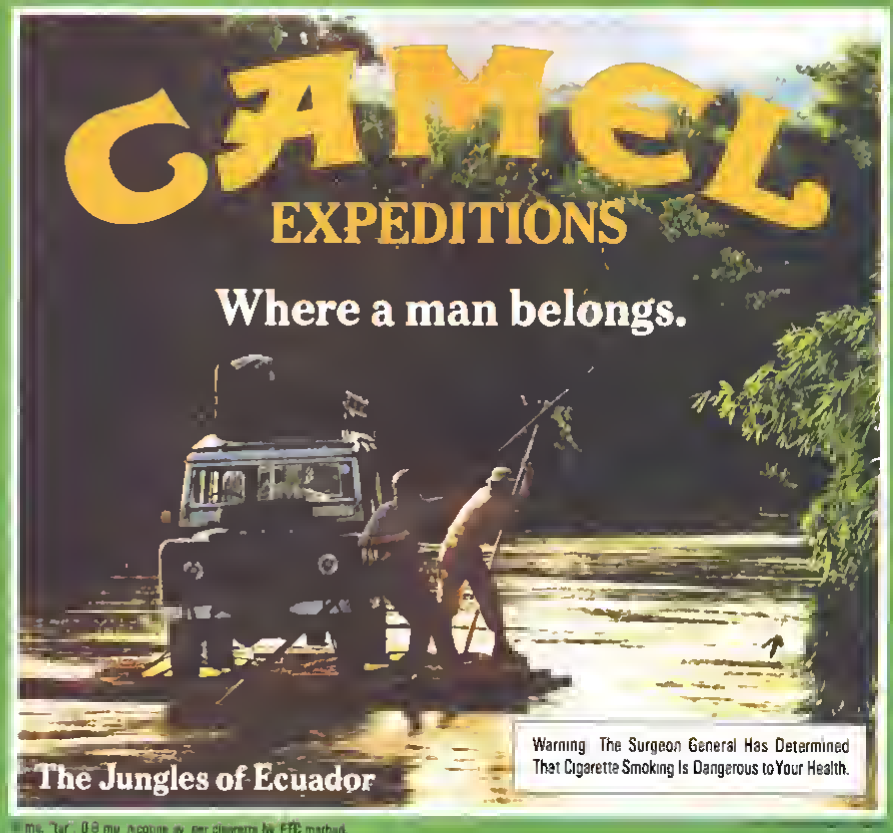
JOHN UPDIKE has dug himself into a fine funk in *Rabbit Is Rich* (Knopf, $13.95), the third installment in the moribund saga of ex–basketball whiz Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom Updike, whose last novel was that Nabokovian kaleidoscope *The Coup*, usually rides a chariot through the clouds, showering the reader with waves of silver flakes. *Rabbit Is Rich*'s prose is familiarly silver-flaked—Updike's metaphors still give off their expensive wink and sheen—but the mood of the book is grumpy and despairing, swollen with forlorn rue. It's 1979, a year of soaring gas prices and serpentine lines at the pumps, and Rabbit, lucky chump, is running a Toyota franchise near his home in Brewer, Pennsylvania. "Or rather he co-owns a half-interest with his wife Janice, her mother Bessie sitting on the other half inherited when old man Springer died five years back." Now, with Americans antsy about gas mileage, Japanese compacts are all the rage, and Rabbit sits in his office watching gas nibbler after gas nibbler get whisked off the lot. No longer is Rabbit a figure of Rodney Dangerfield seediness; not only is he making a tidy bundle, he's getting respect from old school chums who used to give him the snub. And yet ... success fails to bring with it an unfolding of happiness and serene ease. No banners of joy ripple from the pages of *Rabbit Is Rich*. This novel flies at half-mast.

The curious thing is that Rabbit is less shackled by fortune or circumstance than he is lashed to the mast of Updike's theme. True, Rabbit's life is haunted by ghosts from earlier novels: his infant daughter, Becky, who drowned in the tub in *Rabbit, Run*, and poor, pale Jill, who went up in flames at the climax of *Rabbit Redux*. And sharing the same ceiling with Janice and her mother is hardly a patch of heaven on earth. But the ghosts of remorse and the minor annoyances of the day-to-day grind fail to account for the vague air of doom that hangs over Rabbit's head like a misty blue halo. Rabbit may be rich, but he isn't free; he's impaled on the pike of Updike's grim sense of purpose. Curious, this: Updike is usually a rather dandyish writer, squinting with fey amusement at man and beast through a raised monocle, like *The New Yorker*'s cover boy, Eustace Tilley. In this new *Rabbit*, he's dropped his butterfly coyness and pumped himself up with all the woe of Theodore Dreiser contemplating a boulevard of crushed souls. Slipping his head into the yoke, Updike plows home his message—oh, how he plows it home.

The message? Everything is running down ... entropy reigns supreme. The point is established in the novel's opening sentence, when Rabbit looks at the trickle of traffic outside his window and observes that the country is running out of gas. Running out of gas becomes Rabbit's theme song: 'A lot of topics, [Rabbit] has noticed lately, in private conversation and even on television where they're paid to talk it up, run dry, exhaust themselves, as if everything's been said in this hemisphere."

Everything is petering out: gas, conversation, conviction, hope, lust. Flesh is turning to flab, metal to rust, money to scrap, nature to moist rot. In *Rabbit Is Rich*, mortality doesn't rap gently at the door, it knocks: the mother off its hinges, Iodine-bottle skulls seem to peep out from every placid face as once-blooming skin turns to crinkling parchment. Even a Sunday afternoon outing on the golf course brings Rabbit no sense of nourishment. "Every blade of grass at his feet is an individual life that will die, that has flourished to no purpose." Yeah, well, that's one way of looking at it.

To Rabbit's weary eyes, gravity and the erosions of time have taken their greatest toll on the women in his life. Not that Rabbit himself is any trim bargain. His belly has ballooned to a forty-two-inch waist, and the skin beneath his chin has converged into a "chaos of wattles and slack cords." But since the novel reflects Rabbit's pinched consciousness, less attention is paid to his shabby flesh than to the cobweb wrinkles sprouting in his field of vision. Time and time again Rabbit recoils from a glimpse or whiff of women in their sagging decline, and Updike, sharpening his metaphors to a piercing edge, makes certain that we recoil too. When Rabbit is in the sack, reading *Consumer Reports* (his favorite magazine), his wife makes a lurching entrance and stabs her tongue into his mouth. "He tastes Gallo, baloney, and toothpaste while his mind is still trying to sort out the virtues and failings of the great range of can openers put to the test over five close pages of print." Granted, this is a sticky attempt at comedy—as is the appallingly cloying scene in which Rabbit, aroused by wealth, tries to insert a Krugerrand into his wife's vagina—but it isn't much fun watching Up-



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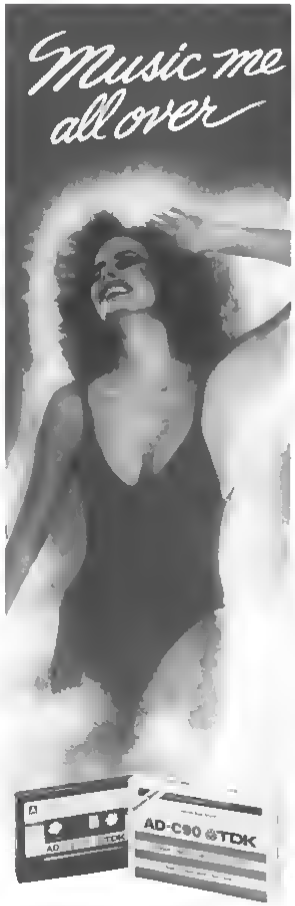
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dike parade these women as if they were blue-ribbon pigs or cows. Once Janice has fouled Rabbit's mouth with her kisses, she climbs into bed. "Her breasts hang down so her nipples, the color of hamburger, sway an inch above his furry bloated belly." Elsewhere, Rabbit has a reverie about how Sealtest ought to consider marketing a woman's most intimate aroma as an ice cream flavor, later, after indulging in cunnilingus, he thinks that maybe it isn't such a hot idea.

No, face it. Except for ripe chippies, women are sloppy, smelly nuisances, peeling off your skin in long, cruel strips with their demands and complaints. Sex is the lure, entrapment the fate. When Rabbit's sulky crybaby son, Nelson, gets a girl named Prudence pregnant (one of the novel's dinkier ironies), Nelson's acorn-size brain seethes with indignation:

> He didn't ask her to conceive this baby nobody did and now that he's married her she has the nerve to complain he isn't getting her an apartment of her own, give them one thing they instantly want the next. Women. They are holes, you put one thing after another and it's never enough, you stuff your entire life in there and they smile that crooked little sad smile and are sorry you couldn't have done better when all is said and done.

Like father, like son. Both see women as agents of ruin, black holes that suck men in, then spit their useless remains, like pits, into the void.

Of course, Updike is capable of writing a comedy of bad nerves, a novel in which men's complaints about women build to an absurd fury (Philip Roth carried it off in *My Life as a Man*). But you need some pull of wills, a clash of temperament and cunning that allows fevers to rise, skirmishes to escalate. *Rabbit Is Rich*, however, is dramatically static—Updike provides a few soap-operaish shudders (a near-miscarriage, wife-swapping, a whisper of incest), but the force of entropy bends all the action to a futile droop. His characters droop too, as potted in their sour disappointments as those poor sods planted in Samuel Beckett's ash heaps. Encamped poolside at the country club, Rabbit's friends lubricate their tonsils and bitch about the slumping Phillies and the gouging Arabs ("'Jesus, those Arabs,' Buddy Inglefinger says. 'Wouldn't it be bliss just to nuke 'em all?'"). As the afternoon wanes, Rabbit himself tells bad jokes and tosses off tired remarks, squatting like a better-off Archie Bunker on his pile of slob opinions.

As a piece of prose, *Rabbit Is Rich* resurrects many of the excesses of Updike's supernal naturalism—excesses that turned his 1968 novel *Couples* into such a dripping display of vainglorious ooze. Reviewing *Couples* in *The New York Review of Books*, William Gass neatly pinned down the book's showy flaws—its pseudo-Joycean interior monologues, strained symbolism, theological moonings, and empty extensions of significance "unfolding like collapsible tin cups." Those tin cups make an unholy racket in *Rabbit Is Rich* as Updike goes for grand symphonic effects, never striking a modest bell when he can send all cymbals acrashing. He even revives those Joycean monologues, to numbing effect. Here is Rabbit idling away at the office:

> Average eight hundred gross profit times twenty five equals twenty grand minus the twenty five per cent they estimate for salesmen's compensation both salary and incentives leaves fifteen grand minus between eight and ten for other salaries those cute little [expletive deleted] come and go in billing one called Cissy a Polack a few years ago they got as far as rubbing fannies passing in that awkward hall and the rent that Springer Motors pays itself old man Springer didn't believe in owning anything the banks could own but even he had to pay the mortgage eventually boy the rates now must kill anybody starting up and.

Et cetera. That's what John Updike's naturalism in *Rabbit Is Rich* comes down to, telling you every dumb thing that is on Rabbit's mind.

Yes, as always, there are beautiful sentences here, metaphors and images that have the soft, preening splendor of flowers photographed by Irving Penn. But these are flowers scattered across brackish water. I suppose what I find disagreeable about Updike's book—and it is easily his most unattractive book (off-novels such as *Marry Me* and *A Month of Sundays* are mere lollipops by comparison)—is the way Updike uses the muscle of his talent to keep dunking his characters in the brine. The novel is prefaced with a quote from Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, and the barbecuing ironies of *Rabbit Is Rich* indicate that Updike is trying to forge affinities between Rabbit and his rhyming ancestor. But *Babbitt*, for all its blaring crudeness, is a far more tenderly comic examination of philistinism American style than Updike's tour of the Angstrom libido. And Lewis, whopping tub-thumper that he often was, at least spared us all the invocations of the Lord above that Updike throws up in order to hammer home how antlike and pitiful we are under His pitiless gaze.

As in *Couples*, whenever Updike wants to tone up a passage, he whistles for God. All Updike's worst tendencies in this novel—his vulgarity, his wistful lyricism, his aching after religious epiphanies—come together in a brief incident near the end of the novel. Rabbit learns that a woman with whom he was once intimate has had a breast removed: "Breast he had sucked. Poor old Peggy. Flicked away by God's fingernail with its big moon." There's something almost *hatefully* clever about using a minor character's mastectomy as an opportunity to toss off a dapper phrase—it's taking almost inhuman delight in showing off one's flash technique.

Rabbit Is Rich has a certain plodding integrity—except for a few slapstick episodes, it's a stoically grim affair, every footfall leading to the grave—but watching John Updike screw Rabbit's head into a vise of cosmic resignation hardly provides a lift to one's love of art or life. Updike is better skating along the cool edge of his gifts, as in the wonderful *Bech: A Book* and in his best stories. Once he dons Martin Luther's robes, he disappears into their solemn folds, from which he makes oracular mouse peeps about women's aromas and God's fingernail. *Rabbit Is Rich* has its head in the stars and its feet in the gutter, and at neither extreme is Updike's droll talent comfortably at home.

TO WASH Rabbit's doldrums out of my head, I reached for a copy of **P. G. Wodehouse** Jeeves-and-Wooster novel and soon felt happiness return to my system with a cleansing fizz. Wodehouse may not be this century's premier English comic writer—Evelyn Waugh waspishly rules the roost—but he was surely the most agile and sunny-spirited, spinning out his slangy tales of life among the boobies in scores of stories, novels, articles, plays, and song lyrics. His supreme creation was the amiable sap Bertie Wooster, whose chivalrous code compelled him to come to the rescue of chums and maidens in soupy distress. October 15 marks the one-hundredth anniversary of Wodehouse's birth, and with all the hoopla the uninitiated may find themselves awash in Wodehousiana, unable to choose among so many novels and collections. If you're a Wodehouse virgin, I strongly recommend *Right Ho, Jeeves* (Penguin, $2.95), in which Bertie's pal Gussie Fink-Nottle dresses up in scarlet tights and gets into mischief, and *The Code of the Woosters* (Vintage, $2.45), in which Bertie runs afoul of a fascist bully modeled on Sir Oswald Mosley. The best short introduction to Wodehouse's work is Wilfred Sheed's shrewd, engaging preface to *Leave It to Psmith* (Vintage, $2.95), also reprinted in Sheed's hit-or-miss collection *The Good Word and Other Words* (Penguin, $3.95). Dip in, enjoy, and on October 15 click a glass in tribute.

PUBLISHED TO booming acclaim in 1979, **Jim Harrison**'s novella collection, *Legends of the Fall*, was a piece of true-grit bravura that seemed to have been written by a campfire to the baying of moon-silhouetted coyotes. With his new novel, ***Warlock*** (Delacorte, $13.95), Harrison seems to have come down with a severe case of the cutes—he wiggles his ears on every page, hoping the reader will give him a cookie. Don't.

JAMES WOLCOTT's column appears monthly in Esquire magazine.

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BY HARRY STEIN

FEELINGS WILL OUT

Trying to tailor your emotions to others' expectations is fruitless—and often destructive



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SOME MONTHS AGO, very early on in my life as a father, I grievously offended a close friend of my wife's. It was a bit after eight A.M. when she called, my wife was at the Laundromat and I was an hour and a half into a marathon shake-and-hug session with our irate five-week-old daughter, who was, however, prepared to cease her howling only in exchange for a ready breast. Nothing else would do. As these things go, it had been a good month since anyone in the house had gotten anything resembling a good night's sleep.

"Well," said the friend, sudden sunshine piercing a hangover, "how's the happy daddy?"

"Lousy," I replied.

There was a moment's hesitation. I do not know this woman particularly well. "Oh, c'mon," she said finally, "you don't really mean that."

"You wanna bet?"

And, of course, I did mean it, at least at that moment. But this woman, bright as she is, did not grasp that. It later got back to us, via another friend, that she thought that (a) I was unspeakably rude to her and that (b) I did not much cotton to fatherhood.

I suspect all new parents discover quickly the general expectations of others of how they should feel. To wit: Tingly and warm and perpetually giddy. Indeed, any deviation from the sugar-and-spice norm is liable to be regarded not only as unfortunate but as emotionally aberrant.

Worse, far worse, one invariably begins to impose that same set of expectations on oneself. And failing to meet them, as almost everyone does, one is left feeling like the louse of the world.

I love my little girl an extraordinary amount; I have, in fact, surprised myself with my talent for fathering. The truth is, since Sadie's birth, I have been so wholly preoccupied with the minutiae of her progress—from the growth of the microscopic hairs on her bald head to the lengthening of her attention span—that I have been effectively lost to the larger world. Indeed, for the first time, I have an understanding of the appeal of uninterrupted househusbandry.

But, then too, almost from the beginning, there have been moments when I've wanted nothing more than to flee the house and hop the first plane headed anywhere. And there have been more than a few times when I've been guilt-ridden—and too quick with a hostile remark—over my sudden inability to meet work deadlines. On one occasion during the first couple of months of fatherhood, late on yet another project and finding myself in the midst of a swirling controversy over the relative merits of Huggies and Luvs, I actually heard myself announce to a stunned roomful of elderly relatives, "Who gives a damn, they both cover her ass!"

But there was considerable solace in learning that I was hardly alone in harboring frustrations of that kind. I have discovered that virtually every recent father of my acquaintance, and the occasional new mother as well, seems to be caught up in the same syndrome: failing, to a greater or lesser degree, to live up to the ideal.

"I adore my kid," says one friend, a successful publicist, in prelude to a particularly sorry lament, "but my life is a shambles. My work is suffering, my sex life is shot, and I'm constantly irritable. But when people talk to me about the baby, they get all googly-eyed, and I'm supposed to get googly-eyed also. The only one in my house who's allowed to act the way he really feels is the kid himself." "I never thought I'd say this, ' says a woman I know, a designer, who, after the birth of her baby, read more child-rearing books and attended more parenting classes than I realized existed, 'but I don't think I want any more children after all. The fact is, I care about my career too much."

But, of course, such sentiments are almost never for general consumption; they are, rather, acknowledged in hushed tones, the emotional equivalent of dirty postcards sold under the counter.

Men touched by such ambivalence tend to be especially guarded—because their feelings are so often (and so sharply) at odds with those of their mates, not to mention postfeminist expectations in general. For—need it even be remarked upon?—a baby signals, with stunning clarity, the putative end of life according to the Playboy Philosophy, a passage that many men regard with genuine horror. "My God," declared a guy I know recently, six months into the pregnancy his longtime girlfriend had at last prevailed upon him to accept, '*me* with a kid?" He paused, shook his head, and retreated behind an imitation of a desperate Gene Wilder in *The Producers*. "No way out, no way out . . ."

For such men, at such times, the pressure and the sense of inadequacy are literally inescapable. Indeed, remorse afflicts



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THE ISSUE AT HAND—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN WHAT ONE IS AND WHAT ONE IS EXPECTED TO BE—TOUCHES ALL OF US.

even those who, in other contexts, are wholly insensible. In his autobiography, Jacques Mesrine, the most notorious French gangster of the modern era, a casual killer as feared by his criminal associates as by the authorities, expressed regret only once for passing the evening of the birth of his daughter not with his wife but at home in bed with a pair of prostitutes.

I don't want to get bogged down here in talk of babies, the issue at hand—the conflict between what one is and what one is expected to be—touches almost all of us. I know a guy, for example, who suspects there is something terribly wrong with him because, alone among his siblings, he felt no impulse to cry at his mother's funeral. "On one level, I know it's ridiculous," he says. "I've read the books, I know I was only repressing. But you should have seen the way people looked at me at the funeral."

Another acquaintance, a writer as much esteemed in certain circles for his public displays of conscience as for the quality of his prose, recently found himself subject to censure, a circumstance prompted by the revelation during his divorce that he had been considerably less than a model husband. "Quite a few people were genuinely surprised," he says sadly. "They assumed that I was a better guy than I am." He pauses. "I only wish I were."

And, then, there are the untold thousands of women in this country, perhaps millions, who are permanently down on themselves because, in defiance of the latter-day rules of the game, they are simply not career-oriented. "I feel like a total schlepp," complains one such, a strikingly intelligent young woman who has held a string of dead-end jobs. "My friends are all pushing ahead professionally and everyone keeps bugging me about my plans. Every time I call my parents, they have another job strategy—I think my mother got the term out of *Working Woman*—they want me to pursue. Even the men I know seem to think I'm incomplete. It seems that no one has much use for an aspiring housewife these days."

Indeed, in a number of ways the feminist revolution, for all the eyes it's opened and all the barriers it's breached, has tended to lock individuals into modes of thought and behavior with which they are less than comfortable. Several years ago in California I witnessed a promising relationship self-destruct during the course of a two-hour car ride over the insistence of the woman involved, a person by nature as doggedly monogamous as Marabel Morgan, that (as was frequently argued at the time) since men and women have identical sex drives, she was every bit as likely to stray as her boyfriend. Convincing as this might have been in the abstract, as much as she might have wished it to be so, it simply did not jibe with the specifics of the situation. Though a member of a feminist support group, the boyfriend, who sat in uncomfortable silence throughout, had a long history of romantic infidelity, and his problem on that score was by no means resolved. But the woman, noting the skepticism of the others in the car, insisted on making her case until we were within ten miles of our destination, at which point tears welled in her eyes, she ordered the car stopped, and she got out.

It was probably just as well for both of them that the relationship ended soon thereafter, for their mutual inability to come clean would almost certainly have done them in anyway. The fact is, masking one's actual feelings in a bid for the esteem of others simply does not work, not over the long haul. In case after hurtful case, for example, those new fathers who persist in refusing to face their anxieties about fatherhood end up spending less and less time at home or, at best, allowing themselves to be present only physically until, finally, their bonds to their families are as tenuous as chewing gum stretched thin.

To be sure, doing it the other way—being straightforward with oneself and with those one cares about, even when one's feelings are considerably less than noble—has its pitfalls. A good deal of what goes on in our heads and hearts, exposed to the light of day, is liable to provoke pain or outrage.

But it can also be a revelation to discover how very good it feels getting it out and how often those around us react better than we had anticipated. For the very process of being honest with someone implies a respect that is almost invariably appreciated.

I learned that lesson again just the other week. Sadie had been crying for an hour and, once again, I was behind on my work.

"How's it going?" inquired my wife, suddenly looming behind me.

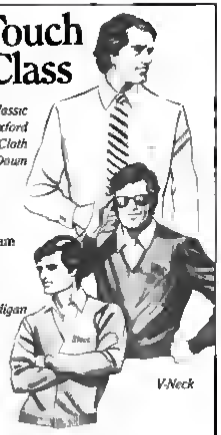
"How the hell does it look like it's going?" A deep breath. "Frankly, sometimes I wish I could just snap my fingers and make the two of you disappear for a few days."

She smiled. "Done. I just got off the phone with my parents. They're expecting us on Tuesday. I'm pretty damn sick of your face, too."

I can't tell you how much better both of us felt.

HARRY STEIN is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.

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SPORTS CLINIC

THE POWER OF RESISTANCE

Pitting muscle against metal in an almost infinite variety of formations, an old-fashioned free-weight program is the cheap and practical way to round your calves, flatten your stomach, shape your body to look the way you want

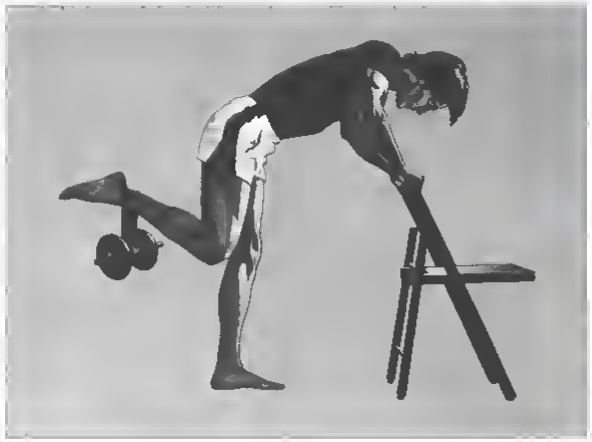
BY CHARLES GAINES

DISTINGUISHED BY their primary effects on the body, there are three broad categories of exercise: stretching, cardiovascular, and resistance. Regular stretching exercise makes you more flexible, protects your muscles and tendons against injury, and may allow you to sit in the lotus position. Chances are you already knew that. And it's a pretty good bet you also know by now that regular cardiovascular exercise makes a number of your important organs healthier, helps you lose weight, and may even reduce your chances of dying of a heart attack. The payoffs of resistance exercise, however, are less generally understood. By definition, resistance exercises are those in which muscles are made to push or pull against something that resists them, whether that be another part of the body or a moving or unmoving object. Depending on how they are executed, resistance exercises can make you stronger and—this is their truly unique and magical function—allow you to shape your body to look almost any way you want.

Which and how many exercises you do, how fast and how often you do them, and, finally, what you do them with will all determine the effect you get. You can do perfectly effective body-shaping or toning resistance exercises right off with no equipment at all beyond the objects found in any office, home, or motel room. Resistance can be supplied by walls, door handles, books, and the body itself. But the more traditional and, for most purposes, more effective resistance exercises are performed with a variety of apparatuses, including small mail-order exercise gadgets, exercise machines, and free weights.

Most of the small mail-order gadgets are capable of exercising only a part of a given muscle. Somebody somewhere may get some good out of them, but I have watched the workouts of hundreds of pro-football players, Olympic and power lifters, and body builders—the connoisseurs of resistance exercise—and I have never yet seen any of them use those devices.

Exercise machines of the Universal or Nautilus type are very much in vogue these days. Now that there is big money in bodies, there are dozens of exercise machines on the market, ranging in size and complexity from little bench-and-pulley ar-



ILLUSTRATIONS/JOHN RUSH EXERCISES ADAPTED FROM *STAYING HARD*, BY CHARLES GAINES/HUMAN PRESS.

A good leg toner: Strap dumbbell on ankle, bend waist, curl heel upward, then lower smoothly. Try fifteen reps with each leg.

CHARLES GAINES is the author of Staying Hard: The Only Exercise Book You Will Ever Need. *His previous books include* Stay Hungry *and* Pumping Iron.

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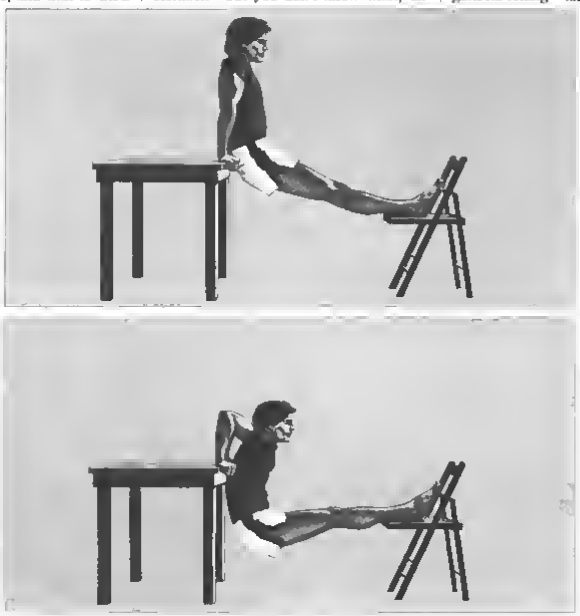
rangements to monster multistation chrome-and-Naugahyde contraptions with "Uni/Flex systems" and "biomechanical synchronization." A few of these machines are practical for the home; most are not, and you need to go to a health club or gym to use them. None is cheap. After someone has shown you all the things you can do with them, these machines are quick and convenient to use, and that is their big advantage over free weights.

But free weights, which are nothing more than old-fashioned dumbbells and barbells, still provide the most effective type of resistance exercise. The majority of pro-football players and power lifters, whose business it is to be strong, and the majority of body builders, whose business it is to shape their bodies, use nothing else. This is because there is a greater variety of exercises possible with free weights than with any machine or combination of machines and because the range of movement in any given exercise done with free weights is always the body's range rather than the machine's. Another advantage is that they are relatively cheap (one hundred to two hundred dollars will buy everything most people need), perfectly suited for home use, and portable.

Unfortunately, certain myths—negative myths worth debunking—have attached themselves to free weights. First, don't worry if you've heard that weights will make you muscle-bound, because they don't have to. Don't worry that if you stop using weights once you've started, your muscles will turn to fat, because they can't (though they *can* disappear and be replaced by fat if you take in more calories than you burn). If you're female, don't worry if you've heard that weight lifting is bad for women, because it's not; if you're over forty, don't worry that your muscles will no longer respond to weight lifting, because they will at any age. And, finally, don't worry about winding up looking like Arnold Schwarzenegger if you don't want to look like him, because you probably couldn't even if you tried and because your use of free weights can be directed as easily toward burning away fat and toning up muscles as it can toward making the muscles bigger.

So let's say that you want to be stronger or that you want rounder calves, thinner thighs, a tauter chest, or just a flatter stomach—but you don't know what, exactly, to *do*. Well, first you either join a gym with a good weight room or buy yourself some weights. If you buy, you'll need a sturdy bench-press bench, a barbell, and two dumbbells. Get 150 pounds of metal plates for the bar and thirty pounds of plates for each dumbbell, and make sure that the assortment you choose includes a few five-pound and two-and-a-half-pound plates along with the ten-pound and twenty-five-pound ones. You won't need more weight than that for toning; if you decide you want to lift for strength, you can always add more later. Whether you're working out at home or in a gym, it is also a good idea to have a partner to lift with. Your partner should be a person in more or less the same shape you're in and also someone you can rely on to make the workouts. Exercise is a habit, and like any habit it thrives on schedule: pick a time of the day that is convenient for you and work out at that time three days a week on alternate days every week.

Before you start lifting, decide exactly what you're after—strength, hefty arms, general toning—and design your program specifically to achieve that goal. In general, a strength program is built around two or three basic exercises for each body part you want to strengthen; it usually involves a series of low-repetition sets with heavy weights (a repetition, or rep, is one full performance of the exercise; a set is a given number of repetitions done consecutively). A typical body-building routine employs more, and a wider variety of, exercises per muscle group—also lighter weights and more repetitions. Good books have been written detailing both these ways of using free weights; we will concentrate here on how to use them for toning.



For a triceps strengthener requiring no special equipment, dip buttocks until chest is even with hands. Push up for twenty reps.

A good toning routine should be designed to harden muscle tissue and burn off fat. To accomplish both these things it is necessary to work out fairly quickly, and that means that a toning routine is generally shorter than routines for strength or body building. Thirty to forty-five minutes per workout should be sufficient. Rest for only a minute or two between sets, do the repetitions with speed and in good form, and be sure to exercise the body parts in proper sequence.

The body divides into six large muscle groups: the waist, the legs and buttocks, the chest, the back, the shoulders, and the arms. A toning workout should exercise those groups in the sequence in which they are listed, both because the area-by-area progression of the body as it works on flab usually follows the same sequence (you want to hit your most vulnerable areas while you are freshest) and because in any general routine, large muscles

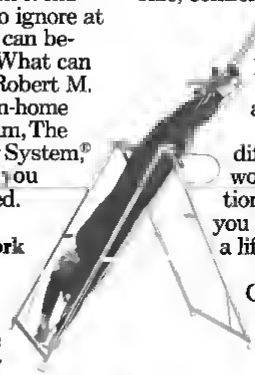


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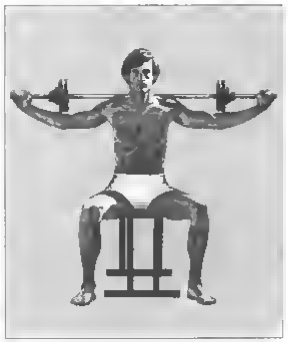
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should always be worked before smaller, supporting ones. Before you start your free-weight program, get hold of a good muscle chart and study the major muscles within each of the groups. Learn their names and how they work; locate them on yourself. Productive resistance exercise is always aimed at a specific place, and it helps if you're familiar with all your targets.

For your routine, plan on two to four exercises for each muscle group, depending on the group's size and complexity. Two exercises, for example, are enough for the arms—one for the biceps and one for the triceps—while four are really required to tone the waist properly—one each for the upper and lower abdominals, one for the serratus muscles, and one for the obliques. For the other groups, plan on five exercises for the legs and buttocks (one for the quadriceps, one for the biceps femoris, or hamstring, one for the calves, one for the sides of the hips, and one for the buttocks); two for the big pectoral muscle of the chest, three for the back, and two for the shoulders. Pick these exercises from a gym instructor's suggestions, a body-building chart, or a book on the use of free weights. Choose your exercises according to a visual image of the results you want to achieve.

In your first workout you will want to determine the poundage you should use for each exercise: this should be an amount with which you can complete fifteen, but only fifteen, strict repetitions of the exercise. For the exercises in your routine that don't employ weights, such as sit-ups or leg raises, you should do whatever number of reps is required to put a "burn" in the area being worked. One set of fifteen reps for each exercise is usually enough for toning. It would be hard to say too much about the importance of concentration and good form in using free weights. Good form throws the exercise onto the muscle you are trying to work, without it, the work of the exercise is diffused and wasted. Concentration—which really means thinking through each rep—enforces good form by ensuring that the work of the exercise is held exactly where you have aimed it.



A waist toner: Hold bar behind neck, hands on extreme ends.



Twist at waist to the right without moving either head or hips.





Come back to the first position for one repetition, then twist all the way to the left. Try to do thirty-five twists to each side.

Once you get accustomed to it, go through your routine as quickly as good form and concentration allow, doing the reps briskly. Make sure that you breathe correctly—exhaling on the resistance phase of an exercise and inhaling on the relaxation phase—and that you *feel* each muscle as it is being worked. You get to know your muscles by feeling them as they move, and that intimacy enables you to tone, build, or strengthen them more efficiently. When you get to the point where you are doing fifteen reps of a given exercise easily, increase the weight—always keep yourself struggling for those last two or three reps. To build muscles, to shape them, you will have to sweat. Prepare yourself. And don't be afraid to experiment—try holding your hand at different angles to your shoulder in a dumbbell curl, for example, and watch and feel how the biceps works differently with each. If you want to improve your flexibility while toning, incorporate stretching into some of your movements. Experimenting is a way of learning your muscles. Another way is watching yourself work out. Get a big mirror, and don't be embarrassed to study yourself in it—both during an exercise, to help isolate the affected muscle, and after your routine, to assess your progress.

There is no need to worry about possible injuries if you follow a few simple rules: always do sit-ups with your knees bent; keep your back straight in exercises that exert vertical stress on the back muscles; avoid jerking or "throwing up" a weight—keep your movements smooth; always move up the amount of weight you use for a given exercise in gradual increments; and if you have any trouble with your lower back, buy a lifting belt to wear for exercises that strain you there.

If you use free weights correctly, your progress can be surprisingly rapid. That rate will, of course, be affected by your shape when you start, but most people can see a difference within weeks. I know people (one of them over fifty) who have gone from poor shape to superb tone in only two months. There isn't any credible evidence that lifting weights makes you live longer, but I've seen plenty to indicate that it makes you feel and look better for however long you stay alive. ●

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The Life and Death of a Comic Genius

DOUG KENNEY's brilliance was his humor, and everything it touched turned to gold. The *National Lampoon*, which he co-founded, became one of the biggest success stories in publishing. The movie *Animal House*, which he co-wrote, made more money than any comedy in history. His humor influenced an entire generation, yet his is not a funny story.



PHOTOGRAPH - COURTESY OF GERRIT GRAHAM

by Robert Sam Anson

THE SIGN GUARDING the approach to Hanapepe lookout, on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, is explicit. Stay back, it warns, the drop beyond is sheer.

It was here, on the twenty-eighth of August last year, that Douglas C. Kenney, thirty-three, a founder of the *National Lampoon*, coauthor of *National Lampoon's Animal House*, and graduate of Harvard College, Class of '68, parked his rented Jeep, climbed down, and, ignoring the signpost, walked through a field of low brambles toward the cliff's edge.

A cool wind was blowing in from the sea. Temperatures were in the seventies. It was the perfect Polynesian day.

As he neared his destination, Kenney turned left and struck out on his own path. In fact, it was a crumbling precipice. He walked on. The view from the ridge was awesome. Another step, then, all at once, he was there. In his hotel room was a note he had written to himself. A part of it read: "These are some of the happiest days I've ever ignored."

WHEN HE DIED, Doug Kenney was a millionaire six times over. In Hollywood, where he lived the last two years of his life, writing and producing motion pictures, he was regarded as a genius, an estimation shared by his Cambridge classmates, one of whom, writer Timothy Crouse, was to say: "He was our star. If

Robert Sam Anson is a regular contributor to Esquire. His latest book is Gone Crazy and Back Again.

anyone was going to write the great American novel, it was going to be Doug." Instead, he wrote comedy and in the process created an art form that influenced a generation. It was like that with everything he touched. When he tried a magazine, it became one of the great publishing success stories of recent times. When he wrote a movie, it made more money than any of its kind in history. "The golden boy," they called him, a comet lighting up the sky. He was the dutiful son who bought his parents a car, a pool, and a house; the celebrity who remembered carhops; the friend who gentled the night. Women loved him. Men thought him brave, loyal, and true. He was blue-eyed and he was blond; there was nothing he couldn't do. And then, one sunny day in Hawaii, he went off a cliff.

"Who was Doug Kenney?" his friend Chris Miller asked after they had brought his body home. "Doug was Holden Caulfield, the Catcher in the Rye." This is his story. It is not funny.

WHERE IT BEGINS is Chagrin Falls, Ohio, a horsey-set suburb of Cleveland. This is where he grew up, the second of three children spaced evenly seven years apart. Later, after he had moved to New York and was writing about Chagrin Falls in *National Lampoon*, some of his friends suspected that perhaps he had made Chagrin Falls up, that such a prosaically named place could not possibly exist. But Chagrin Falls was real enough, as were Harry the father who reminded people of Bing Crosby; Stephanie, the witty mother who loved to party; Daniel, the sainted older brother who was to die of kidney disease; and Vicky, the adored kid sister, who was actually kind of a drip. It was the way Doug portrayed them that was fictional. In his retelling, there would be dad, the kindly tennis pro, bearing up manfully under the insults of the country-club snobs. Turn the page, and there, in fresh ginghams, would be mom, baking pies with one hand while patting her towhead with the other. And so on down the line it would go, until at last, lowliest of the low, would be Doug, the Chagrin High dork.

That is always how he told it—how, apparently, he needed to tell it. The truth, of course, was something else. In real life, dad hadn't been a tennis pro in thirty years; he was a personnel manager for a major polluter. He didn't work for the country club, he belonged to two of them. In fact, none of it was true; not mom, not Main Street, not the gang at the soda shop, and certainly not Doug. Who he was, was most elusive of all.

They always thought so, even at Gilmour Academy, the swank Catholic prep school he attended. Gilmour was small and it was smug, and by all accounts, Doug the day student was miserable. He had few friends and spent much of his time alone. To his classmates, he seemed mysteriously aloof. The awards that came to him—the Merit Scholarship, the forensic championships, the memberships in this society and that—he shrugged off as if they were his due. Of course, he did the best; he was Doug Kenney.

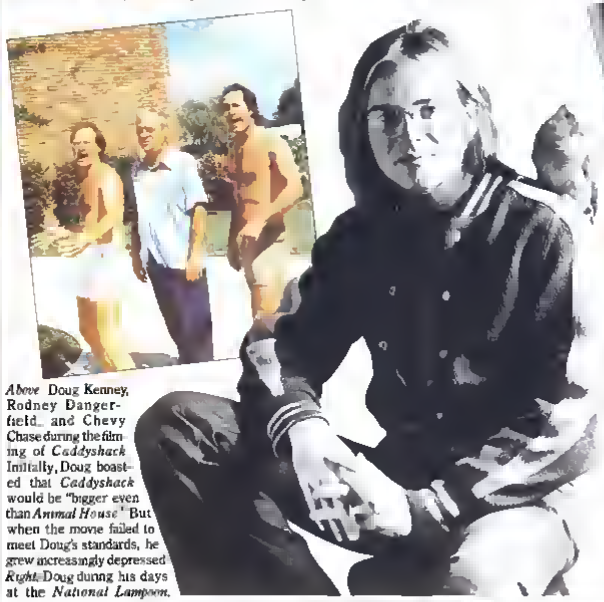
But it was never so simple. The day at the Little Theatre showed that.

It was after classes, and Doug had mounted the stage to rehearse a piece he was scheduled to deliver in an upcoming speech competition. A gaggle of upperclassmen had gathered in the otherwise deserted auditorium; they were going to have fun with the freshman. As Kenney launched into the work, a humorous declamation from Thurber, one of them interrupted with a criticism. Kenney resumed and just as quickly was cut off with another critique. In the audience, there was tittering, the upperclassmen were enjoying their sport. Kenney started again, then stopped. He looked out on the empty theater and desperately stammered. Then, to the horror of everyone, he began to cry.

The problem was at home. Ever since a car accident, his brother, Daniel, had suffered from a variety of ailments, the most serious of which was kidney degeneration. Doug worshiped him, as did the rest of the family. He was his father's pride, his mother's hope, the favored child destined to do great things. The "punk kid," as Doug described himself, could only stand in awe of him. It was from Daniel that Doug had learned the secrets of girls and fraternities, the rubrics of being an all-round guy. But now Daniel was dying. As his condition worsened, Doug felt worse than bad. He felt—there was only one word for it—guilty.

Somehow, he had convinced himself that he was responsible. A part of him felt selfish for having healthy kidneys of his own. His parents did not help matters. According to friends, they had always had a difficult time dealing with him. He was, as girlfriend Emily Prager sympathetically put it, "like an alien in their midst, this boy genius set down on the plains of Ohio." So different were they in outlook and attitude that Lucy Fisher, another friend, used to tease that 'Doug had been brought by the stork.' With Daniel's worsening illness, the jokes turned bitter. There were scenes and recriminations, things that shouldn't have been said. The result, according to friends, was that try as he might, Doug was never able to rid himself of the notion that his parents wished it were Daniel, not he, who were still alive.

Doug spent the rest of his life trying to win his parents' love. When he was away from home, he called and visited frequently, so much so that his friends thought it odd. After he made his first millions, he bought his parents a sprawling colonial in Connecticut. Later, he added a pool. Then a tennis court. Then a Florida



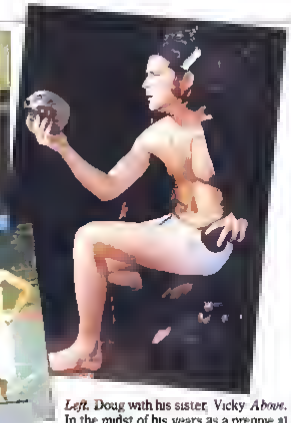
Above. Doug Kenney, Rodney Dangerfield, and Chevy Chase during the filming of *Caddyshack*. Initially, Doug boasted that *Caddyshack* would be "bigger even than *Animal House*." But when the movie failed to meet Doug's standards, he grew increasingly depressed. *Right:* Doug during his days at the *National Lampoon*.

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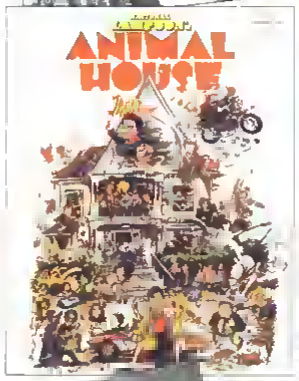


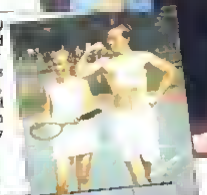


Above left: Doug *(far right)* with his parents, Harry and Stephanie, and actor Bill Murray. Doug lavished presents on his parents: a Cadillac, homes in Connecticut and Florida. *Above.* Doug with Harvard friends Timothy Mayer and Peter Ivers.



Left: Doug with his sister, Vicky. *Above.* In the midst of his years as a preppie at Harvard, Doug appeared as Hamlet in a Hasty Pudding show.









Animal House was the work of Doug, Harold Ramis, and Chris Miller. The premiere was a typical Lampoon affair—no one was on speaking terms. *Above.* Doug at college graduation.



Left: Doug with Kathryn Walker. There was a stormy but affectionate relationship, and he had never felt more comfortable with one person. *Above:* At his home in California.



Above. One thing everyone always knew: Doug Kenney was funny. He could make people laugh. *Below.* The Kenney children, Christmas 1959—*(from right)* Doug, Vicky, and eldest son, Daniel, whose death from kidney disease would haunt Doug for the rest of his life.





Above. Doug with Harold Ramis, director of *Caddyshack* and co-writer of a Lampoon stage show and *Animal House*.





Above. The magazine created by Doug and Henry Beard, one of the biggest publishing successes of all time. *National Lampoon*'s tone was set by the humor of its Irish-Catholic writers, whose view of the world was tinged with darkness, myth, and not a little guilt. *Right:* Doug with Chris Miller, co-writer of *Animal House*.



Above. In Hawaii. "He was in the midst of making a decision," said a friend. "He was deciding whether he wanted to be an adult."

condominium. His parents liked the gifts; it was their source that troubled them. Comedy, they said, well, comedy was so *crude*. Someone else might have cried, gotten angry, given up. Doug Kenney bought his father a Cadillac instead.

The worst of all this was still ahead when Kenney entered Harvard in the fall of 1964. During the previous summer, something odd had occurred. Doug Kenney had become a preppie. "I remember the first time I saw him," says playwright Timothy Mayer, who recalled their meeting in the Yard. "I thought he was the most perfect WASP I had ever encountered. He was flawless." It wasn't just the J. Press clothes or the clipped manner of speaking he began to affect or even the dining club presidency of Spee he won; it was everything, the entire psychic ensemble. Almost magically, he *seemed* however preppies are supposed to seem.

Some wondered. Not at the brilliance of his performance or, in time, even at the conviction he brought to the part—a credibility to be repeated in later years in later roles—but at the motive behind it. Why, as one of his lovers put it, did he "put on personalities the way other people put on clothes"? Kenney offered no explanation. When pressed, he would become defensive; pressed harder, he would tell a joke; harder still, and he would leave the room, not explaining, just walking, anything to get away. When he returned hours or days later, he would say that he had been "out." Where, he would be asked. "Around," he would reply. Had anything happened? "No," he would smile, "nothing." "You communicated with him by circumspection," says Judith Bruce, a Radcliffe student who dated him for two years. "Mostly, though, you didn't know him."

One thing everyone knew. Doug Kenney was funny. He knew how to make people laugh.

He had had the gift—call it the compulsion—even as a child. Then, a joke was rewriting the lunchroom menu to include "scrambled snails" and "fried ants." Everyone thought it was sweet, not so sweet when, as a prank, he began placing firecrackers in the neighbors' mailboxes. At Gilmour, he had upped it a notch, satirizing the headmaster—"Brother Bonzo" he called him—to unflattering effect in the school magazine. Unamused, the headmaster had destroyed the issue and threatened to bounce Bonzo's creator from school. It had not deterred Doug. His own conversation was peppered with one-liners—"There is no free brunch" was one of his favorites—twists and asides so many and so witty that to talk to him was not to have an exchange but to witness a performance, which, of course, suited him just fine. The less said, the easier to conceal the pain. And so it was at Harvard. Hardly had he cut his first class than he was appearing in Broadway parodies for Hasty Pudding and, soon after that, popping up in the pages of the *Lampoon*.

The *Lampoon* building had been a Harvard fixture since 1909. Its nominal charter was publishing, more or less quarterly, a humor magazine. To the notables who passed through the portals of the garish "castle," though, the *Lampoon*'s larger purpose was to be a social club, replete with black-tie dinners every week. True, these proceedings were sometimes interrupted by the launching of a mashed-potato bomb, but in the main, the atmosphere was gentlemanly, and the humor reflected it. It did, at any rate, until Doug and Henry arrived.

Henry was Henry Beard, one year Kenney's senior and many levels his social better. Tall and taciturn, he exuded the easy authority of a young man used to money and the deference that came with it. In another life he might have wound up as an investment banker or, given the gravity that perpetually knitted his brow and weighted his shoulders, an Episcopal bishop. But Beard was, as Beard would have put it, "wry," which is the word people like Beard use when they mean funny.



DOUG KENNEY (RIGHT) WITH A FRIEND AT HARVARD OUTSIDE THE *LAMPOON*

KENNEY HAD BECOME A PREPPIE. IT WASN'T JUST THE J. PRESS CLOTHES OR THE CLIPPED MANNER OF SPEAKING HE BEGAN TO AFFECT; IT WAS EVERYTHING, THE PSYCHIC ENSEMBLE.

They had met in 1966 during Kenney's sophomore year. Beard was fascinated by what he dryly termed Kenney's "extraordinary perception of middle-class America," a terrain as unfamiliar to him as the Metropolitan Club was to Kenney. There were other attractions. Beard was organized, Kenney was not, Beard was dark, Kenney was light, Beard liked parodying Nietzsche, Kenney loved fart jokes. For a time when the village was being destroyed in order to save it, they were the perfect combination.

Their first big project was a parody of *Life* magazine, it was nearly their last. The issue ran deep in the red and plunged the *Lampoon* into debt. But there was no shortage of tempting targets, and when next they tried *Time*, their humor became required reading in the house that Luce built. They were rolling now. Their next target, a send-up of J. R. R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*—redubbed *Bored of the Rings*—sold 750,000 copies and became a cult classic. After two years it was clear they were onto something. The question was what.

For a year, they worried over it. Finally, as the first anniversary of Kenney's graduation approached, they made up their minds. They would publish a magazine along *Lampoon* lines, only blacker, sexier, and more outrageous than the Harvard version had ever dared be. Fortified with some business advice from classmate Rob Hoffman, they went to Matty Simmons, chairman of the board of Twenty-First Century Communications, and laid out their proposal.

Simmons, an instinctive high roller (his chief assistant was even named "Mogel"), did not require much convincing. He had already assisted in the publication of two of the Harvard parodies and had made money from both. Now, to hear the plans "the boys," as Matty half affectionately, half patronizingly called them, were so confidently spinning, there was only the prospect of more profits ahead. It was, nonetheless, a bizarre union: Bilious, brash, boisterously self-promoting, Simmons, whose publishing credits included *Weight Watchers Magazine*, was everything the Harvards were not and vice versa. "A stripper's agent," Beard later joked. But however his gold jewelry might offend, Simmons had an eye for talent. Besides, noted Emily Prager, "Matty liked to see these Harvard kids coming to him for money. He thought they were cute."

Soon a deal was struck, and in April 1970, the first issue of *National Lampoon* made its appearance. It was anything but an immediate hit. Crude in appearance, sophomoric in execution, it looked the postgraduate product that it was and sold less than half its pressrun. For the next few months, they limped along. Then things really got bad. In desperation a new art director was brought in and told to change the look of the book. Out went the underground graphics; in came a cleaner, slicker style. Sales nudged ahead. Then, in September, a most unlikely heroine came to the rescue. Minnie Mouse adorned the cover that month, though not in the rodentian spirit Disney had intended. "Tits and ass," Simmons had been urging. "Tits and ass are what sells." Tits and ass—and precious little else—are what Minnie had. The result was a $10

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million lawsuit, record sales, and a marketing lesson never to be forgotten.

By the end of 1971, *National Lampoon* was solidly in the black and well on its way toward an eventual circulation of eight hundred thousand. Its staff was doing less well. They were a quirky group, even in the best of circumstances. For one thing, many of them, like Kenney, were fallen-away Irish Catholics, a condition that set them apart from the Jewish mainstream of comedy and tinged their view of the world with darkness, myth, and not a little guilt. If the Berles, Allens, and Steinbergs regaled their audiences with tales of their psychiatrists and ex-wives, the Kenneys, O'Donoghues, and McConnachies savaged theirs with, as one notorious *Lampoon* cover had it, threats to shoot the family dog. Nothing was sacred. Once, when one of their number received an emergency phone call from his father informing him that his mother had lost a toe, the comedian didn't miss a beat. "Did you look under the refrigerator?" The *Lampoon* staff also liked to repeat the story about the contributor who had walked through a plate glass window and plunged several stories to his death. "What's the difference between David McClelland and a pizza?" the line went. Answer: "A pizza doesn't have glass in it."

It was shark-bait humor, a lunge after the gut, trapped in the feeding pool of the *Lampoon*, where the Dickensian nature of working conditions was surpassed only by the sheer impossibility of the demands. The predictable happened: the sharks devoured one another. Fights were frequent, blood oaths more so. At one point, fully one half of the staff was not speaking to the other. And in the middle, presiding over it all, "like the prime minister of a bad European parliament," as Beard put it, was the editor in chief, Douglas C. Kenney.

Nothing seemed to rattle him. Phones could be ringing, typewriters clacking, editors cursing, Matty baying, and there would sit Kenney, a bemused, half-stoned, half-sly smile tracing his lips. To him they came with their problems and petty jealousies. To him—and only to him—they listened. "Doug," says Chris Miller, "was like type O blood. He went across the board." With few exceptions, he seemed to like, or at least tolerate, everyone, including, to the astonishment of the staff, even Matty, whom Doug came to regard almost as a substitute father. As an editor, he was no less catholic in his tastes. Sitting across a desk—or, more typically, propped cross-legged on it—he was not so much a boss as the old coach, gently schooling the initiate in the fine art of comedic lobs and smashes. "Well, uh," he would fumble when he encountered a particularly ham-handed bit of prose. Then he would smile at the writer, drag deeply from an ever present joint, joke about his own supposed ineptness, scratch himself, cough, and, with more body language than words, precisely pinpoint what was wrong, how to fix it, and often as not, do it, all the while giving the writer, however harebrained he might be, the ineluctable impression that it was his brilliance, and his alone, that was saving Doug Kenney's pitiable rag of a magazine. "You could write absolute crap," says former *Lampoon* writer Brian McConnachie, "and he would respect it. Better yet, he would make you respect it." When it came to editing," adds writer Michael O'Donoghue, "Doug was the master safecracker. He left no fingerprints."

Kenney's work was gentle by *Lampoon* standards, etched with nostalgia and scenes of mock domestic bliss. His regular features—"Mrs. Agnew's Diary" and



EXCEPT FOR A PORSCHE AND COCAINE, KENNEY INDULGED IN FEW LUXURIES

PHOTOGRAPH • COURTESY OF MR. AND MRS. HARRY KENNEY

A FRIEND RECALLS THUMBING THROUGH ONE OF DOUG'S BOOKS, ONLY TO HAVE A CHECK FOR $186,000 FALL OUT. "OH," SAID DOUG, "I WAS WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT."

"Baba Rum Raisin"—had won a rabid following. When "First Blowjob," his *Saturday Evening Post*–style tribute to high school dating ("'Atta girl, Connie,' Jeff encouraged, 'shake hands with it!'") appeared, it was hailed as a stroke of comedic genius. By then, Kenney was almost too tired to notice. After a year and a half of eighty-hour weeks, writing, editing, setting squabbles, he was all but burned out.

A series of things had happened. One was the slow disintegration of his personal life. A year before, without fully knowing why, he had gotten married to a woman he had known at Radcliffe. Her name was Alex Garcia-Mata. She was the daughter of a South American financier. She was also very pretty and very smart. One thing she was not was funny. "What's the joke?" she always seemed to be asking when everyone else was convulsed in laughter. "What's so funny anyway?" Doug had ceased trying to explain. Instead, he had begun having an affair.

He also started getting drunk regularly. When he was not drinking, he was smoking dope, doing his best to get stoned. Increasingly, he trailed off in the middle of sentences. More than once, his friends noticed there seemed to be tears in his eyes for no apparent reason. He would proclaim one thing—"I'm the best goddamn comedy writer in the world"—and contradict it seconds later—"I'm not worth a shit." During a scheduled lecture at New York University, he took one look at the waiting class, then locked himself in the closet. Finally at Alex's urging, he started seeing a psychiatrist, one favored by celebrities, then quit because he was favored by celebrities. Beard, no less tired than Kenney, urged him to slow down. Instead, Kenney only sped up. He became positively manic, pouring out the work. He could not seem to sit still. He seemed terrified to be alone. After a while, he began to jest that there were snipers across the street trying to get him. Then he began imitating the sounds of their bullets. Eventually he started falling down as if shot. "I could see it," says Beard, "but there was nothing I could do about it. Doug was coming unglued."

He came apart, finally, on the Fourth of July in 1971. That morning, without telling anyone, he took a cab to Kennedy airport and boarded a plane for Los Angeles. When he arrived, carrying nothing but a knapsack, he retrieved his Lampoon credit card from his wallet and broke it in two. He then went to the house where his friends Peter Ivers and Lucy Fisher were staying. "Hi, Mom and Dad!" he called as he walked through the door. "I'm home!"

For the next two months, they cared for him as they would a child. Peter, a local music personality and a friend since Harvard, planned their adventures by day. Doug's favorite was fighting mock cap gun battles in the Hollywood Hills. When they returned at night, Lucy tucked him in bed and read him stories. The one he liked best was *Moby Dick*. To Lucy, none of it came as any great surprise. She had known him since college, known how much he wanted to be taken care of, known how he was almost pathetically grateful for any attention. Even in Cambridge, she remembers, "Doug would cling to the family of any friend who treated him like a human being." All that had changed was the family. Now she and Peter were mommy and daddy. "He was a little boy," she said later. "A very nice, very lovable, very funny little boy."

Back at the *Lampoon*, the initial jokes about Kenney's disappearance had grown nervous. Some wondered whether Kenney was dead; others, whether to call the police. Then one day a postcard arrived from California. Signed "Doug," it read: "Next time try a Yale."

He came back, finally, but only long enough to gather some things and tell Alex that their marriage was over. She, too, was not surprised. In the time they had been together, three years of courtship and less than a year of marriage, she had never really come to know him. "He was like an onion," she said later. "You would get down to what you thought was the core, and there would be another layer, like so many masks to take off. Ultimately, he was mysterious."

Soon he was off again, this time to Martha's Vineyard. On a bluff overlooking the sea, he pitched a tent and lived there for the next year in near total seclusion. Now and again reports about him would drift back to New York. One had it that he had gotten into acid. Another, that he had tried to kill himself twice, once by throwing himself from a speeding car. Still a third said that he was at work on the novel everyone knew was raging within him: *Teenage Commies from Outer Space* it was supposed to be called, and if the rumors were correct, it would be the comedic statement of the age, *Tom Sawyer* and *Naked Lunch* rolled into one.

So went the stories. What actually went on during the time on Martha's Vineyard, or why it came abruptly to an end, no one ever really knew. Kenney didn't like to talk about it. Unannounced, he simply turned up in New York one day, a half-finished manuscript under his arm, tanner and skinnier than the day he left. His first day back at the *Lampoon*, he showed a copy of it to Beard. Beard read it and tried to be polite. Kenney cut him off. "It sucks, doesn't it?" he said. Beard nodded, and without another word, Kenney flung the work into the wastebasket.

The *Lampoon* had changed in Kenney's absence. It was Henry Beard's magazine now, and loyalties had shifted. Once the boss, Kenney was now the interloper. He knew it better than anyone, and for months after his return, it was hard to have a conversation with him that did not include at least one mumbled apology.

Relations with Beard were especially difficult. Once chums and collaborators, they had irretrievably drifted apart. As Beard laconically put it: "Our friendship had a different quality to it now." In fact, Beard had become embittered by what he took as Kenney's betrayal: not only of him but, as Beard saw it, of the idea they had sweated and strained for. "I knew," said Beard, "I couldn't count on him anymore. And Kenney knew it too." Knowing it helped. Freed from the pressures of management, of taking care of people, Kenney plunged himself into his work, and the result was some of the best writing of his career. It reached its summit in a project he had devised for himself: the *1964 High School Yearbook Parody*.

PHOTOGRAPH • COURTESY OF NATIONAL LAMPOON, INC.

High school had always had a special hold on him. In some respects, he had never really left. He still wore his high school jacket to work, still played high school games, still told the same dumb high school jokes. Indeed, he even *walked* like someone in high school, the step springy, the gait bumptious and jocky. As his classmate and *National Lampoon* collaborator John Weidman put it: "He would have used Clearasil if he could."

The irony, of course, was that Kefauver High existed only in his head. It didn't seem to matter. In his imagination, this was Paradise Lost, an untroubled heaven of top-down Chevys and bouffanted girls, a nine-to-three nirvana where quarterbacks were kings, necking was "mellow," and nerds never grew old. Here, in the homeroom of the mind, Doug Kenney was safe.



DOUG KENNEY AS STORK AND JOHN VERNON AS DEAN WORMER IN *ANIMAL HOUSE*.

AFTER *ANIMAL HOUSE*, KENNEY WAS A HOT PROPERTY, A COMMODITY TO BE FAWNED OVER AND FOUGHT FOR. THE MORE PEOPLE RAVED ABOUT HIS TALENT, THE MORE HE SEEMED TO DOUBT IT.

With writer P.J. O'Rourke, he worked on the project most of the next year, assembling details like so many pieces of an Erector Set. Yearbooks they read by the score, school papers by the dozens. By the time they were finished, they were even delving into sports programs and old exam books. Nothing was left to chance. Doug wanted, he told his friends, the ultimate replica. In the end, he had it.

There, page after page, was the whole awful, wonderful saga of middle American adolescence, right down to the requisite dedication to the martyred John F. Kennedy ("You who might as well have said, 'Ich bein ihe Kefauver Senior'") Kenney had it all: the class nicknames ("Quickie" for the class slut, Maria Teresa Spermatozoa), the class clubs (Future Optometrists and Future Stewardesses), the class prophecies (Gilbert Scrabbler and Belinda Heinke win the Nobel Prize for "inventing a nuclear-powered car that drives itself where you tell it to [and] a new fungus that cures heart attacks like penicillin"), the class history ("Remember how all those chuckling Sophomores sent us out to get 'lunchroom passes' and 'left-handed spiral notebooks'?""), even the class memorial, to the "popular and handicapped Howie Havermeyer." "Most of us here . . . didn't get a chance to know him too well," the citation went. "But just because we did not know him, however, does not mean that he was not a real nice guy. He used to smile at people. . . . We all would have been a lot happier if he were still here among us . . ." Atop it, bordered in black, was the prom picture of the dear departed. It was Kenney.

In all, the Kefauver High *Kaleidoscope* sold more than a million copies. The *Lampoon* was more than a magazine now, it was a cultural phenomenon. Soon there would be a weekly *National Lampoon Radio Hour* and an off-Broadway Lampoon stage show, featuring such promising unknowns as Chevy Chase and John Belushi. With the various residuals and licensing deals, the money would roll in for years. But it would do so without Doug Kenney. He was getting out.

The deal he, Beard, and Rob Hoffman had struck with Simmons had stipulated a complex stock buy-out after five years. Now the time was up, and when the figures were totaled, it was found that "the Harvard kids," as Simmons had so smugly called them, would walk away with $7.5 million. The day of the great payoff, Beard assembled the staff, told them he felt "happier at this moment than at any time since leaving the Army," and with that, departed the premises never to return again. Kenney was gentler. There were no speeches from him, no grand farewells, only a quiet spreading of cash. Then he went out and bought himself a Porsche.

He had a curious attitude about the money he made. His share from the Lampoon proceeds, for instance, came to just under $3 million. Yet, aside from the Porsche and a developing taste for cocaine, he indulged in few luxuries. He continued to live in Greenwich Village in an apartment furnished principally with books and empty orange crates. His trusty Gilmour jacket he hung on a nail in the living room. There were no limos, no visits to fine restaurants, not so much as a decent stereo. "His clothes weren't shabby," remembers one friend. "They were obscene." Later, after he had made millions more from the proceeds of *Animal House* and had moved to California, his surroundings improved. His regard for money remained the same. Ivers recalls thumbing through one of Kenney's books one day, only to have a check for $186,000 fall out. The date on it was four months



PHOTOGRAPH - COURTESY OF MR. AND MRS. HARRY KENNEY

old. "Oh," said Kenney absently, "I was wondering what happened to that."

Others he lavished with attention. He sent his sister to the finest schools and, when she graduated, awarded her a BMW. His ex-wife, Alex, got ten thousand dollars in cash; his girlfriend got a trip to Europe. When a stash was needed, he bought. When a favor was asked, he did it. When a tip was given, it was 50 percent. "He was so busy helping others," Chevy Chase would say at his funeral. "No one thought to ask him."

After the stock sale, it was Matty Simmons who needed help. The buy out had drained the Lampoon's resources, and an infusion of fresh cash was urgently needed. Simmons had decided that a movie was the answer. Harold Ramis, one of the authors of the second Lampoon stage show, had been working on a notion with Kenney. The original plan had been to do a film version of the *Yearbook*. But Simmons had deemed high school insufficiently sexy, so the focus had been switched to college and fraternity life, and here, Chris Miller, Dartmouth Alpha Delta Phi, stepped in to lend his not inconsiderable expertise. Kenney thought the project would be a temporary assignment. A few months, he told friends, and the movie would come together. If it didn't, he wasn't worried. The main goal was having fun.

The few months stretched into a year, and the end of it was *Animal House*, the most successful comedy of all time. The party before the premiere, July 28, 1978, was a typical Lampoon affair. Most of the staff were not on speaking terms. The director challenged Matty to a fist fight. Everyone got stoned. Kenney felt right at home. His friends had seldom seen him happier. Earlier that evening, there he had been on the big screen hamming it up, and with their laughter, the whole theater seemed to embrace him.

A part of him had always wanted to be an actor—'Charlton Hepburn,' he fancied himself—and now he had gotten his wish. To those who knew him, though, it was not how he acted but whom he portrayed that was revealing. "He could have made himself anyone," says Miller. "And who does he choose? Stork, the weirdo."

That is not how Hollywood saw him. After *Animal House*, Doug Kenney was a hot property, a commodity to be fawned over and fought for. There was plenty of both before he finally settled with Fox. He had asked for the world and they had given it to him: a two-year deal, a production company of his own, a personal office on the lot. All that was lacking was something to convince him he was worth it.

The more people raved about his talent, the more he seemed to doubt it. Wistfully, he talked of the "serious work" he should be doing, the novel he should be writing, the "big movie" he should be making. After Lucy Fisher became head of production for Francis Coppola's Zoetrope Studios, he could barely contain his envy. Over and over again, he talked about Coppola's success obsessively, comparing it with his own 'failure.' Late one night, in the middle of a toot, he drove to the Zoetrope lot, accosted a guard, and demanded to see Coppola to, as he later related to Fisher, "tell him how to make movies." No one was able to console him. "He didn't respect his talent," says Michael Gross, the former *Lampoon* art director who saw him frequently in California. "He was like Marilyn Monroe in that way. Everything came so easily to him, he didn't take it seriously."

The studio wasn't worried. The work, when it happened, would take care of itself. In the meantime, there were parties, more parties, after a while, than anyone could count. They were remarkable affairs, not in the scale of their pretensions, but in their all-inclusive nature. On a given evening (or day, since the parties often went on until morning), the array in Doug's living room might include studio chiefs, waitresses, actors, writers, secretaries, carhops, college classmates, and hitchhiking hippies—anyone, in sum, whom Doug had encountered in the last ten years. Before long, the word was on the circuit. If you need help, a bed for the night, an introduction at a studio, see Doug. He was the center of the network.



TIMOTHY MAYER AND DOUG KENNEY JANUARY 1980, ON THE BEACH AT MALIBU

PART OF DOUG'S PROBLEM WAS HOLLYWOOD. "HE HATED THE PLACE," SAYS A FRIEND. "IT EMBARRASSED HIM THAT HE MADE A FORTUNE IN A BUSINESS HE RIDICULED."

His own life was a contradiction. On the one hand, he had never been more unsure of himself, more uncertain where he was heading. On the other, he had never felt more at ease with one person. That person was Kathryn Walker, An Emmy-winning actress from Main Line Philadelphia, she had been with him nearly a year. The night they met, at a party in New York, he had attracted her attention by very calmly eating a cut-crystal Victorian wineglass. It had been an unusual relationship ever since. The word most used to describe it, including by Kathryn, was "stormy." They fought, seemingly, about everything, from Doug's frenetic life-style to the fact that Kathryn, a Wells College graduate, hadn't gone to Radcliffe. And yet few people were more devoted to each other. They had already talked about marriage and, in a casual way, begun to look for a house. Her presence seemed to steady him. More confident now, he started back to work.

Orion had asked him to write and produce a comedy about a country club. The working title was *Caddyshack*. Chevy Chase would be one of the stars and Harold Ramis would direct, the opportunity was too good to pass up.

They started shooting in October 1979 in the little town of Davie, Florida. There was not much to do in Davie, so when the day's work was done, cast and crew made their own fun. Mostly, they partied, which, for Kenney and his friends, meant doing cocaine. Cocaine first by the gram, then by the ounce. There was, apparently, no end to the stuff or to the appetite for snorting. Kenney's use was particularly heavy. "What he dropped on the floor," says one of his friends, 'would keep most people high for a lifetime." He went after it voraciously—"like an animal in heat,' an acquaintance says—stuffing it into his nose with his thumbs, great gobs of it at a time. He was not the only one. Soon rumors began to drift back to the Coast that a "coke film' was in the making, and Orion braced itself for the result.

In December, Kenney returned to California to sit in on the editing. Initially he was pleased with what he saw. He boasted to friends in New York that *Caddyshack* would be 'bigger even than *Animal House*." But, gradually, reality began to take hold, after a time, even Ramis was calling it "a six-million-dollar scholarship to film school." Increasingly depressed, Kenney started spinning out of control. He turned on old friends, dismissing one as "a failure," another as "a queen." During an argument with Orion production chief Mike Medavoy and executive producer Jon Peters over *Caddyshack*'s promotion, he lunged at them and tried to knock them to the ground. The day the film premiered in New York, Kenney turned up drunk at a press conference. As his parents looked on, he denounced the reporters in attendance and proceeded to pass out.

The performance startled few in California. Over the last year, his drug addiction and the paranoia it was bringing on had become common knowledge. More than once, he had been spotted at Roy's Restaurant, laughing about his previous su-

cide attempts. "You have to learn to roll with the bullets," he joked. His friends didn't think it was so funny. Even before *Caddyshack*, they had begun to worry about "the incredible recklessness," as Weidman put it, with which he was living his life. He seemed to be pushing everything to the limits: drugs, work, play, even his driving. "He was always running with the Furies nipping at his heels," says Miller, "trying to keep ahead of whatever was chewing at his feet. Sometimes you wanted to hug him and say it was all right. But he never let you." Alan Greisman, one of his partners in his production company, puts it more bluntly. "He had a loaded gun," he says. "It was just waiting to go off."

Kathryn begged him to get help. Reluctantly he agreed to see a psychiatrist. But it was only a temporary concession. Soon after he discovered that David Begelman was seeing the same one, he stopped going. Work did not distract him. There was no lack of projects waiting to claim his attention—a parody of Club Med, a film version of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, a sci-fi epic about Tibet—the problem was getting him interested. Part of it was Hollywood itself. "He hated the place," says MGM vice-president Boaty Boatwright, a close friend. "It embarrassed him that he made a fortune in a business he ridiculed." *Caddyshack* embarrassed him more. After the film opened to withering reviews, his despair was complete. "They're going to hate me now," he told a friend. When the friend tried to dissuade him, noting that, if the projections held true, the film would wind up grossing $40 million, Kenney would hear none of it. "He insisted that it was a total failure," recalls Fisher. "He was acting like it was a blot on his permanent record."

Chevy suggested they take a rest. Go to tennis camp, he said, get in shape, then fly out to Hawaii for a few weeks on the beach. Doug liked the idea. In that last year, Chevy had become one of his best friends—"the older brother who didn't die," as one of their acquaintances puts it. Not everyone was pleased by the relationship. Kathryn especially. When she protested, reminding him of a previous promise to accompany her to Newfoundland for the making of a TV movie, Doug played the hurt little boy. He needed the time, he said; he deserved it. Besides, he wanted to "get clean,' and this would be as good a time as any. Kathryn was dubious, but Doug insisted. Yes, he repeated, that was part of the trip: no coke. A week later, he sent back to his dealer for a full ounce.

They had a fine time in Hawaii even if the promise wasn't kept. Doug wanted to keep it going, make it a big party. But the friends he phoned on the Coast, inviting them to come, all declined. They had work to do, commitments, families of their own. Doug seemed disconsolate. Greisman had the impression he never wanted to come back. "If you had asked him to go around the world," he says, "he would have been packed in five minutes." Lucy, who talked to him twice, had a different explanation.

"He was in the midst of making a choice," she says. "He was deciding whether he wanted to be an adult."

Kathryn joined him in late August. Doug had a limo waiting for her at the airport, flowers and champagne at the ready. When they met at the hotel, she was shocked at his appearance. Despite the vacation, Doug looked physically wasted, the coke burn worse than ever. But his mood seemed good, better, in fact, than it had been in months. In a strange way, he seemed at peace with himself. "He really seemed to want to have a great time," Kathryn recalls. "We both did. Whatever had happened in the past didn't matter. We felt we had finally arrived at a certain place." They crammed their days with enjoyment. By day, they snorkeled for conch and paddled in the pool in inner tubes. At night, they strolled on the beach, talking about each other and making plans. The house had finally been bought, the pool put in. When he returned, Doug said, they would furnish it together. It would be their home, the place where they would raise their kids. Then he broke into song. "Having fun now!" he sang to the tune of "Rocky's Theme." "Having fun now!"



AUGUST 1980, HAWAII. "THESE ARE SOME OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS I'VE EVER IGNORED"

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF KATHRYN WALKER

DESPITE THE VACATION, DOUG LOOKED PHYSICALLY WASTED. BUT HIS MOOD SEEMED GOOD, BETTER THAN IT HAD BEEN IN MONTHS. IN A STRANGE WAY, HE SEEMED AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF.

After several days, Kathryn left. Furniture was coming, and she had to meet the deliverymen. With Chevy's departure four days before, Doug was now alone. He said he didn't mind. He had always liked being alone—his "quiet time," he called it—and a while more would give him time to scout locations for another movie. He had high hopes for that film. Just then, he had high hopes for a lot of things.

The last time Kathryn talked to him was by transpacific telephone two days later. He sounded cheerful and promised to be home for a party he was hosting on Labor Day. Putting down the phone, she felt strangely safe. In the best of times, she always felt that way with him. He was, she said, "a sort of Zen master," a giver of calm, a restorer of peace, a provider of what he did not have. It had been that way from the beginning, from the moment when he had taken her into a toy store, put on a child's phonograph, and played Jiminy Cricket singing "When You Wish upon a Star." She had fallen in love with him then and had loved him since. In that instant, she knew she always would.

Two thousand miles across the ocean, Doug Kenney prepared to go. He finished the memo he had been writing to himself, rose, picked up a bar of soap, walked to the bathroom mirror, and scrawled the words "I love you" across it. Sometime afterward he got in his Jeep and drove the winding road to Hanapepe lookout. They found his body four days later.

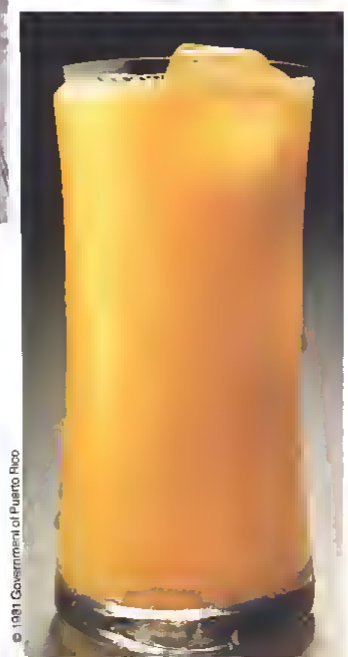
Kathryn, Chevy, Alan Greisman, and one of Doug's lawyers went to Hawaii to bring his body home. At a florist's near the hotel, they bought the prettiest leis they could find and took them out to the lookout. It had been raining, and when they arrived, the ground where he had walked was slick. They flung the flowers out over the cliff, and then something strange happened that you may not believe. A rainbow appeared, and it seemed to settle on the spot where Doug had died.

At his funeral in Connecticut, four hundred people showed up. They included some of the biggest names in comedy, the new wave, the new movement he had helped to create. There were Harvard people there, too, and Lampoon people and people no one had ever heard of. Chevy and Tim Mayer gave the eulogies and read some of his writings. The family had asked that certain pieces not be included. They weren't appropriate, they said, and they hoped that contributions in Doug's memory would be made to the Kidney Foundation, which looks for a cure for the disease that killed Daniel.

Afterward, they took him out to a cemetery in the country. The grave site was on a hill, overlooking a duck pond; it was the kind of spot Doug would have had fun with in the *Lampoon*. When the services were over, Peter Ivers, who was probably closer to him than anyone, took off his jacket and tied it around his waist, the way little kids do. Then he pulled a harmonica out of his pocket and played a song for his friend. It was "Beautiful Dreamer." Listening to it, the comedians did what people do at funerals. They wept. ●

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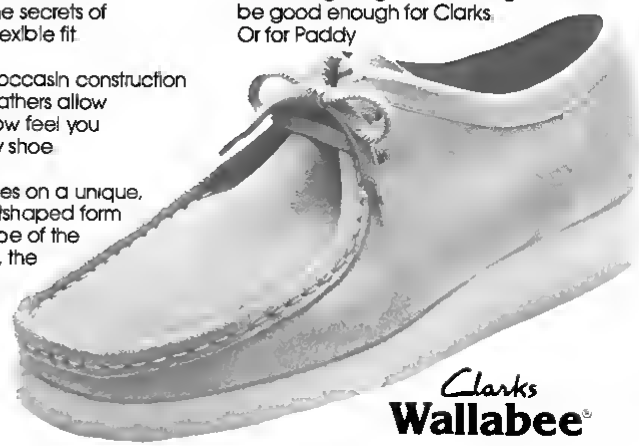
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The Duck Book

BOB WHITE likes ducks, which is why he calls his magazine the *DUCK BOOK*. Every month the *DUCK BOOK* quacks and hisses against the CFR-Trilateralists-Who-Are-Running-the-Country, and every month thousands of subscribers sign on to help BOB WHITE get rid of the rascals.

DOWN IN COCOA, FLORIDA, NASA

ENGINEERS DRIVE PICKUP TRUCKS, NORTHERN tourists dine at Fat Boy's Bar-B-Q, and people raise cows and horses and chickens in their front yards. Bob White, who used to be the best airport runway cleaner in the United States of America, has fifty ducks roaming his back yard. The ducks hiss and bite instead of quack. So does Bob White.

If you were educated at some liberal university and read establishment newspapers, then you might consider Bob White's diatribes against the One-World-Socialist-Pansy-CFR-Trilateralists Who-Gave-Away-*Our*-Canal to be mere quackery, the ravings of an unreconstructed Bircher. But if you knew what Bob White's been up to since August of 1980, you'd hear the hiss loud and clear. And feel the bite. Because down in Cocoa, Bob White has devised the scam of the century.

Bob White's scam is the biggest pyramid scheme the world has ever seen. He calls it the Ponzi Con, after the early-twentieth-century wizard who suckered thousands of dollars out of unsuspecting Bostonians, paying off interest to old contributors with the new ones' cash, until the marks got wise and the pyramid collapsed. Bob White is going to revive Ponzi's legacy. But his scam involves democracy, not dollars.

His idea is to get a few million Americans to pitch in ten bucks each for a lifetime subscription ("My life, not yours," says Bob White) to the *Duck Book*, which began as an airport trade magazine, and to use those ten-spots to finance the printing of even more *Duck Books*, eventually building a readership of twenty million people, who will get so damn mad about the crowd

by Randall Rothenberg

RANDALL ROTHENBERG, a New Jersey Monthly writer lives in Brooklyn.



BOB WHITE calls himself an illiterate, wild-haired redneck radical. He insists that his health is bad and that his life expectancy is about five years. If that's the case, he's ending with a bang, not a whimper, and the Duck Book *is his chief noisemaker.*

PHOTOGRAPH: NIGEL DICKSON

that *still* controls Washington that they will form Duck Clubs in every city in the United States. Before the pyramid collapses, this latter-day Ponzi and his twenty million Ducks are going to clean that cabal that killed Kennedy and murdered John Paisley in Chesapeake Bay the hell out of the government.

And so, since August 1980, this fifty-five-year-old Texan-Ohioan Californian-Floridian—who wears belted blue jumpsuits and once made a half-million dollars a year water blasting rubber off runways—has mailed more than *ten million* letters, brochures, and magazines in an attempt to expose the conspiratorial machinations of the Council on Foreign Relations—more familiarly, the CFR—and the Trilateral Commission, while enticing the masses to take out ten-dollar lifetime subscriptions to the *Duck Book*. His life, not yours.

"I'm not in the best of health. I had what you call a colostomy, and the life expectancy for people like me with colostomies is under five years," says Bob White. "I've already burned up a few of those. That's why it's a lifetime subscription for my life, not theirs."

The *Duck Book* is a dumb name for a magazine, especially an airport magazine, and most especially an airport magazine that has nothing to do with airports and consists almost entirely of reprints of hard-money and right-wing newsletters, a veritable *Reader's Digest* of survivalist publications. But Bob White likes ducks. That's why, next to the newsletter reprints and the photos of his little daughter, Katie, and the charts showing how far the CFR and Trilateralists have infiltrated our media, military, and government, there are Daffyesque and Donaldish cartoons of the critters. Like the live waddlers in his backyard, these comic ducks also hiss and bite instead of quack. "No more lily-livered giveaways like the Panama Canal," they say, and "All I want for Christmas is Rocky's ars." Which fits in pretty well with Bob White's own sentiments, which are spliced between the reprints, photos, charts, and cartoons—comments like "Stop Rockefeller's peanut farmer puppet and his Marxist superbrain advisers before they turn our country into a complete socialist welfare state for their one world government crap" and "It might be interesting to note that every single Congressman who is a member of the insidious Trilateral Commission voted to give our canal away . It doesn't matter a tinker's damn who is running against each one, even if it's the town drunk. Vote the drunk in, you can't do any worse." He can be mean: this man who lists himself on the *Duck Book*'s masthead as publisher. Also as editor in chief, managing editor, art director, international editor, circulation manager, advertising salesman, photographer, layout chief, and proofreader. He is an illiterate, wild-haired redneck radical—his words, not mine.

> "NOTE THAT EVERY single Congressman who is a member of the insidious Trilateral Commission voted to give our canal away," writes editor Bob White.

Beyond the hyperbole, there is a real Bob White. Born in Texas, he was raised in Ohio and educated in Catholic parochial schools there. After a stint in the European theater during World War II—and getting himself arrested for running pounds sterling into England—Bob White returned to the Midwest and established himself as a portrait and news photographer, adopting the name David Listz to attract business in a predominantly Jewish town; he also lived in Oklahoma for a while and once won recognition, he says, as one of the state's top three award-winning news photographers. Moving to California, he became a painting contractor and, in scraping the paint off buildings, hit upon a method by which vulcanized rubber could be water blasted off airport runways, an activity that revolutionized the runway-cleaning business. (That little puff of smoke you see when an airplane wheel touches down means a bit of rubber is sticking to the pavement, too much of the stuff on a runway is dangerous.) Bob White and his young wife, Donna, converted a sixty-foot flatbed truck into a water blaster on wheels and took it around to airports in virtually every state in the union. At the same time that Bob White's name was becoming synonymous with runway cleaning, he was gaining the national perspective that has come in so handy in editing and promoting the *Duck Book*. Like a politician, Bob White asks everyone he meets, "Where you from?" Invariably he has been there, and the small talk he engages in about the place is enough to convince an interlocutor that this guy really knows whereof he speaks.

It wasn't until three years ago, after moving Donna and the flatbed to Florida to escape California's high taxes, that the colon cancer was discovered. They didn't give Bob White much time to live, so as he lay in the hospital he decided that, in the short span left to him, he ought to put his money where his sentiments were. While politically Bob White can be confusing and contradictory—on abortion, for instance, he is pro-choice, and on press freedom he is strongly First Amendment—there is no question whatsoever in his mind that there is, and has been, a long-standing conspiracy to lead this country down the garden path to One-World Socialism. The disease festered in his body, and this knowledge, in his mind. After the operation he figured it was time to do something.

"I designed the pyramid scheme after I got out of the hospital," confides Bob White. "I planned on using the aviation industry as my base, so I designed a comic book airport magazine with lots of pictures of ducks. I didn't get too political in that issue, only one page, 'What Is the Trilateral Commission?'—just trying to wake a few people up. The next issue, I used three pages. Then the next issue I used thirty pages.

"My third issue, I put out the scam. I said, 'Send me ten dollars and I'll clean the whores out.' I sat back and waited, and I didn't get the ten dollars. Suddenly I said, 'My God, could I have been so wrong?'"

It's hard to believe that this man whose gravel voice exudes certainty and whose eyes grip like a steel vise could ever harbor any self-doubt. Especially when you know that he once wrecked his sailboat in a hurricane and survived a week marooned on a barren atoll; that he lived through time in a British prison, and that he has, apparently, beaten cancer. But he is, after all, just a lapsed Catholic, not the pope. "I was betting on the American people responding, and I realized that certain types are sheep, already living in a socialist state, and wouldn't respond. That's when I caught a plane to the Bahamas to talk to Harry Schultz. And I switched my base

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Harry Schultz is the doyen of the newsletter industry, an American whose stationery bears the letterhead "The Chevalier Harry D. Schultz, KHC," written in Italianate script, and mailing addresses in London, Bermuda, Amsterdam, Basel, Düsseldorf, and Toronto. He charges $258, or £120 or DM567 or CHF520, for the monthly *International Harry Schultz Letter*, a cluttered compendium of metals-currencies commodities futures advice, "suppressed" antileftist news, and relatively moderate anti–CFR-Trilateralist harangues. Schultz's personal consultation fee is two thousand dollars an hour, but he has a "special quickie service" of two hundred dollars for five minutes. He lives outside the United States, evidently for tax reasons. So Bob White went to the Bahamas to see him.

"I flattered him, called him the financial genius of the world. And he *is* the most respected hard-money editor. I figured if I could get him on my staff, I'd get a lot more real quick." It worked. "Harry Schultz's backing enabled me to get more newsletter editors to back me and to tell their readers about me. Finally, I got one hundred and thirty of them who said, 'Send Bob White ten dollars.'"

That's 130 newsletter editors who all tell their readers to buy gold or silver or platinum *now*; 130 editors who believe the U.S. defense system is *purposely* second-rate, 130 editors who *know* that the CFR and Trilateral Commission have sent this country down the road to ruin. Their newsletters are characterized by high subscription rates and ominous variations on the Boy Scout motto, Be prepared. Dr. Gary North's *Remnant Review*, "explicitly Christian and pro-free-market in perspective", Eric Bruns's *The Bruns Letter*, $125 for twelve issues; Jim Sibbet's *Let's Talk....Silver and Gold*; James Corbett's *Censored*; Frank Daydash's *The American Patriot*; Gerald Unger's *Armed Citizens News*. These editors and their compatriots on the *Duck Book*'s masthead are the survivalists, men whose livelihood depends on the promotion of an impending global disaster—world financial collapse, nuclear war, et cetera—and the selling of conflagration-proof investment schemes. The conspiracy scenario they have adopted bolsters their cases: it says, "No matter who is in office, the same clique is still firmly in control, and they have already decided that the crash is coming."

Bob White's genius was to recognize a massive, ready-made middle-American constituency in the aggregate readership of survivalist publications, a loose denomination just waiting to be consolidated into a political movement. And he knew that the way to accomplish this was not to "preach to the choir," as the John Birch Society, in his estimation, has done, but to offer people a real opportunity to apply the boot to the coterie of corrupt conspirators. So to reach the masses and to get them to buy a ten-dollar ticket in the Democracy Lottery, Bob White asked his "contributing editors" to send him their newsletters and mailing lists; in return, he spreads their words (as well as his own) far beyond the range of an individual newsletter's circulation. "You've got to remember that *I'm* the one who makes these editors *really* famous," says Bob White, gesturing to the Christmas card–cum-photograph of Harry Schultz that he has taped to the wall above his desk. "I made more readers aware of Harry Schultz than anyone else did, because millions of people have seen his letters in my magazine."

> AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS searched for the devil, have always looked for an organizing influence behind events. The idea of randomness is just too frightening.

The mutual back scratching between Bob White and the newsletter industry has paid off: thousands of people have been suckered into the Ponzi Con.

In August 1980, forty-five people sent in ten-spots for "my life not yours" subscriptions to the *Duck Book*. In October, another eleven hundred folks joined the parade, followed by five thousand in November and five thousand more in December. By the end of January, the number had more than doubled, with twelve thousand ten-dollar bills floating down to Cocoa. Then in February, another fifteen thousand bit the bait and joined the Ponzi Con. By June of this year, ninety thousand people had bought lifetime subscriptions. "I still think I can reach a million paid subscribers by December," says the perpetrator of the scam.

Laugh all you want at Bob White, but every other month more than a million *Duck Books* find their way to subscribers and potential marks, at a total cost since August 1980 of more than $2 million—half a million of it Bob White's money. Laugh at the three stacks, each one foot high, of paid advertisements piled on his desk. Laugh at the fact that George Bush was dogged throughout the 1980 primary campaign by accusatory questions about his membership in the Trilateral Commission and that some analysts attributed his stunning loss in the New Hampshire primary to fears about his association with the group. Laugh at the three thousand people who showed up on December 30, 1980, for the first meeting of the Los Angeles Duck Club. Then laugh at the nine hundred more who came to Hollywood, Florida, to hear Bob White speak at Ralph Goldman's third annual Investment Strategy Seminar at the Diplomat Hotel. Not only was he scheduled to speak, he was scheduled to appear on the very same day with Henry Kissinger, the archconspirator, Mr. See Eff Are, David Rockefeller's henchman, Al Haig's puppeteer.

In return for Bob White's help in filling the place (with Ducks getting in at less than one third of the $325 registration fee), Ralph Goldman had given him ten minutes to address the assemblage before Kissinger, the keynote speaker. "It's not gonna be any debate between Kissinger and me," he said beforehand. "I'm just gonna tell 'em that in 1982 we're gonna send all Rockefeller's pimps packin' like a bunch of egg-suckin' curs."

A *Duck Book* reader from Sun City, Arizona, writes: "Dear Bob: I have studied the problem of our traitor-infested government for a year. There had to be a reason I was so uninformed until I made a massive effort to find out.... The reason I was uninformed is that our press is totally controlled by the traitors in Washington through ownership of stock and board positions appointed by the Trilateralists on our major wire services and TV networks."

Americans have always searched for the devil, have always looked for an organizing influence behind events. The idea of randomness is just too frightening, certainly more so than the notion of even hidden control; after all, which scares you more—the Mafia or the street mugger? This continual search for the prime mover is what historian Richard Hofstadter called "the paranoid style in American politics," and it has been a staple of this country's mass psychology from before day one. When it became unfashionable to drive the devil out of raving women, as was done in Salem, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century, people looked for him in political guise, often with devastating consequences. In the 1790s, when New England fell prey to the fear that the fledgling republic had been secretly conquered by the Bavarian Illuminati, President John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington were all moved to comment publicly on the hysteria. The Know-Nothing party "exposed" the global Catholic conspiracy centered in Rome and in 1854 elected seven governors, five senators, and forty-three members of the House. The Populists, who gained quite a following one hundred years ago, pointed out that the world was controlled by Jewish bankers in London who were manipulating midwestern farm prices for their own evil designs. In our century, the discovery of the devil has led to the Ku Klux Klan, the Palmer raids, and, of course, McCarthyism. Conspirology—adherence to a global conspiracy theory—is as American as mom and apple pie.

Thus it should come as no surprise that lately the devil can be found commuting between 58 East Sixty-eighth Street and 345 East Forty-sixth Street in Manhattan. The former is the home of the sixty-year-old CFR, and the latter address belongs to the office of the Trilateral Commission. Together these organizations have become, in the eyes of contemporary conspirologists, the nexus of the Grand Scheme to Rule the World.

The CFR is the country's most prestigious think tank, and while it is not the eastern establishment, it has, since the days of such charter members as Walter Lippmann and "Colonel" Edward House (Woodrow Wilson's Svengali), come to represent the establishment. This is true even though its two thousand members—some of the most distinguished politicians, scholars, military personnel, journalists, and economists in America—represent a wide range of views from Right to Left, hard line to moderate; the CFR's membership includes, for instance, William F. Buckley Jr. and Lane Kirkland, Bill Brock and Andrew Young, Alexander M. Haig Jr. and Morton Halperin.

A complete list of the members can be obtained merely by writing the CFR. It's no secret. Actually, nothing about the CFR is a secret, including the fact that they do not issue policy statements (let alone directives) and that there is no cohesive or coherent CFR "line." Anyone who

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cares to plow through the turgid prose of *Foreign Affairs*, the organization's blue-chip, $3.75-an-issue, perfect-bound journal, can easily ascertain that. But needless to say, most conspiriologists do not read *Foreign Affairs*.

Nor do they read *Trialogue*, the equally dull publication of the Trilateral Commission, which is a smaller, superelitist, international version of the CFR. Founded in 1973 with initial funding from CFR chairman David Rockefeller and based upon Zbigniew Brzezinski's concept of Trilateralism—the unity of North America, Western Europe, and Japan—the Commission describes itself as a "discussion group" of "concerned citizens." Since 1976, when Presidential candidate Jimmy Carter used his membership as proof of his expertise in foreign affairs and subsequently named more than a dozen fellow members to top administration posts, the Trilateral Commission has borne the overwhelming brunt of conspiracy theorists' suspicions.

"I guess it's inevitable," sighs François Sauzey, the urbane, articulate editor of *Trialogue*. "Whenever you have a group as high level as this—the Commission is, after all, private, and its substantial work is not the kind of easy reading that gets immediate attention—the reaction is automatically negative."

To counter the ever-increasing spate of conspiracy accusations, Sauzey and his colleagues have put together a booklet entitled *The Trilateral Commission: Questions and Answers*. Among the queries addressed directly (and answered with carefully reasoned, patient "noes") are "Is the Trilateral Commission secret?" "Is the Commission trying to establish a world government?" and "Is the Commission a conspiracy to control the U.S. government?" The booklet and the Commission's reports are available free of charge (which is more than one can say of, for instance, *The Trilateral Observer*, a Phoenix-based conspiriological newsletter that costs seventy-five dollars for a years subscription and consists mainly of slanted rewrites of Commission material).

But still the fingers point. "I've been on radio shows where people call in and ask questions that are absolutely *insane*," says Sauzey. "It is strange. In my country, France, where the Commission is also very much attacked, there is not this bent on conspiracy. The standard attack there is that the Commission is an extension of the multinational corporations, seeking to make the world safe for capitalism. It doesn't have the same kind of emotion and suspicion you have here. Here, it's something almost *religious*."

Apocalyptic religions, of course, have a way of attracting adherents. As a nation, we've become so accustomed to the notion of conspiracy—what with Watergate, the dozens of Kennedy-assassination books, many of them best sellers, and revelations of CIA and FBI abuses of power—that our dulled sensibilities allow us to be dragged headfirst into a belief in the Grand Collusion. The unexpected wrinkle, at least in terms of historical precedent, is that conspiracy theories involving the CFR and the Trilateral Commission are drawing growing numbers of disciples from both the political Right *and* Left. Gary Allen's *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*, the Talmud of the John Birch Society, goes into quite a bit of CFR history, seeking to prove that "'Communism' is not run from Moscow or Peking, but is an arm of a bigger conspiracy run from New York, London and Paris." There is precious little difference between this thesis and the contention of Carl Oglesby, an early president of the Students for a Democratic Society, whose 1976 book, *The Yankee and Cowboy War*, "proposes to show that Dallas and Watergate are intrinsically linked conspiracies in a hidden drama of coup and countercoup which represents the life of an inner oligarchic power sphere, an invisible government."

FOR THE FIRST time, citizens of all hues along the political spectrum are blaming the *same* Americans for the *same* wicked deeds toward the *same* nefarious ends.

The Invisible Government is the title of a right-wing, anti-CFR classic sitting on a shelf in Tony Dunn's CFR office, next to two copies of *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*. Taped to Dunn's door is a poster printed by the Fund to Restore an Educated Electorate, in Waco, Texas, which among other things lists the CFR and Trilateralist affiliations of thirty-nine U.S. senators and congressmen who voted to return the Panama Canal to Panamanian authority. THEIR MAIL RAN 90% AGAINST GIVING AWAY OUR CANAL IN PANAMA! reads the poster. WHY DID THEY GIVE IT AWAY? WAS IT BECAUSE THEY SERVE THE INTERNATIONAL BANKERS, NOT THE PEOPLE WHO ELECTED THEM TO OFFICE?

"I think it's fair to say that while the accusations are hardly fresh, clearly the volume has increased in recent years," says Dunn, who is director of special projects for the CFR and keeper of the wryly named "Council publicity" file (it contains more "publicity" clipped from the pages of publications like the Liberty Lobby's anti-Semitic *Spotlight* than from *The New York Times*). "The vast majority of the literature is just rehashed stuff, diatribes that appeared many years ago that have been warmed over and regurgitated," Dunn explains. "But in terms of the volume and scope of the propaganda against the Council, this is a new phenomenon. We now receive flyers that have been put under the windshield wipers of cars in church parking lots. And there has been a decided increase in the letters to the editors of newspapers, and talk show hosts who inquire of the Council, saying calls frequently come in to them."

There is a revolution brewing in this country that readers of establishment newspapers recognize only vaguely, if at all. For the first time in our history, citizens of all hues along the political spectrum are blaming the *same* Americans for the *same* wicked deeds toward the *same* nefarious ends. And rather than sitting back and ignoring it, the conspiriologists are taking arms against the perceived conspiracy, actively opposing it in hopes of ending it. Former Silent Majoritarians are no longer willing to wait for the country's descent into the One-World Social Order, the *Novus Ordo Seculorum* of International Communist Capitalism. "This is what I want to tell 'em," spits Bob White. "I'm gonna tell 'em what Dr. Ivan Browning said, and I quote. 'The American WASP is the most dangerous animal who ever walked the face of the earth.' We are the animals of the human race. And they can't take away our guns, and they can't make us drive fifty-five miles an hour!"

At CFR headquarters in New York, Dunn surveys the latest batch of Council publicity and sighs, "I hope it's peaked."

In Cocoa, Florida, there is a printer whose warehouselike office is stacked end-to-end, top-to-bottom, with *Duck Books* in various stages of production. Twelve boxes, each containing thirty-six thousand sheets of twenty-three by thirty-four, forty-five-pound offset paper, stand ready for the next pressrun. The *Duck Book*'s main printer is fifty miles away in Kissimmee. (Has Tony Dunn ever seen the movie *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*?)

A reader from Waterford, Wisconsin, writes: "Dear Bob: We have a big gas-guzzling Lincoln Continental, a big gas-guzzling Ford LTD wagon, and a gas-guzzling Pontiac Catalina. I love to pull alongside a socialist 35 MPG and leave my engine running for venting my frustration at what is happening."

On his way to the Investment Strategy Seminar and Henry Kissinger, Bob White said goodbye to his wife, Donna, and baby daughter, Katie, climbed into his Mercedes wagon, and did seventy miles an hour all the way from Cocoa to Hollywood, Florida. "I practiced my speech in Los Angeles last week, at the Duck Club meeting there," Bob White said. "Shit—I got a standing ovation!"

Bob White doesn't have time for reading anymore, not with new newsletters floating into his office each week, their editors begging to be included in the *Duck Book*. Far cry from the way it used to be, when he says he even got to peek at *Foreign Affairs* and the Trilateral Commission's publications. "I've known what's going on for twenty years about the CFR and especially about the Fabians in England. Kissinger—I've known about him a long time. I thought everyone knew, figured it was common knowledge. But not everybody reads. These people have been around controlling everybody for years. I just didn't do anything about it—figured I'd get killed if I tried to stop 'em anyway."

Bob White's thin lips curl up at both ends: it's as close as he ever gets to a smile. "Now I figure I've got nothing to lose. They can't kill me; I'm gonna die anyway. So I'm gonna give 'em a run for their money, for the pure hell of it."

The subject of death gives him slight pause; he reflects that "a very high-ranking general predicted to me that Ronald Reagan will be killed within a year. This general, who's known George Bush for years, says that Bush wants to be President so bad he'll do *anything*."

What would Bob White do if *he* were President? He narrows his eyes till they're like a pair of bullets and replies: "If I were Ronald Reagan, I'd go on national television. I would tell the people the truth. I'd say, 'Folks, I'm gonna lock the doors of the White House. George Bush is not gonna be able to enter. Haig and Weinberger will not enter. Nobody will come into the White House except my military police. I

am gonna fire the Secret Service. I have handpicked myself a dozen military police officers; they will guard me . . . and if I die, you will know that *they* have killed me!'"

(When the President *was* shot three weeks later, one short day after the plenary conference of the Trilateral Commission began in Washington, Bob White did not blame *them*. "That was just a psychotic kid. Nobody in their right mind would've used that kind of gun," he said. But what of John Hinckley's brother's relationship with George Bush's son? "They wouldn't have given Hinckley that kind of gun to use. I know, 'cause that's my field.")

> WHITE GAVE A preview of the confrontation: "Those liberals will realize that the Ducks have arrived. . . . If I was Henry Kissinger, I'd be wetting my pants."

The man in the blue jump suit arrived at the fancy Diplomat Hotel at two-thirty P.M., a pair of Ralph Goldman's female employees helped him unload several boxes of *Duck Books* from the back of the station wagon. Immediately, he was besieged by admirers who shook his hand and introduced themselves: "Hi, Bob. I'm a Duck."

'Stick around for Saturday night,' Bob White told the Ducks. "There'll be some fireworks."

He set himself up at a table outside the hotel's conference room, a large cartoon of a you-know-what identifying the occupant. For two days Bob White passed out buttons heralding the new Fort Lauderdale Duck Club, as subscribers and the curious stopped by to exchange a few words.

Hyatt Field, a serious thirty-year-old Miller High Life distributor from Wilson, North Carolina, told of his discovery of the *Duck Book*. "A friend of mine and I were in the office one day discussing the world situation. He called me a few days later and asked if I had ever heard of a man named Robert White."

Field, who had read *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* and Hal Lindsey's *The 1980s Countdown to Armageddon*, perused the *Duck Book* and was "fantastically impressed. I immediately sent Bob White ten dollars. In fact, I sent him more." In fact, Field sent Bob White five hundred dollars more and received two thousand *Duck Books* to pass out to friends, family, and associates. Hyatt Field is a young man who understands the pyramid scheme.

"The general picture is very disturbing to me," he said. "Take Brzezinski's own book. I mean, how in the world a man with beliefs praising Marxism can have reached such a power position in this country is astonishing!"

Field was thinking of *Between Two Ages*, the tome written by Brzezinski in 1970, in which the theory of Trilateralism was first spelled out. "Marxism supplied the best available insight into contemporary reality," the future National Security Adviser wrote, among other things. Field hadn't read the book, only excerpts from it in the *Duck Book*. "I've never read any of the publications of the CFR or the Trilateral Commission. I wouldn't know how to get ahold of them."

Meanwhile, Bob White was giving previews of the impending confrontation with Kissinger. "Right now, one hundred and seventy-five of my wealthy redneck crackers have registered, and when I get up on the platform, they're gonna introduce me as the Duck Club man. And I'm gonna say, 'Folks, I'm not a speaker, and I'm not the long-winded type. Everything I gotta say I can say in two minutes flat. First, I'd like all you Duck lovers in the audience to raise your hands to show these high rollers how many of you speak American.'

"I don't know what'll happen, but if these people do what they did in California—shit, they stood up and cheered!

"And I'm gonna say, 'For all you non Duck lovers out there, you might like to know that each of these rednecks is a coordinator for Duck Clubs in their own cities. And they're not alone: there's another hundred thousand out there.' Which is true. We've already booked the biggest hotels in Phoenix and San Diego for our meetings. Over two thousand people have already confirmed a seat for the Phoenix meeting, which is true."

And Bob White would tell them to read the article entitled "The Same Crowd Still Controls Our Country" and the other article by General George Keegan in which he says that the greatest nation in the world has virtually been disarmed by some intellectual bastards who think One World Government is the answer for America. And he would tell 'em that we won't take this socialist crap like the Limeys and the Swedes, just like we won't drive fifty-five miles an hour and we won't give up our guns.

"Those eastern liberals there will realize that the Ducks have arrived after that," concluded Bob White with determination. "If I was Henry Kissinger, I'd be wetting my pants."

Henry Kissinger did not wet his pants or even turn red from embarrassment. Because at the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, Florida, Bob White did not get to confront him. Some weirdo had spread the word that the Ducks had gotten into the Investment Strategy Seminar for one hundred dollars, and Ralph Goldman's full-price attendees were incensed. So to placate them, Goldman asked Bob White if he wouldn't mind speaking earlier in the day, say about three P.M.

Bob White did speak, and though the response from the audience was polite, if not enthusiastic, well, it just wasn't the same as being there with Kissinger.

Kissinger, for his part, disarmed the crowd that night and announced at the end of his speech that he'd even take questions from the audience. All those Ducks out there would still have a chance to show up the old conspirator!

The first question was about the future of Iranian-American relations.

The second question was about the future of Soviet-American relations.

The third question was about the future of Polish-American relations.

Bob White, out of his belted blue jump suit and incongruously dressed in a navy blazer, gray slacks, blue button-down shirt, and rep tie, ambled up to one of his Ducks and with a sideward glance handed him a note. "Ask him *this*," he hissed.

The note read: "Why was John Paisley killed in Chesapeake Bay?"

Bob White doesn't really want an answer. He *knows* why John Paisley was killed and who killed him. And he knows who killed John Kennedy and who stalled the B-1 bomber and who gave away *our* canal and who's trying to take away our guns and make us drive fifty-five miles an hour. And Bob White'll get that story out to twenty million people and drive that crowd from power if it's the last thing he does in his life.

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ASK ANY AUDIOPHILE.

Looking For a Hovel *or, how today's would-be homeowners are having to revise their dreams*

by Richard Higgins

SOMETHING IS WRONG. Those of us who were children in the years between Dresden and Da Nang thought we understood what our civics teachers really meant when they told us about our unalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. We thought that anything, basically, could be ours. College, cars, good jobs, travel. Most of all, a house. Even to those of us for whom "Gimme Shelter" was a song and not a need, it was comforting to know that a home of one's own was somehow an American birthright.

Yet for most of the forty million or more Americans who will try to buy their first home during this decade, the dream of owning a home will remain just that—a dream. We are now at the tail end of a speculative binge in real estate that perverted a spate of policies designed to stimulate housing growth since the Depression. The $700 billion spent on home purchases since 1979, along with inflation and rising energy costs, reamed the financial foundation of home ownership and helped put the American Dream in the realm of fantasy.

It is not that fifty-seven million homeowners from Laguna Beach to Levittown do not have good reason to be thankful for their good fortune, or to contemplate the game of trading up. But a new generation is having trouble getting started at all, despite a clamorous demand. On September 5, 1979, three weeks after the tenth anniversary of Woodstock, about three thousand youngish people in New Orleans grabbed sleeping bags, paperbacks, folding chairs, and small grills and camped out for up to six days to apply for sixty low-interest loans offered by Louisiana's First Homestead and Savings Association. The rate was 7.6 percent. Applications for $3.4 million in loans were made in the first thirty minutes. Were such an offer made today, I imagine the resulting crowd would rival the Mardi Gras.

The nouveau-mortgage-poor Americans are between twenty-five and forty-four years of age, and through the Eighties, the size of this group will increase by sixteen million people. Many of these not-so-young adults will be earning good salaries, they will be forming households and, in some cases, families. Yet many will be squeezed out of the housing market by prices. At current mortgage interest rates, only one out of ten will even qualify to look. Many who might be able to meet monthly payments will stumble at the down payment—the single biggest obstacle to would-be home buyers—even though the majority of them are couples with two incomes. Up-scale young professionals, whose buying power is so assiduously courted, are often finding that the door to their first house is closed shut.

Nationwide, the average price of a new

RICHARD HIGGINS used to pay rent in New York City, where he was a free-lance writer. Now he is a reporter for The Boston Globe



ILLUSTRATION - MICHEL GUIRÉ VAKA

THE HOUSING SQUEEZE: HIGHER PRICES, SOARING INTEREST RATES, AND LESS AND LESS SPACE

The future home buyer may find himself in less house than he grew up in by every measurement—space, amenities, ownership.

home has risen from $48,000 in 1976 to $76,300 last year. Earnest inquiries about homes for the latter amount in desirable locations—suburban Dallas or the Washington, D.C., region, for example—draw incredulous snickers. In Sausalito or Aspen open laughter would be more likely. The current sales slump is dampening the price rise somewhat, but the National Association of Home Builders projects that the median nationwide price for a new home will crash the $90,000 barrier in 1983. In the West the median is already at that threshold.

But, just as we need more houses, fewer are becoming available. Last year was the second worst in fifteen years for new residential construction. And while the single-family house remains the preferred Dream vehicle, it is becoming less and less economical. Condos are replacing suburban castles as speedily as Cadillacs gave way to compacts. To separate neighbors in the future, a common plaster wall will replace the white picket fence.

Financing costs block other would-be buyers. Mortgage money, when available, must often be taken on either usurious or unstable terms. The gush of credit that fueled the Seventies real estate madness ceased when persistently high inflation eroded banks' loan profits and the Federal Reserve Board tightened money spigots. At the peak of the crisis in late 1979 and early 1980, usury laws had to be revised, in effect, in twenty-two states to keep loan windows open. Since then, conventional mortgage lenders have been inventing new loan plans to dump risks onto borrowers. These plans, and the rise of private loan arrangements between seller (or builder) and buyer, are easing the situation somewhat, but loan contracts that used to collect dust while being paid off over thirty years now "float," "balloon," "roll over," or "wrap around." Most are either tied to indexes of inflation or credit costs, or are "rear loaded" to rise in fixed increments.

The results are mortgages with interest rates higher than the percentage of would-be home buyers who can afford them. Less than 10 percent of those who want to buy earn the $44,448 annual salary needed to meet monthly payments on a $65,000 home loan at 14 percent. And that is based on the conventional rule that no more than one quarter of a family's income should be used for shelter. Even allowing for those payments to eat up one third of personal income, there are still only 12.3 percent who are eligible.

The economic forces driving up house prices are the same ones raising interest rates, which, in turn, have made it possible for fewer people to own. "It's kind of an absurd situation," says Robert Van Order, an economist for the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. 'Inflation augments the home-ownership tax break and housing appreciation that makes owning such a good deal, yet at the same time it raises the costs of credit and house prices, which work against the younger buyer. Anyone who got in during the bonanza days is doing fine. The problem for the person starting out now is getting over the hump of buying that first home."

For the person hoping to do just that, the prospect is one of more sacrifices—and less certainty about jobs, marriage, everything a housing decision touches. Ken Sonenclar, who is twenty-seven and lives in a $785-per-month apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side, is an editor at a computer publication on Long Island. He has been looking "on and off" in places from California to suburban Ottawa for more than a year now. "I'm sick of flushing so much money down the rent toilet," he says, "but right now, buying a house just seems out of the question. You hear a lot about these innovative financing schemes, but most people have to stick with a standard deal from a bank. Between these killer interest rates and squirreling away enough for the down payment, it's too much.' On the other hand, Sonenclar isn't disabused of the Dream. "Eventually, I will buy a house. If I don't think I can get one around here, then I'll go somewhere else."

The implications of all this for American housing go beyond presently thwarted consumer hopes. Future home buyers will find themselves in less house than they grew up in by almost every measurement—space, amenities, even degree of ownership. "I think we've seen the last generation to achieve a constant improvement in housing quality," says John Oliver Wilson, who recently wrote *After Affluence: Economics to Meet Human Needs*. A former Yale professor, Wilson directs economics-policy research for the Bank of America. "Except for flat periods, such as the Depression, it has always been on the up and up: one generation exceeding the last, and now we may have peaked. Housing quality should remain at a high plateau but at a much greater cost."

Moreover, the housing squeeze is but one manifestation of the general decline in Americans' economic prosperity. A college degree, or two, or even a well-paying job is no assurance of material comfort. Several economists foresee a strong possibility that the Eighties will be the first decade since World War II with an overall drop in the standard of living. The kids who grew up in the postwar years have already begun to see their expectations collide with an economy in contraction. The current counsel is to scale down, to "get back," to deprogram any tail-fin fantasies. Some succeed at this. For most, however, there is confusion tinged with a considerable amount of anxiety.

"If anyone had suggested to me five years ago that I take a mortgage at sixteen percent to pay for a condo, I'd have laughed in his face," says a thirty-three-year-old producer for educational television in New York. "But that's exactly what I'm doing. Somehow, my wife and I had it in the backs of our minds that if we did well, then we could buy a house if we wanted to. Well, we're both doing okay, and it's still pretty nearly impossible. It's frustrating as hell."

And yet, home owning in America is not about to become unprofitable, nor will it be only the preserve of a tiny squirearchy. Sellers, who have been hurt as badly as buyers by current conditions, have themselves become stopgap financiers, making loans to buyers to cover down payments and even to replace unavailable conventional mortgages. Such Rube Goldberg financing deals now account for more than 80 percent of California's home sales and about 30 percent of those nationwide. Buyers are also settling for semifinished homes at less than full price—or for part-ownership of fully finished ones. Cash payments are not unheard of. In southern California some homes are being sold without the lot, and the land is then offered to an unrelated investor. Builders, long-lost relatives, and union-pension officials are stepping in where bankers dare not tread. "At these interest rates," says an economist for the Chicago-based National Association of Realtors, the largest trade group for brokers, "the market should have shut down a while ago, but it hasn't."

Three years ago in a Harris poll, nine out of ten twenty-five- to thirty-four-year-olds said they wanted to buy a home.

One reason is the hardiness of demand. Three years ago in a Harris poll, nine out of ten twenty-five- to thirty-four-year-olds said they wanted to buy their own home. Along with various practical reasons, the most commonly stated explanation was simply a yearning to own a home. Home owning is still cherished, along with the idea of rising ahead through hard work and saving. Indeed, it is one of the more enduring symbols of the comforting, if not precisely true, notion that in America anything is achievable.

"The psychological lift is both exhilarating and frightening," says a twenty-nine-year-old trader in minerals and precious metals, who recently bought a small, two-bedroom colonial in western New Jersey. "It gives you a feeling of commitment and of freedom from dealing with landlords. Then you start to wonder: What if the goddamn roof leaks or the furnace blows up? What if I lose my job? You got a lot more to worry about and to do, but the security makes it worthwhile."

Homeowners can deduct mortgage interest payments, property taxes, and energy-saving and some other improvements from taxable income. They can shelter resale profits from taxes by plowing them into another house. If they are fifty-five years or older, they are eligible for a one-time exemption: the first $100,000 gain from selling is tax-free. Financial considerations do not therefore elude the minds of those in search of a house. "Each year when I do my taxes," observes another friend, who is a lawyer and rents in Manhattan, "two things become immediately clear to me. One, I absolutely have to buy a house or a condominium and, two, I absolutely can't afford to."

The average first-time home buyer, according to a 1980 survey by the U.S. League of Savings Associations, is twenty-nine years old, is married to another wage earner, makes about $27,000 per year, and is deeper in debt than ever before. Down payments are declining as a percentage of the initial house cost, while the amount of borrowing is going up. One result is that about seven out of ten young buyers spend at least one third of their income each month on housing bills, breaking the old one-quarter-of-earnings rule of thumb. The average American homeowner, says the League, now pays in the neighborhood of $750 per month toward the mortgage, interest, taxes, and insurance; in San Francisco the median expense is nudging $1,000.

Finding the cash to buy any sort of shelter is getting tougher and not just for slouches. "It's tight," says Carroll Melton, an economist for the Savings League in Chicago. "I have friends with nice incomes, say three thousand dollars per month, who can qualify for an eighty-thousand-dollar mortgage but can't come up with the eighteen or twenty thousand dollars down. How do you accumulate that kind of cash these days?"

In such a climate, house buying can be a source of trauma. "People don't know what will happen to interest rates," says Robert Bannister, chief counsel to the NAHB, "or whether they'll qualify or how bad it will be each month. Prices are volatile. The buyer may have to choose between letting payments go up with inflation, graduating them on a schedule over the years, or giving up some equity in the house. All these new mortgages, VRMS, GPMS, SAMS, what have you, are confusing to the consumer. He's got to wonder how secure his income is. It raises questions about careers and success, and it adds a hell of a lot of pressure to buying a home."

Those left out of the housing market may simply abandon hope of ever buying, or they may postpone, hoping for lower prices and interest rates. Some engage in tandem deals with other buyers or rent living quarters with unrelated people. According to a study this year by Dr. George Sternlieb, director of the Center for Urban Policy Research at Rutgers University, there are now five hundred thousand unreported rental units carved out of America's single-family homes for a little extra income. (This parallels a common practice in Europe, owners of stately private houses and estates in England, for example, have increasingly turned to taking in tourists to defray housing costs.) In America's large cities, roommate services are doing a brisk business. Some discouraged buyers even share apartments or houses with people to whom they are related by blood—a trend that has housing watchers forecasting a return to the extended family under one roof.

For the sidelined, the waiting can be anxious. Ted and Judy Zellmer rent a house in Westminster, Vermont, and would like not to. Zellmer is a contractor. He makes enough, he says, to carry the monthly costs, but even in Vermont down payments seem high if you have an eighteen-month-old daughter and work for yourself. "I'm thirty years old, and I've been renting for ten years, and I'm sick to death of it," says Judy. Like others I talked to, the Zellmers balked at buying a "beautiful old house for about thirty thousand dollars" three years ago because 9 percent mortgage interest rates seemed like robbery then. "That would have been two hundred and thirty-two dollars a month less than what we pay now," Judy Zellmer said, eyes rolling. "It's not that we're selfish or think we've got to live in some mansion, but we just see things differently now that we're parents. We want to be able to pay for a college education for Rebecca, but at this rate we won't be able to unless we buy a home. A lot of our friends around here got in just before the blowup in mortgages, and when we see what they're getting out of it, it hurts."

Increasing housing equality among Americans has been a national priority for more than fifty years. But many economists believe the gap is now widening between those who are affluent and well housed and those who are not. Middle-class children, for example, can often tap the equity acquired by their parents, while the poor cannot. As in Europe, access to inherited wealth as a tool of home finance may become the mainstay of American real estate.

The delayed social implications of the current squeeze could be painful. The increasing cost of housing, relative to personal income, spells more trouble for Social Security funds twenty years from now. "The idea of home ownership as a nest egg is based on fixed-rate loans and low inflation," says Wilson, the Bank of America economist. He also teaches public policy at the University of California at Berkeley. "For decades, the average



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American's housing expenses declined, in real dollars, while his personal income grew. The added money freed the homeowner to pay for his kids' education, vacations, consumer expenses, to help plan for retirement. Now we have a generation coming up that may be losing some of that backup. Housing costs will remain consistently high through their earning lives."

Social and class distinctions may solidify as a result. "What is really happening," says Wilson, "is that the social contract, implicit from one generation to the next up until now, is coming apart with our economic decline. We may end up more like England or France, where families that have acquired property tend to pass it down very carefully from generation to generation. In Paris, where I lived for a while, even rental apartments are bequeathed down the line."

Getting one's hands on a home was not always so hard. Just before World War II, only four out of ten Americans owned their homes. Today, two thirds of the country's eighty-eight million homes are owner occupied. The housing surge in the postwar years was the country's second, however.

Calvin Coolidge presided during the first burst in the Twenties, with his Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, goading builders and preaching at Rotary podiums around the country about the virtues of home owning as a cornerstone of the capitalist system. Between 1921 and 1925, new house construction doubled. But the boom was not accompanied by reform of housing's then-weak financing structure. Mortgages then were generally for five years with 50 percent down. Nor could loans be amortized—gradually retired along with interest payments. Homeowners usually had to take out two mortgages and hope to refinance. As President, Hoover founded the Federal Home Loan Bank System and recommended thirty-year fixed-rate loans, but never fully carried the plan through.

The New Deal not only offered government-guaranteed, long-term loans with low down payments, but stabilized savings and loan associations with deposit insurance and created other agencies to keep cheap credit flowing. After the war, veterans and others with young families made full use of such loans. Land was available around major cities; zoning was virtually nonexistent, and builders were eager to erect eight-hundred-foot, three-bedroom ranch homes on cement slabs. Down payments were as low as 3 percent (or zero for veterans) on houses that typically cost around $10,000 or so. The Federal Housing Administration rate of 4.5 percent in 1947 meant monthly repayments of little more than fifty dollars.

Home ownership was a plum. Payments remained fixed while real personal income was growing. It became even more of a plum a decade ago when double-digit inflation began shriveling money left in 5.25 percent savings accounts. Encouraged by the tax code to borrow, people began dumping their passbook deposits into housing—and their housing profits into more housing, not necessarily for protection from the elements. In the Seventies the net appreciation of American homes soared 35 percent more than the rate of inflation. Mortgage debt also soared, however—rising $100 billion in 1979 alone. A home-ownership drive that began as a means to better shelter and more economic security turned into an investment strategy, then into a national obsession.

Late in 1979, the government partially braked the binge when it sharply hiked the discount rate. But the damage had already been done—tens of billions had flowed out of the nation's savings and thrift institutions, money that had long been a rich lode for low-cost home loans.

Of course, more than avarice ended the orgy. Although the Seventies were a banner decade for home construction, the supply of new houses didn't grow as fast as the home-buying market. Demand swelled even more than the size of the population because of new household formation—a trend analysts expect will create a need for two million new housing units per year through 1990.

House seekers and finders may feel pinched, but renters are far worse off. Inflation has virtually eliminated construction of middle-income rental housing. The national vacancy rate is around 4.8 percent. In large cities it is even lower—less than one percent, for example, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York. Baltimore and Chicago report 2 percent rates. In the ghettos of Los Angeles, some people are living in autos and renting kitchen and bathroom privileges from neighborhood tenements. The waiting lists to get into publicly assisted rental housing are also staggering. Some have waited as long as ten years in New York. In Chicago, fifty-three thousand were listed waiting earlier this year.

"Federal policies intentionally made home owning relatively cheap in America," says Van Order, the HUD economist. "That was their purpose, to act like a subsidy. It wasn't just an economic decision. Especially fifty years ago, the social benefits of priming the housing market were important. The policy question now is, have these pumps been overworked and should we go in the other direction?"

The next few years offer little reason for home buyers to get their hopes up. Even if inflation moderates, bringing down the prime, mortgage interest rates will be slow to soften. Banks are painfully cautious about reducing long-term loan rates in unstable economic times. Mortgage rates are not expected to drop more than a point over the next year, and few economists expect them to fall below 13 percent in the foreseeable future. The hope that they will return to single digits at fixed rates should be abandoned. Adding to the crunch, energy costs are also expected to rise at a steady 12 percent per year through the rest of the decade, according to Michael Sumichrast, chief economist for the NAHB.

Neither problem, moreover, is suited to remedial efforts. "Inflation," says Bertram Lewis, president of the Sybedon Corporation, a major mortgage and investment firm, "has basically killed the market for long-term, fixed-rate finance." Anything short of curbing inflation is simply just a Band-Aid for the home buyer.

President Reagan is not to be relied upon to ride into this mess and straighten it out. Administration officials say that Reagan is concerned by the "entry problem" into the American Dream. But they also say he is equally concerned by the "overallocation" of capital into real estate—money he would like to see flow into his grand scheme to upgrade American industry. After years of being helped by federal policies, frustrated home buyers are now being told that their needs are no longer so pressing. New federal subsidies are out of the question. Even moneymaking insurance programs like the FHA's tandem mortgage plan will likely be curtailed because the Republicans don't like the idea that it competes with the private sector.

"I don't expect this administration to do too much for the first-time home buyer," says Kevin Villani, an assistant secretary for economic affairs at HUD. Ceilings on FHA-insured loans, which now range from $67,500 to $90,000 depending on the market area, are unlikely to be raised, he says. As prices go up, fewer home buyers will get government assistance. "Especially with the budget-balancing mood, the attitude is, 'we're doing all we can.'"

The actual house, or rather dwelling, of the future doesn't promise too much either. The four-bedroom, two-bathtub home with a dining room and surrounded by a moat of grass is achieving the architectural status of a drafty Edwardian mansion. It is becoming a preserve for the wealthy. Even builders talk now of scaling back to smaller, simpler structures—your basic "no-frills" Levittown tract home of the Fifties (possibly minus the basement, garage, or fireplace), but at Vail, Colorado, prices. One reason is that the average American home consumes twice as much heating oil in a year as an average car uses gasoline.

Barry A. Berkus is a prominent California architect whose firm recently designed housing projects that are under way in twenty-seven states. About 80 percent of them, says Berkus, are units to accommodate "unrelateds." His homes would allow two or three people to live in a businesslike, rather than familial, arrangement. kitchen, dining, sleeping, and common "recreational" areas would be jointly owned, but bedrooms and some abutting space would be individually occupied and kept physically distinct. Costs are lower to each tandem owner, and so is privacy. From his conversations with other designers, Berkus gathers that "there is going to be one hell of a lot of attached dwellings coming on stream" in the next two years. "The whole concept of house design is changing," he says. "Space sharing. That's the key to it now."

Still, although those caught in the housing bind may not agree, America's housing situation is hardly tragic. The United States remains the best-housed country in the world. Its single-family houses alone have a net market value of more than $2.3 trillion. That is nearly twice the worth of the 1,563 companies on the New York Stock Exchange.

And housing is not about to lose its general profitability in the Eighties. The fact that the ante has been upped doesn't kill the game. "High interest rates themselves aren't choking off demand," says Anthony Downs, a senior fellow for hous-

Housing is not about to lose its general profitability in the Eighties. The ante has been upped, but that won't kill the game.

Think small, say builders, architects, urban planners. Think of a nice cozy home that happens to be attached to another like it.

ing and urban affairs at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C. "It's just that fewer can qualify to get into the home-ownership cycle. In the Seventies we had essentially 'negative' mortgage rates due to inflation and appreciation. Now the real cost of home owning is rising, but as long as you can borrow and the nominal house price goes up as much as inflation, nobody's going to lose." And for those who do get into the game, tax policies continue to offer benefits to the homeowner.

After the Eighties the picture is less clear. As the baby boom eases its demographic bulge out of the market, things could change. "Housing appreciation could easily take a dive under inflation as the current influx of demand eases," says Lester Thurow, professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and author of *The Zero-Sum Society*. "It is by no means certain that real estate is going to be such a great buy in the Nineties."

For now, innovative, if painful, financing plans are at least allowing property transactions to occur. The graduated-payment mortgage, which allows you to defer the bulk of the cost until later years, is popular. It is not a bad idea for someone who anticipates a rise in personal income higher than the 3.3 percent average annual increase the Commerce Department says will occur between now and the year 2000 but not so good for an employee of Chrysler. Banks tend to favor mortgages with escape hatches should credit costs rise. They are termed variable rate because they could, in theory, go down as well as up.

Many economists predict that home finances will hinge on some form of co-investment. The Advance Mortgage Corporation of Detroit tested the shared-appreciation idea last year. It offered $10 million in mortgages—one third off the prevailing rate for one third of resale value—in Phoenix, Atlanta, Denver, Sarasota, and Washington, D.C. More than six thousand calls strained the company's switchboard in the first week. The entire plan was quickly grabbed up. In another plan buyers would exchange some of the house's resale value for a mortgage below market rates. The loans would be fixed, but buyers would have to agree to sell after a specified time. Some builders now offer such financing, but conventional lenders have been a mite shy. Sharing property ownership is a foreign concept to many people, even though housing experts believe it will catch on like Toyotas. Fear of floating interest rates may help people revise their ideas about exclusive ownership.

The housing industry also believes it can ease matters with mass-production building or manufactured housing. House parts—an entire appliance-filled kitchen cube, say, or fully wired and windowed walls—are made at a factory, trucked to a tract site, crane-erected, fitted together, fixed up with staircases and such, carpeted, painted, given a door knocker and a number, and presto!—a house. Ryan Homes of Pittsburgh, one of the country's leading makers of such homes, has sponsored building contests; the current record for construction of a fully finished two-bedroom house is less than thirteen hours. In the past, prefabricated housing has been looked down on as flimsy, but that attitude is changing. The builders I questioned say that high-tech, site-delivered building now produces consistently higher quality houses than traditional "stick building."

The housing future seems to point to people living in smaller households—but closer together. Think small, say builders, architects, urban planners, and government people. Think of a nice cozy home that happens to be attached to another like it. Don't think about living too far from where you work. If you work in the city, discover the underlying solidity and potential of commercial structures converted to residential use. Even where single-family homes predominate, say designers, many will be retrofitted to condominium use. A more exotic idea to emerge from housing think tanks is the commercial housing park, a cross between the shoe-box utility of New York's Co-op City and the amusement amenities of South Carolina's popular development South of the Border. Le Corbusier, American style.

In the Fifties and Sixties high U.S. productivity was the rising tide that would lift all boats, not to mention the material expectations at the heart of the American Dream. Now we are seeing that the aphorism is, of course, true in reverse. However, people are having difficulty shifting their expectations to the changing economic tides.

But revising expectations does not necessarily mean revising downward. As competition for resources—from living space to food—grows and affluence becomes less easy to grasp, people may invent different notions of success. Some are pursuing happiness in ways they had not dreamed of. "Less economic power isn't causing people to diminish their expectations as much as it is to help redefine and adjust them," Wilson, the San Francisco bank executive, says. "You see it here in California, where even as people are demanding more conservative economics, they're also demanding a different, more flexible life-style: less fixed on a single, vertical goal. Not just getting to the top of the management ladder in a corporation, but learning to handle different kinds of responsibilities."

The notion that people would willingly abandon aspirations of affluence strikes other observers as a bit utopian. "People will have to whether they like it or not, but they won't like it," says Thurow of MIT. "There were two basic theories of economics when I was in graduate school, Oriental and Occidental. The Oriental view held that human wants have to be lowered to the level of goods and services available. Occidental economics said that goods and services have to be raised to the level of human wants. But no one lives in the world of Oriental economics anymore, not any culture exposed to consumerism. Look at Communist China, Japan, Taiwan, most of the Third World. 'Small is beautiful' is nice and Buddhist, but it just isn't part of human nature."

Thurow may have a point. The middle-class people I know don't like to reuse tea bags, to depend completely on public transpoctation, or to separate their garbage. They don't desire smaller, simpler, more Spartan quarters, of which they may happen to be only part owners. Decades of cultural programming, if not human nature, ensure that among the forty million or so Americans who will turn thirty this decade there will be more than a few who secretly harbor a desire for, or overtly pursue, the Dream. It's going to take a lot more box tops to get it. ©

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a brief encounter with

BLAIR BROWN

SHE'S A THIRTY-TWO-YEAR-old redhead with skin as fresh as a baby's. She looks you in the eye and she says what she thinks in a silky voice and with perfect diction. Though she says she "grew up in a house filled with secrets," she displays no guile, at least not tonight. A conversation with her is a comfortable workout; the pacing is just right. Directors must discern a wifeliness in Blair Brown: she was married to Paul Simon in *One Trick Pony*, to William Hurt in *Altered States*. After that she made a movie, *Continental Divide*, with John Belushi. That was five months ago tonight and she hasn't worked since. She lives in a remodeled Malibu castle with actor Richard Jordan. She also keeps a loft in Manhattan on grubby Fourteenth Street.

She smiles often and easily, laughs too, especially when she finds herself taking her life too seriously. "You know," she says, "sometimes I think I ought to be doing something a little more substantive than, uh, the movies."

"You really mean that, don't you?"

"Yeah, really," she says, her eyes sparkling. "I miss the enthusiasm I felt a few years ago. But I don't want to give you the impression my life is miserable, as in a John Cheever short story."

Still. She grew up an only child in Georgetown and in the affluent suburbs of Washington, D.C. Her father, now retired, worked in the Latin American bureau at CIA headquarters. Her mother is the model of the southern belle, a Virginian of propriety and grace. Blair attended a variety of public and private schools, including Madeira. "There were a lot of very bright girls there," she says. "As a way of distinguishing myself, I assumed the role of the one who does the least work and still gets by."

She started acting after two years of college because she couldn't face her other options: "going to Katie Gibbs like the rest of my friends or becoming a heart surgeon." She says, "Drama school seemed like the nicest way to bide my time. Miraculously, I got into the National Theater School of Canada in Montreal." Eventually she won roles at the Stratford Shakespeare Festival in Ontario, the Guthrie Theater Company, the New York Shakespeare Festival, and in Joseph Papp's revival of *The Threepenny Opera*.

She tells charming stories, jabbing her observations with ironic voice tones and laughter.

"What did you say when you had to stand up in school and tell what your father did for a living?"

"At first I said he worked for the State Department. Later I said he sold greenhouses. Greenhouses were a hobby of his. He's an avid camellia grower. Interestingly enough, there was a story a few years back in *New York* magazine. About a CIA character who grew orchids . . ."

"His fictional name was John J. Saxonton."

"Well, whatever it was, I knew the story was correct. From my childhood I realized that the people in the Agency were divided socially between Ivy League people and state university people. A parallel distinction was hot greenhouses and cold greenhouses"—a smile breaks—"which meant you either grew orchids or camellias. My father, you see, was state university, cold greenhouses, camellias."

"Did he resent the fact that he wasn't hot greenhouses and orchids?"

"I think he probably did."

"Did he pass on his disappointment to you?"

"No. My parents are very private people, private even from me. That doesn't mean I don't love them. It's no accident, though, that my father ended up with a secret occupation." She smiles. "But there were advantages. I realize I have one of the great foreign-doll collections: the definitive CIA doll collection. My father's friends would bring them back from their trips."



PHOTOGRAPHS AND PYRAMID PAINTING • NORMAN EALES HAIR • PETER LARSEN. MAKEUP: JEFF JONES

She is intense, sometimes bullheaded about the question of marriage, the possibility of children. She doesn't kid around much about these options; they are on her mind. "You have to understand that the people we meet who matter, who really matter to our lives, are few and far between. If I ever had to choose a mate, I'd choose Richard. But I don't know what will eventually happen between us. We're both very odd: passionate, and independent people. And I honestly don't know if I was meant to marry. I'm chicken. The permanence scares me, like a giant steel door slamming closed."

"What do you think about having kids?"

She answers the long way around. "The problem with being an actress is that much of what you do doesn't matter—and you *know* it doesn't matter. You spend a lot of energy getting clothes together for interviews, going out on auditions, stuff that seems urgent at the time. You can get into a real state over winning or losing jobs, getting enough sleep while you're working, all of which can seem quite important. But it's not—in the bigger scheme of things. From talking to my best friend, Penelope, I know, I've *seen*, that a child *is* important. Not only do they bring you real joy—and yes, trials and tribulations—but they also help you separate very quickly what's important in life and what isn't."

"When did you first think about having a family?"

"Oh, I guess I had fantasies when I was at Madeira. I thought I'd grow up to marry a Harvard professor. Once I went to Cambridge and stayed in a house on Brattle Street—you know, where Design Research used to be? In the morning I woke up to a Brandenburg concerto played on speakers throughout the house. Well! That seemed to me a wonderful way to live my life."

"Marrying a professor was a reassuring idea."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because professors were bright and inquiring and I didn't know a thing about the negative side of college. The politics. Publish or perish. It all seemed like such an idyllic life. Professors were *interesting*—and why shouldn't they be? They had all these interesting students—like me," she laughs.

"Was there ever one professor in particular?"

"Yes, my poetry teacher. I had a terrific crush on him. What I liked about him was that he was shell-shocked during the war, he trembled, and he read us T. S. Eliot. I was much too intimidated to ever talk to him privately. One night I went to his house for dinner and in my nervousness dropped a priceless sherry glass. It shattered into a million pieces. I used to leave tubes of marrons glacé and copies of Ezra Pound on the seat of his car—and never leave a note.

"So, you see, I always thought I'd marry a professor, live on Brattle Street, have lots of babies, and be surrounded by bright and interesting people with a sense of purpose. I'd have a vivid, intellectual life. And now I live in Malibu, where people surf and get tan."

We talk for a while about dumb, favorite things. She is loyal to Cheerios, Lesley Gore's "It's My Party," and Crest toothpaste. She proceeds to recite: "Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." More frivolity: She admits to having bought a fancy top to wear tonight (we are having dinner at the Four Seasons in New York).

"Why didn't you wear it?"

"Well, it's black with gold threads running through it. I knew metallic was very 'in' in New York these days. But when I put it on I felt so . . . so *serious*. I felt like an actress going to an interview."

"What goes through your mind when you anticipate an interview?"

"Usually I just go to them. But for this I had all of those Esquire dates to think about. So I put myself together with unusual care." Her eyes narrow, her voice is tart. What follows is gracious sarcasm.

She holds out her hand. "See this ring? Nineteenth century. French. Now, this is nice, too. A Victorian watch. Gold. And this is an old Tiffany necklace. Ellen Greene gave me. The dress—well, it's a dress so ancient the elastic is gone. Which is why I have to wear a belt. But it's got lots of lavender-gray fruits on it, with tiny aubergine-purple twigs. All of which goes handsomely with this handwoven silk bag, which *is* brand-new."

"When you see yourself in a movie, what do you think about your face?"

"That I'd like to put a bag over it. On *Altered States*, Ken Russell wouldn't let the actors see the dailies. Bill Hurt and others were very unhappy. Not me! I was deliriously relieved that I wouldn't have to look at my face. Uh-uh, this is *not* my fantasy face. I'd rather have the face of Dominique Sanda and the brain of Madame Curie. I'd be a very happy woman."

She is so open you tend to lose discretion. We've been together for several hours now and we're behaving like college chums, Ann Beattie characters reunited after a decade's distance.

"Tell me some things so private that you would refuse to talk about them with me."

She balks. In time, however, she comes back to the question. "Jealousy. Feelings of mediocrity. The fact that the world seems to be passing me by. The fact that time is moving very quickly, and that I'm just pissing it away." She shrugs and giggles softly.

"What changes would I see if I ran into you two years from now?"

She sips her coffee. "I'm afraid you'd find I'd lost my sense of humor."

"And what if I ran into you five years from now?"

"Oh, I think you'd find I'd gotten it back. I'm certainly not going to lose it forever and ever!"

Eventually we hail a cab and drive to Fourteenth Street, where she gets out and accidentally kicks a beer bottle lying on the the ground. Undaunted, she waves and heads for the door, stepping carefully, her fashionable metallic sandals flashing in the street light.

—L.E.



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PHOTOGRAPH - COURTESY OF MRS. LEON MICHAELS

The Michaelses circa 1936

Six days a week he rose early, dressed, ate breakfast alone, put on his hat, and walked to his barbershop at 207 Henry Street on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, about half a mile from our apartment. He returned after dark. The family ate dinner together on Sundays and Jewish holidays. Mainly he ate alone. I don't remember him staying home from work because of illness or bad weather. He took few vacations, but once we spent a week in Miami and he tried to enjoy himself, wading into the ocean, being brave, stepping, inch by inch, into the warm blue unpredictable immensity. Then he slipped. In water no higher than his *pupik*, he came up thrashing, struggling back to the beach on skinny white legs. "I nearly drowned," he said, very exhilarated. He never went into the water again. I think he preferred his barbershop to the natural world. He retired after thirty-five years, when his hands trembled too much for scissors and razors and angina made it impossible for him to stand up for long periods. Then he took walks in the neighborhood and carried a vial of whiskey in his shirt pocket. When pain stopped him in the street, he'd stand very still and sip his whiskey. A few times I stood beside him, as still as he, waiting for the pain to end, both of us speechless and frightened.

He was vice-president of his synagogue society, keeping records, attending to the maintenance of the synagogue's building. He spoke Yiddish, Polish, maybe some Russian, and had the Hebrew necessary for prayers. He spoke to me in Yiddish until I began, at about the age of six, speaking to him mainly in English. Sometimes, when he switched from one language to the other, I'd not even notice. He could play the violin and mandolin. As a youth in Poland, he'd been in a band. When old friends visited our apartment, he'd drink a *schnaps* with them. He smoked cigars and pipes. He read the Yiddish newspaper the *Forward* and the *Daily News*. He voted Democratic but had no faith in politicians, political systems, or "the people." Aside from family, work, and synagogue, his passion was friends. My mother reminded me, when I behaved badly, of his friends. She'd say, "Nobody will like you." Everybody liked Leon Michaels.

He was slightly more than five feet tall. My mother is barely five feet. Because I'm five-ten, she thinks I'm a giant. She came from Brest Litovsk. He came from Drohiczyn (Dro-hee-chin), a town on the river Bug near the Russian border. When I visited Poland in 1979, I asked my hosts about Drohiczyn. They said, "You'll see new buildings and Russian troops. No reason to go there." So I didn't go there. It would have been a sentimental experience, essentially empty. My father never talked about the town, rarely said anything about his past. We also never had any long, deep talks of the father-and-son kind, but when I was fifteen, I fell in love and he said a memorable thing to me.

The girl had many qualities—tall, a blonde, a talented musician—but mainly she wasn't Jewish. My father learned about her when we were seen together watching a basketball game at Madison Square Garden, among eighteen thousand people. I'd been foolish to suppose I could go to the Garden with a blonde and not be spotted. My father had many friends. You saw them in his barbershop,

Leonard Michaels is the author of two collections of fiction. His recent novel The Men's Club, *originally appeared as a short story in these pages.*



PHOTOGRAPH - VICTOR SCHRAGER

MEMENTOS OF LEON MICHAELS

"the boys," snazzy dressers jingling coins in their pockets or poor Jews from the neighborhood who came just to sit, to rest in their passage between miseries. Always a crowd in the barbershop—cabdrivers, bookies, waiters, salesmen. One of them spotted me and phoned my father. When I returned that night, he was waiting up for me with the fact. He said we would discuss it in the morning.

I lay awake in anguish. No way to deny that the girl I loved killed Jews because she wasn't one. I'd been seeing her secretly for months. Her parents knew about the secrecy. I was so ashamed of it that when I called for her, I'd ring the bell and then wait for her in the street. She pleaded with me to come upstairs, meet her parents. After a while, I did so. Maybe they understood. Her previous boyfriend was the son of a rabbi.

In the morning my father said, "Let's take a walk." We walked around the block, then around the block again, in silence. It took a long time to walk twice around the block, but the silence was so dense, it felt like one infinitely heavy immobilized minute. Then, as if he'd rehearsed a speech and dismissed it, he sighed. "I'll dance at your wedding," he said.

Thus we spent a minute together, just he and I, father and son, and he said a memorable thing. Modern analytical techniques could not do justice to his meaning, because if touched by a strictly intellectual intention, it is instantly falsified. However, the sentence speaks for itself. It is concise, its burden huge. If witty, it is so in the manner of Hieronymus Bosch, making a picture of demonic gaiety. My wedding takes place in the middle of the night. My father is a small figure among dancing Jews, frenzied, hysterical with joy.

For a fifteen-year-old insanely in love, this sentence was a sentence—judgment, punishment—and, at the same time, a release from brutal sanctions. He didn't order me not to see her. I could do as I pleased. As it happened, she met someone else and broke up with me. I was very shocked and hurt. I was also relieved. The light of her hair returned to me in dreams.

My father did dance at my wedding, twelve years later, when I married a black-haired, dark-skinned German Jew. Because her parents were dead, the traditional ceremony was held in our apartment. Her aunts and uncles sat along one wall, mine along another. The living room was small. Conversation, forced by closeness, was lively and nervous. The rabbi, delayed by traffic, arrived late, and then the ceremony was hurried. Everyone seemed to shout instructions. Did she circle me or I her? My father was satisfied, maybe delighted. The marriage lasted five years, and when we fought, which was every day, she'd threaten to tell my father the truth about me. "It will kill him," she said. After we separated, she had a series of love affairs, then killed herself. At her funeral, the only person I noticed crying was my father. What he felt exactly I don't know, but somebody in her family or mine had to cry. He cried alone. Before the wedding, he didn't say, "Let's take a walk," then tell me this marriage would lead to horror. I had tried to talk to him about her psychotic violence, but he was unable to assimilate the details, he couldn't hear what I was saying. He said, "She's an orphan. You cannot abandon her."

If he ever hit me, I don't remember it, but I remember being malicious. A bad boy. My brother, three years younger than I, was practicing scales on my father's violin one afternoon. When he finished, he started to carry the violin across the room. I put out my foot. He tripped, fell. We heard the violin hit the floor and crack. Instantly—quicker than instantly—I wanted to undo the act, not trip my brother. But it was done. I was stuck with myself. I think I smiled. My father looked at the violin and said, "I had it over twenty years."

Maybe I tripped my brother because I'm tone-deaf and could never learn to play any musical instrument. Nothing forgives me. I wish my father had become enraged, knocked off my head, so I could forget the incident. I never, never, never felt insufficiently loved, and yet I think, *When Abraham raised the knife to Isaac, the kid had it good.*

In all photos of my father, however badly lit or ill-focused, he looks like himself, whereas I almost never look like myself, despite the competence of the photographer. I see perversions of musculature about the eyes and mouth, lids weirdly, sickishly drooping, lips stiffening through a sneer toward a smile that will never be natural. This isn't me. I think. Like a baby, my father appears, inevitably, like himself. Perhaps in our similarities it is guaranteed I'll always be other than myself, whatever that is. When someone admires me, I think there's been a mistake; when someone disapproves of me, I want revenge. Like my father, I have a lot of friends, but when I wake up alone in a strange motel and I can't remember what city I'm in and there's nobody to phone, I feel unbearably unhappy.

My father never owned a car or flew in an airplane. He could imagine no alternatives to being himself. He had only his neighborhood, the hectic variety in human traffic, the barbershop. Looking out my window, I can see San Francisco Bay and how the world bends toward China.

I was in London, returning from three months in Paris, when he died. My flight to New York had been canceled. I was stranded, waiting for another flight. Nobody in New York knew where I was. I couldn't be phoned. At last, the day after the funeral, I arrived. My brother met me at the door of the apartment, where my mother still lives, and told me the news. I went alone to my parents' bedroom and sat on the bed. I didn't want to be seen crying.

Day after day, people visited the apartment to offer condolences and to reminisce. Then a rabbi came, a tiny, fragile man dressed all in black, with a white beard twice the length of his face. He asked my mother to give him some of my father's clothes, particularly things he'd worn next to his skin. As the rabbi started to leave, a bundle of clothes in his arms, he noticed me sitting at the kitchen table. He said in Yiddish, "Sit lower." I didn't know what he was getting at. Did he want me to crouch? I was doing nothing, sitting there alone, but I was somehow susceptible to criticism. My mother interceded. "He feels," she said. "He feels plenty."

The rabbi said, "I didn't ask how he feels. Tell him to sit lower."

I got up and left the kitchen, looking for a lower place to sit. I was very angry but not enough to start yelling at a fanatical midget. Besides, he was correct.

One Friday night, I was walking to the subway on Madison Street. My winter coat was open, flying with my stride. I wore a white shirt and a sharp red tie. I'd combed my hair in the style of the day, a gorgeous pompadour fixed and sealed with Vaseline. I was nineteen-years-old terrific. The night was cold, but I was hot. The wind was strong. My hair was stronger, unperturbable in its rigid gleam. As I entered the darkness below the Manhattan Bridge, where it strikes across Madison Street and makes a high, gloomy, mysterious vault, I met my father. He was returning from the barbershop, following his usual route. His coat was buttoned to the neck, his hat pulled down to protect his eyes. He stopped. As I approached, I saw him study me, his creation. We stood for a moment beneath the bridge, facing each other in the darkness and wind. An American giant, five feet ten inches tall. A short Polish Jew. He said, "Button your coat. Everyone doesn't have to see your tie."

I buttoned my coat.

"Why don't you wear a hat?"

I shrugged. "I'm all right."

"You need a haircut. You look like a bum."

"I'll come to the barbershop tomorrow."

He nodded, as if to say "Goodnight" and "What's the use." He was on his way home to dinner, to sleep. He'd worked all day. I was on my way to sexual adventure. Then he asked, "Do you need money?"

"No."

"Here," he said, pulling change from his coat pocket. "For the subway. Take."

He gave.

I took. ●



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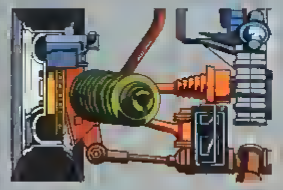
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PHOTOGRAPHS-ANDREA BALLO

FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE:

Leather slip-on shoe with monk strap ($175) exclusively at Vittorio Ricci, New York. ▶ Cotton-bleud dress shirt in gray-shaded stripes ($25) by Nino Cerruti Shirts. At Macy's/Bamberger's stores. Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Gumbels, Philadelphia. ▶ Striped wool tie ($17.50) by Vicky Davis. At Bloomingdale's, New York. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. ▶ Tone on tone cotton shirt ($33.50) by Christian Dior. At Bloomingdale's, New York. Jordan Marsh, Miami. J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles. ▶ Pure-silk striped tie ($18.50) by Bert Pulitzer. At I. Magnin, Los Angeles. Rich's, Atlanta. Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C. ▶ Rep tie in pure silk ($25) and pinstriped cotton dress shirt ($33) both by Sal Cesarani. At Todd Garland & Co., Baton Rouge. Joske's, Houston. Gordon's, Norman, Oklahoma. ▶ Supple leather lace-up shoe ($190) by Bally of Switzerland. At Bally of Switzerland shops, New York, Beverly Hills, Dearborn, Michigan. ▶ Gray-olive striped dress shirt ($67.50) and silk paisley tie ($37.50) both by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Shirt at Perkins-Shearer, Denver. Ralph Lauren/Polo shop, Washington, D.C. Tie also at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Ralph Lauren/Polo shop, Dallas. ▶ Pencil-striped cotton shirt ($32.50) by Pierre Cardin. At Barney's, New York; Gatsby's, Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Miami. ▶ Pink, navy, gray silk rep tie ($25) by Kenneth Gordon. New Orleans. At Frank Stella, New York. Regimental, Denver; Colwell, Dallas. ▶ Hand-loomed cotton belt ($20) by Susan Horton. At Stis Mars, New York. Apropos, Woodland Hills, California. James, Naples, Florida. ▶ Pressed-leather belt with pewter buckle ($27.50) by Calvin Klein. At Macy's, San Francisco; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. ▶ Lace-up low calfskin boot ($295) exclusively at Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, New York. ▶ Checked shirt in pure cotton ($30) and silk rep tie ($18.50) both by Yves Saint Laurent. Both at Bloomingdale's, New York. Shirt at May Co., Los Angeles. Sakowitz, Houston. Tie at J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles. ▶ Cotton dress shirt ($55) and silk print tie ($37.50) both by Giorgio Armani. Shirt at Charivari, New York. Macy's, San Francisco. Tie at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

FASHION BY VINCENT BOUCHER

ALL TOGETHER FOR FALL: RUSTWORTHY

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FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: Wing-tip, lace-up suede buck in rich umber ($200) by Nancy Knox. At Barney's, New York. ▶ Cotton-blend dress shirt with miniwindowpane tattersall ($21) by Daniel Hechter. At Clappers, New York; Burdine's, Miami; The Broadway, Los Angeles. ▶ Plaid silk tie (about $18) by Gary Cathey. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Macy's, San Francisco. ▶ Deep-toned cotton-oxford shirt ($32.50) and silk tie ($22.50) both by Calvin Klein. Shirt at Bloomingdale's, New York; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Tie, only at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio. ▶ Checked button-down shirt in pure cotton twill (about $30) by Van Laack. At Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Max, Denver. ▶ Hunting-print club tie ($37.50) by Polo by Ralph Lauren. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Ralph Lauren/Polo shops, Dallas and Chicago. ▶ Striped cotton-blend shirt ($23.50) by John Henry. At Macy's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Miami; The Broadway, Los Angeles. ▶ Suede monk-strap slip-on with "elephant skin" texture ($175) exclusively at Vittorio Ricci, New York. ▶ Rust-toned miniature-plaid cotton shirt ($38.50) by Hathaway. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles. ▶ Suede belt with leather-covered buckle ($25) by Torino for M.W. Martin. At Allendales, Los Angeles; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; M. Penner, Houston. ▶ Classic belt in alligator with a brass buckle (about $65) by Gary Cathey. At Macy's, San Francisco and New York; Barney's, New York. ▶ Dusty-hued windowpane-plaid cotton shirt ($35) by Ron Chereskin. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; J.L. Hudson's, Detroit. ▶ Loden-green suede lace-up shoe ($130) by David and Joan. At Scarpé, New York; K. Barchetti, Pittsburgh; World of Bally, Charlotte, North Carolina. ▶ Plaid pure-cotton button-down shirt ($50) by Kenneth Gordon New Orleans. At Peter Elliot Ltd., New York; Macy's, San Francisco. ▶ Rust-accented striped silk tie ($15) by John Henry. At B. Altman, New York; Macy's, San Francisco. ▶ Deck-shoe-style leather belt ($25) by Trafalgar. At The Outfitters, Dallas.



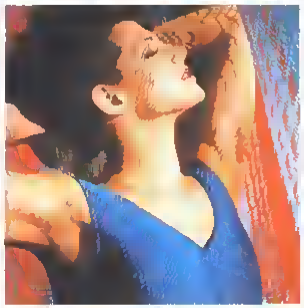
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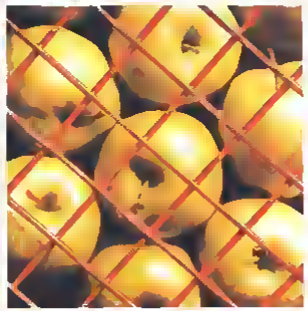
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COOKIN' *with* SMOKE

Even if you're a meat-and-potatoes guy, you can beef up your repertoire with a water smoker

by Geoffrey Norman



ILLUSTRATION • DAVID DRAPER

Smoke flavors the meat, steam keeps it moist, and the result makes you believe.

EVERY NOW AND THEN a contraption comes along that really does change the way you live, just like they all promise. Jesse Kornbluth described such an instrument in these pages a few numbers back: the electronic typewriter with its multipage memory. The fiber glass surfboard (also mentioned in these pages recently) was another breakthrough on this order. And there are probably engineers and accountants all over America who wonder now and then how they ever got along without a pocket calculator. Now, to this distinguished list, you may add the water smoker. (We are not talking here, remember, about the sort of thing that shakes the heavens—polio vaccine and radar. Rather, we're talking about simple things that make life a little easier. Perhaps even more fun.)

The water smoker is a hybrid result of two cultures. It is part Chinese smoker and part suburban-American barbecue grill. It works something like an oven, something like a smokehouse, something like a hibachi. The things you can do with it are practically limitless. You can prepare virtually anything you need for a meal in your water smoker, except the dessert and salad. Water smokers are not yet ubiquitous, but they are beginning to appear in the mail-order catalogs, and perhaps the surest evidence that the water smoker has arrived is the appearance here and there of bumper stickers and T-shirts that say ASK ME ABOUT MY SMOKER.

GEOFFREY NORMAN is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.

I, for one, had never heard of water smokers or seen one until five years ago when a friend invited me over to drink some whiskey and eat some venison. I accepted, and when I had a drink in my hand, I asked about the venison. How was he cooking it?

"In there," he said, pointing to a little squat cylinder with a dome-shaped cover. It was probably eighteen inches in diameter and three feet tall. It was covered with flat, heat-resistant black paint, and it looked like a modern architect's idea of a tombstone. "What the hell is it?" I asked.

I was told. I was also told that there was a ham of venison from a two-hundred-pound buck in there. It had been cooking since early morning, and it would not be ready for another hour.

"Well, let's take a look," I said.

"Can't do that."

"Why not?"

"If you take the lid off, it slows the cooking. Just wait awhile. It'll be the best venison you ever got your mouth around. I promise."

I said something skeptical and joined the party. Smoked venison did not seem like a good bet. Venison, like all game, has very little fat, and almost all of it is subcutaneous. The flesh of a deer is not marbled like that of a feedlot steer. Most recipes, in fact, call for some suet. Conventional smoking is a means of *drying* as well as flavoring. The drying is traditionally more important, since it preserves the meat so it can be packed and eaten long after it is slaughtered and aged. All of which is to say that smoked venison sounded like something that would be dry and tough and taste vaguely like hickory—which would not be enough to redeem it.

Then there was the matter of time. This venison ham had to weigh at least fifteen pounds. It would have cooked some eighteen hours by the time my host served it. The wonderful smoked hams that come from the country around Smithfield, Virginia, are brined and then smoked for *days*. So, I calculated, if the meat was not tough, then it would certainly be raw.

The cover finally came off the odd little grill, revealing a large, round, red piece of meat. It was damp, and it glistened with heat and its own scarce oils. It looked not like it had been cooked but like it had been seared in preparation for cooking.

My host took long, thin slices of the ham, paralleling the bone and piling the slabs on a platter. We lined up and, still dubious, served ourselves.

The meat was tender, with that wild taste that you either like or not. It was also moist and had a faint flavoring of smoke. It was served with some chilled asparagus and sliced red potatoes and was easily the best venison I had ever tasted, more than that, it was some of the best meat I had ever tasted.

I paid my compliments and asked, "What's the secret?"

It was all in the smoker, my host said. Honest. He did not do anything special in the way of aging or marinating the meat. If you used that water smoker properly, he said, it was hard to go wrong. No reason my venison couldn't taste as good as his.

Through the day I could smell the meat as it cooked in that fragrant steam.

SO I BOUGHT A SMOKER OF MY own and began fooling around with it. I wanted to do my share (small) of the cooking, and it had become clear that I would never get past the one recipe for leg of lamb in Julia Child that I had mastered. I was adequate in the kitchen but married to a woman who was much better than that. I wanted to cook for her, and this looked to me like the best way.

I studied the thing when I got it put together, which was simple enough. There was the basic cylinder, which stood on three legs, and at the base of the column there was a rack for the charcoal pan. Two inches or so above that was another rack, this one for the water pan. Just above that was the rack for the grill. A dome-shaped cover fit over it all. There were, as there always are, accessories. But that was the basic unit.

To cook, say, a venison ham, you build a charcoal fire in the bottom pan. When it is burning hot and white, you add a few sticks of seasoning wood. Place the full water pan above that. Put the meat on the rack and cover. Then let the whole thing stand for . . . how long? Well, there are instructions and recipe books that come with the smokers. But everything is variable. You will be cooking outside (*always*—charcoal can kill you if you use it inside), and cooking time will be affected by the temperature. Also the elevation. And the quality of the charcoal. And the amount of bone in the meat. And other things.

You go by the book until you have learned enough to start making the necessary adjustments on your own. The important thing to remember is that you are not actually smoking the meat in the conventional sense of the word. You are steaming it. The wood sticks or chips or sawdust that you put over the charcoal merely season the meat. The heat from the charcoal and the steam from the water pan do the cooking. Which is one of the reasons that water smokers perform so well with lean meat. The steam keeps the meat moist and tenderizes it. Since you are working with fairly low temperatures, it is hard—within reason—to cook something too long, provided there is water in the pan. After a few times out, you will know how long it takes for a full pan to evaporate. If you are not ready to take the meat off by then, add more water and continue cooking.

You will also learn by trial and error what you can do with the water pan. One of the first cuts I put on a water smoker was a loin of pork. I wanted to experiment, since I generally liked pork only in sausage. I filled the pan about halfway with water, then topped it with red-wine vinegar, some lemon juice, a bay leaf, and a spoonful of rosemary. I put some chunks of applewood on the charcoal, covered the whole thing up, and let it stand for eight hours. Through the day I could smell the meat as it cooked in that fragrant steam. Its fats dripped into the water pan and made the liquid even more savory. When I took the cover off, the meat was pink and looked insufficiently cooked. I thought instantly of trichinosis. But the meat was tender and done. It was not greasy, as so much pork is, because the slow cooking had rendered most of the fat. Nor was it dry, since the steam had kept it moist throughout. And it still had that unique pork taste that is so oddly sweet and rank at the same time.

The pork roast made me bold, and as I waited for fall and game, I tried items from the grocery that I would normally overlook. I bought one of those ridiculous turkeys, a twenty-pounder shot through with butter and God knows what else, frozen hard as marble. I thawed the turkey, cut more applewood, and built a large fire in the charcoal tray. In my eagerness I put the water tray on before the fire had settled, placed the meat on the rack, covered the apparatus, and then went on my errands for the day. I was getting smug about water smoking.

When I returned, an hour or so later,



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the whole thing was on fire. The flames rose a good four feet off the top of the smoker, and the wind whipped them alarmingly close to the garage. I got the fire out easily enough, and what I had left was a big black turkey.

It seemed the water had boiled off the water pan, then the fat from the turkey had dripped into it and around the edges onto the fire. All that grease was soon ablaze. There were still hot coals in the charcoal pan, so I put the turkey back on the grill, filled the water pan, and let the whole thing cook to completion. Then I pulled off the crisped black skin and cleaned up some other damage. We sliced the turkey and served it at a party. Everyone wanted to know *where* we had ordered it. I cooked several other supermarket turkeys in the conventional water smoker fashion, and they were all splendid—moist and tasting distinctly of the applewood smoke.

I smoked some cheddar cheese and some pecans. I tried applewood and hickory and corncobs on the fire. Each had its own flavor and worked best with particular foods. I brought a large lake trout back from the Yukon, and we steaked it across the backbone and smoked it with applewood. The pale flesh seemed to flake away from the bone like several layers of skin. By the time fall rolled around, I was wondering how you'd smoke an egg.

Then I started to get some game. Grouse were first. I washed out the cavities with saltwater and filled them with apple slices. Next I put white wine in the water pan along with some spices and skewered a thin strip of bacon to the breast of each bird. They cooked for four hours, and the delicate white meat was perfect with the wild rice and watercress we served with it. Venison was as good as I had remembered it—which in the fall of the year in New England, with the leaves changing and the cold coming by slow increments, is excellent. But the best thing was the goose.

A friend who was still limping from last year's ski injury and could not walk the Vermont hills finally could stand the house no longer and flew to Maryland to shoot some geese. He was gone three or four days and came back with eight birds and some talk about all the fresh oysters he had eaten. I bore up under the oyster talk since he offered me two whole, dressed Canadian geese.

I salted them and wiped them down well with a damp cloth. Then I rubbed them with pepper and garlic and filled the cavities with orange and lemon wedges and a few chestnuts. I put some wine vinegar in the water pan and some cherry sticks on

By the time fall rolled around, I was wondering how you'd smoke an egg.

the fire and let them go for about four hours. Dark, dark meat, wild and savory. We drank a table wine with some authority and told stories, and by the end of the night, which came late, we had nothing but a pile of small broken bones.

My friend who had shot the geese invited us over for a pair of the birds, cooked according to his method. He pulled the breast from the carcass, seasoned it, then seared it over a hot charcoal fire—using the water smoker without the water pan. He cooked the meat enough only to warm it to the center, then served it. Blood ran when you put a fork into it. It was as fine as any game I have ever eaten, full of those flavors that you associate with wild game. And the consistency of the flesh left no doubt about just what you were eating. One bite and you felt like a carnivore, ready to pick up your spear and go stalking through the hills in the moonlight.

WHEN SPRING CAME AND WE moved the show to the Gulf Coast, I assumed that there would be no more water smoking. But I located a small portable model just to have it around. We ate fresh shrimp, crabs, oysters, and fish. Smoking did not seem like an imperative when there was fresh soft crab, sautéed in butter. To everything, I sighed, there is a season.

But by and by, I began to think about smoked fish. There are all sorts of fish along the southern coasts that are largely overlooked by the markets and restaurants but are fine for smoking: amberjack, king mackerel, marlin, and sailfish. The conventional method, long practiced by the local wharf rats, is to take the motor out of the bottom of an old refrigerator and build a smoldering buttonwood or hickory fire there. They lay slabs of brined fish along the racks of the refrigerator, close the door, tend the fire for a couple of days, and then store the fish in a cool place. Excellent with eggs or as an appetizer on crackers.

I've always liked smoked fish, but I could never bring myself to move a refrigerator into the yard. The next thing would be the pickup on blocks and a redbone hound with mange. But why not try the water smoker, I thought.

So I brined some mullet and snapper and laid the fillets on the cooking rack. I used extra hickory chips on the charcoal fire and just a little water in the pan. Which was a mistake of sorts. The fish were not even close to dry enough to keep without refrigeration. The steam kept them moist, and that moisture is a fine medium for the bacteria that cause spoilage. But the fish tasted fine. Better, I thought, than the dry stuff with the blue sheen that I had been buying for years from the wharf rats.

So with another accidental success to my credit, I moved on. I tried shrimp. I bought the big ones they call "six to twelves," that is, if you want a pound, it will take that many shrimp. I left the heads on, soaked them in a brine solution, and dried them. Then I put them on the rack for about four hours and served them at a party as an appetizer. (No sense taking chances.) The flavor of the shrimp had been altered just that proper amount. It was still the same taste but somehow different. Dipped in a little hot creole mustard, my smoked shrimp were worthy—I thought modestly—of a New Orleans eatery.

I'm still working on some kind of oyster technique. And I'm planning to move into some vegetables and to start using the drippings in the water pan for some sauces. Three or four of my friends have smokers, and we pass recipes along, just like the women who used to set aside one day a week for baking and gossip.

I have toyed with the idea of an electric smoker. It has a resistance coil in the base, insulated with lava rock. You put the wood sticks right on the coil. Saves all that charcoal fuss, the brochures say. I've decided I kind of like the charcoal fuss. Some state-of-the-art smokers have two or three cooking racks and an outside thermometer. I'm not sure I would ever want to cook that much at one time, since water smoking does not preserve food. As for the thermometer, I am just now getting a feel for time on the smoker, and it makes me feel like a mechanic who can tune an engine without a timing light. It's nice to have the touch for something. I'm still toying with making my own charcoal and with putting something genuinely exotic on the smoker—alligator tail or rattlesnake meat—and sending little sampler jars of the stuff for Christmas presents. SMOKING SNAKE FROM SMOKING JEFF, the labels will say. I haven't had so much fun since I got an electric train. ●



TEXT BY PHIL PATTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL SELKIRK

All-American Football Fans

Everyone who stops to think about it knows that the word fan *comes from the word* fanatic. *The etymology reaches back to religion, and so does the intensity of the modern sports fan. Today, college football's true believers are as fervid as saints walking on burning coals, as crazy as talkers in tongues. In these pages we assemble the most zealous of zealots, the most deeply rooted of rooters. We looked for the guys who most completely devote their lives, their wardrobes, their homes, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to their college football teams. What distinguishes them is a certain irony—that, as George Bernard Shaw has shown, the true fanatic is, most often, the convert. Few of these superfans attended the schools to which they are now so devoted. Many did not attend college at all. Like the America-first superpatriots who turn out to have been born in Athens, Naples, or Warsaw, the superfans have grown colorful to prove their loyalty to the colors. The ultimate fan is the born-again fan.*



DAVE COOPER TUNNELING HIS WAY TOWARD SOUTH BEND.

Dave Cooper

NOTRE DAME FIGHTING IRISH

If you get into Dave Cooper's New York City taxicab, you'd better be a Notre Dame fan or you'd better be quiet. Dave drives his cab hundreds of miles each year to take in Fighting Irish games in South Bend. The cab is festooned with Notre Dame banners, buttons, and photos. Not one but two fight songs play over the tape deck, and Dave, dressed in one of his sixty Notre Dame jerseys, starts in on his rap—couched in the accents of the stereotypical Gotham cabbie—as soon as you shut the door.

"I drive seven hundred and fifty-two miles to Notre Dame, you know what I'm saying, and there aren't many games I've missed since I started. Had to sneak into my first game, if you get what I mean, Army–Notre Dame, twenty-five years ago. Just had breakfast with coach Gerry Faust, you know. Get a Christmas card from Father Hesburgh.

"I eat and sleep Notre Dame, hear what I'm saying. I'm from Flushing, you know, never went to college. Never had the opportunity. I'm doing my college thing right now, you could say."

And his wife, Kay, says: "You want to know how big a fan Dave is? Well, enthusiasm is not the adjective. Dave's even got his *own* fans. He gets letters and presents all the way from Ireland. He's just a wholehearted fanatic."

PHIL PATTON and NEIL SELKIRK last collaborated on "Men Who Cook for Men," in the November 1980 Esquire.



CECIL SAMARA HAS LOGGED THOUSANDS OF MILES IN THE BIG RED ROCKET MODEL T.

Cecil Samara
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA SOONERS

CECIL "Big Red" Samara drives to University of Oklahoma games around the country in a red Model T Ford, which he acquired in 1948 and calls the Big Red Rocket. ("I've been to the Orange Bowl eight times in it," he says.) Samara's stately, thirty-five-mile-an-hour progress—through what he refers to as "enemy territory"—to games as far away as South Bend or South Florida often takes place with an Oklahoma highway patrol escort and is frequently interrupted by luncheons and press conferences with Sooner booster clubs along the route.

Samara, the son of Lebanese parents, went to his first OU game at the age of nine, selling newspapers in downtown Oklahoma City to raise the scratch. Today he runs a flag business. Big Red Flags. "I'm proud of being American-born, and I'm proud of living in the greatest state in the union," he says.

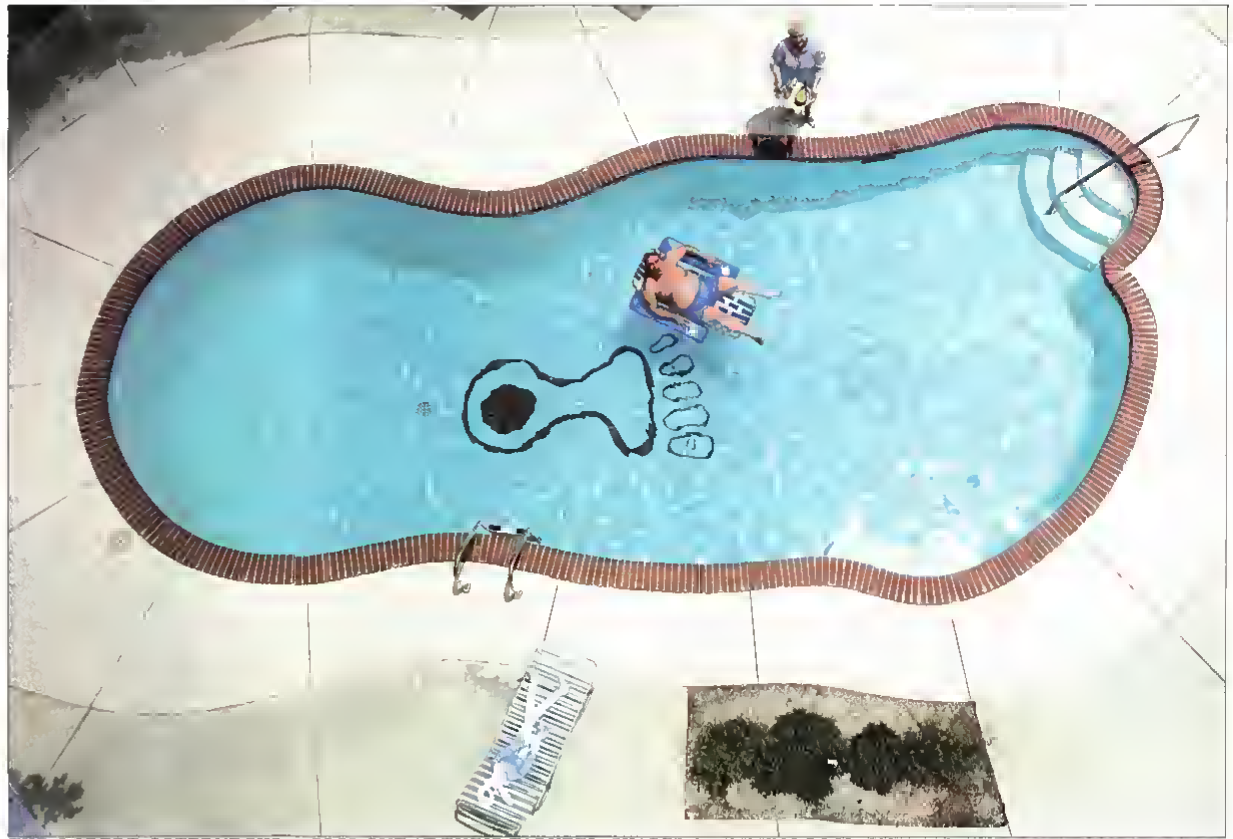
"I never went to OU—I was too poor—but I put all five of my kids through there. I don't care how you write this—say nut, idiot, whatever—but I'm just in another world at an OU football game. If my own wife was to walk by me then, I wouldn't know her."

Samara dresses in Sooner red and white 365 days a year, sporting red-and-white BOOMER SOONER cowboy boots. "Except," he says, "I've got one black suit for funerals."

For his own funeral, however—which he has planned right down to the red and white flowers and the playing of "Boomer Sooner" and "The Star-Spangled Banner"—Samara will be wearing a red-and-white suit and lying in a red-and-white coffin. The mortician has been instructed to set Samara's right hand for all eternity in the "Sooner Number One" finger sign. "If it happens tomorrow," he says, "they can say they put away a very happy man."



REGGIE ROSE IN FULL APOTHEOSIS AS "CAPTAIN OHIO."



THE ROBERT OSTERNECKS COOL OUT AT THEIR TARHEEL-SHAPED SWIMMING POOL. ON THE CHAIR: A STUFFED UNC RAM.

Reggie Rose
OHIO STATE BUCKEYES

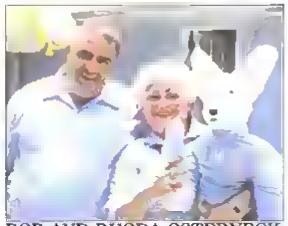
WHEN Reggie Rose is not dressed in the helmet, jacket, and cape that make up his "Captain Ohio" garb, he teaches earth science to high schoolers in Columbus. The thirty-one-year-old Rose is one of the few superfans who actually did go to the school they support. Today he writes inspirational pieces and paeans to the lamented coach Woody Hayes for the OSU newspaper. He has a steady string of attendance at Buckeye games going back to 1969, but it was not until 1975 that a spectacular episode earned him the Captain Ohio title.

That year, Rose had the misfortune to find his seats to the Ohio–Michigan game located in the midst of the enemy pep band. This did not discourage him from wearing his usual gray-and-scarlet outfit, his Ohio flag cape, and his famous hat with its collection of buttons saying such witty but tactless things as MICHIGAN: A PART OF OHIO NOBODY WANTED.

Reggie's hat was promptly stolen. To get it back took a personal letter to the president of the University of Michigan, a poster promising a large reward, and, finally, the payment of a humiliating price: the hat's anonymous holder demanded that Reggie pose in a local newspaper wearing a *Michigan* T-shirt. It hurt—oh, how it hurt—but Reggie posed.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Osterneck

UNIVERSITY OF N CAROLINA TARHEELS



BOB AND RHODA OSTERNECK.

IF you don't think that the manufacture of polypropylene yarn—the calling of Robert Osterneck—is a remunerative business, just look around you at any college football game. Polypropylene yarn is what goes into all those leisure suits.

Polypropylene yarn paid for the big Tarheel shaped swimming pool in Bob and Rhoda Osterneck's back yard; for their blue Chrysler New Yorker with the bumper sticker that says IF GOD ISN'T A TARHEEL, THEN WHY DID HE MAKE THE SKY CAROLINA BLUE?; for the blue-and-white house Bob and Rhoda built; for all those stuffed, molded, painted, embroidered, and otherwise rendered Carolina rams in Bob and Rhoda's den; for the four Carolina-blue outfits Bob and Rhoda buy each year; even for the ram-shaped earrings Rhoda wears. (The ram, you understand, became the Carolina symbol because it is so hard to personalize a "Tarheel.")

It was polypropylene yarn that brought the Osternecks from Philadelphia to North Carolina twenty-eight years ago. Bob built his yarn plant in Lumberton, then decided to move to Durham a few years ago to be nearer his team. Neither Osterneck went to UNC. But that doesn't keep the whole North Carolina football team from trooping out to Bob and Rhoda's for pregame cookouts around the Tarheel-shaped swimming pool. "Some guys like to fish," Bob says. "I like the Tarheels."



VERNELL DELAFOSSE AND ALL THE BARBERSHOP CROWD

Vernell Delafosse

GRAMBLING TIGERS

VERNELL Delafosse's barbershop in downtown Grambling, Louisiana, is an informal shrine to Tiger football. Grambling is the small black college that has produced more National Football League players than any school except Notre Dame. Many of these alumni—along with current players and coaches—drop in at the barbershop, where Vernell cuts hair in his gold-and-black silk tiger-embroidered jacket.

On any given hot, steamy day in this little (population 6,000) town, Tampa Bay Buccaneers quarterback Doug Williams—the strong-armed but often errant passer who, they say in Tampa, is the only guy who could overthrow the Ayatollah—or big Jumous "Buck" Buchanan, late of the Kansas City Chiefs, might come by and talk Grambling traditions. For the younger players, Delafosse is something of a counselor. "I tell 'em to stay in school and graduate," he says. "When they need somebody to tell 'em they wrong, I do it."

Vernell's two daughters grew up with a devotion to the school matching their father's. Cheerleaders and football players were their childhood playmates. Says Vernell, "They're Grambling all the way." God help them if they weren't.

Looking far younger than his forty odd years, Delafosse shows up at games with huge cowbells and the bullhorn he uses to call his coon dogs. He is not a Grambling graduate—he went to barber school in Texas—but his children have all gone there. He is so popular in his adopted town (he has been there nearly twenty years) that he was recently elected an alderman.

Sol Carrol

FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY SEMINOLES

WHEN Brooklynite Sol Carrol retired from working at Herman's World of Sporting Goods in New York, he headed for Florida in his motor home, loaded with fishing rods. When he hit Tallahassee and discovered FSU, Sol parked the motor home in Bennett's Trailer Park and settled down. Almost overnight he became an institution as the Seminoles' number-one fan, ritually sending the team off on road trips and welcoming it home.

Today, Sol lives in a four-room white bungalow packed with apple boxes full of Seminole banners, bumper stickers, pins, and pennants. Sure, Sol admits, he likes to ogle the occasional co-ed, but mainly he works for the Booster Club. The mace and scepter of Sol's office is his "Seminole boomerang," a "one-man band on a stick," with cymbals, old pie plates, horns, tambourines, bells, and even a Leatherette alligator.

Sol talks nonstop, punctuating his conversation with "Woo-hees!" and other expressions of enthusiasm, smashing the cymbals, tooting the horn, and generally being noisy for FSU. "I helped the Boosters raise about a million dollars, and that takes time," Sol says. "My wife, Jean, barely sees me."

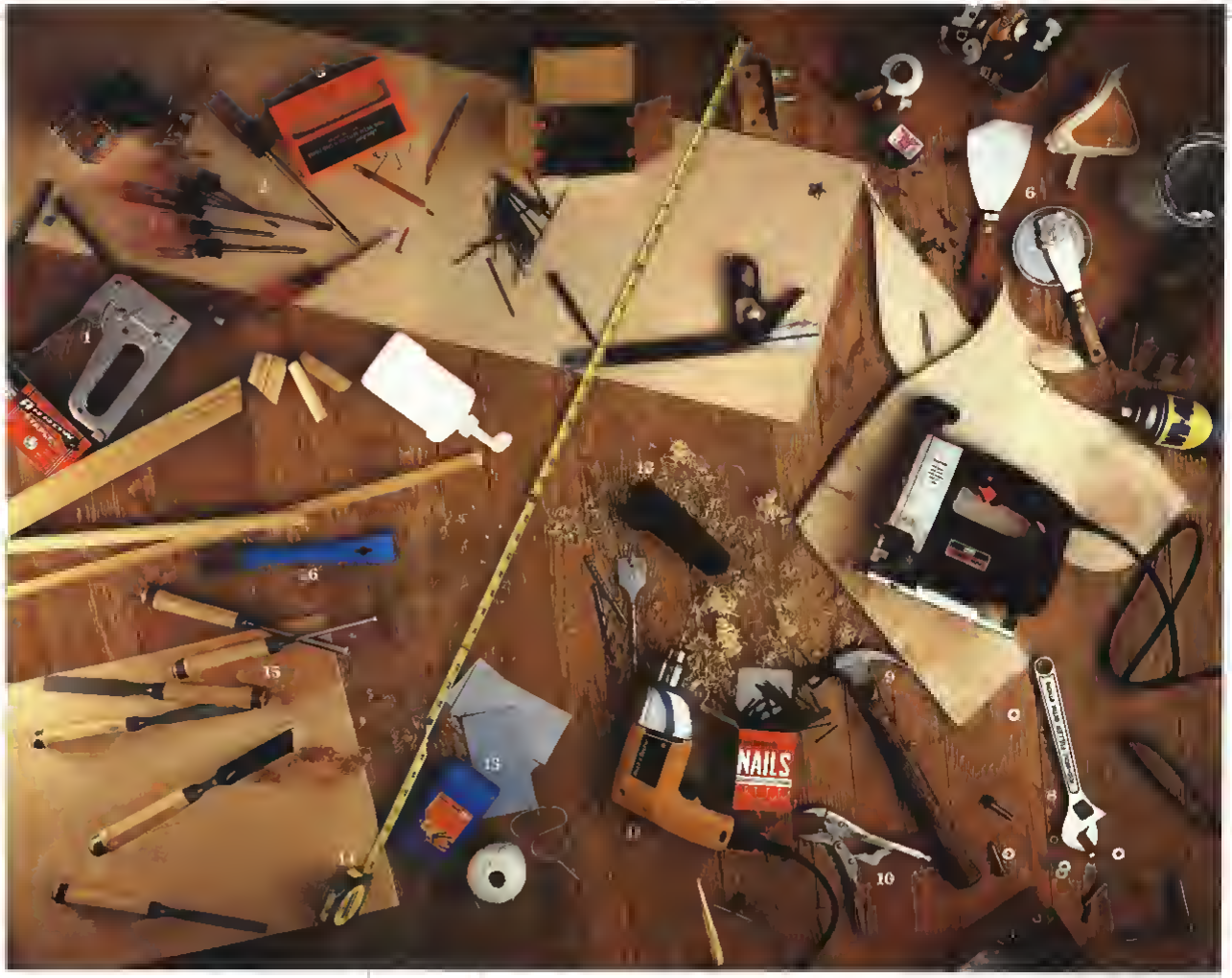


"SEMINOLE SOL" CARROL WITH HIS FLORIDA STATE 'BOOMERANG" AND BEST FRIEND

Bolt It, Screw It, Bang It, Drill It, *but do it right*

Let's say you need a fix. It costs fifty dollars to get a repairman to your door. Often as not, he doesn't come when you need him or does perfunctory work when he finally arrives. So the faucet drips and the door sticks. What you need is a basic tool kit. A *good* one. Solid, indispensable hardware that will *last*. With the right tools—and patience—you can get a handle on most any problem. Confidently.

by Joseph R. Provey



PHOTOGRAPH-MICHAEL GEIGER

1. Stapler: Speedy and especially well suited for stretching fabric for wall graphics, attaching fabric to walls, and upholstering seat cushions.

2. Screwdrivers: Get at least six, including a cabinet model with a six-inch blade and a 3/16-inch tip for reaching recessed screws; a standard type with a four-inch square blade and a 5/16-inch tip for general purpose work; two Phillips heads, numbers one and two, with three- and four-inch blades; and a pocket model for very small screws. And you'll want stubby flat-tip and Phillips head screwdrivers with medium sized tips for turning screws in confined spaces.

3. Stud finder: Use it to locate wall studs, pipes, and ceiling joints when hanging shelf brackets, artwork, and plants. Black & Decker's latest is electronic and easier to use than the simple compass kind (although it costs more and requires a nine volt battery to operate).

4. Nail set: Have one ready to drive the heads of finishing nails below the surface so they can be hidden with putty. A set with a 3/32-inch point is right for most jobs.

5. Combination square: Really several tools in one, it's indispensable for nearly any woodworking project, since it lets you draw 45- and 90-degree angles impeccably. This one from Stanley works as a ruler, a straightedge, a scribe (for transposing lines), and a level.

6. Putty knives: Get two sizes—a narrow one for pressing compound into cracks and dents and a wider one for filling and smoothing over larger holes.

7. Saber saw: Here is the one saw to have if you have only one. Variable speed control and a wide variety of saw blades let you cut straight or curved lines and bevels in nearly any material including sheet metal. Buy one with a pivoting blade, like this model made by Sears, for easy cutting of intricately curved patterns.

8. Adjustable wrench: Hefty eight- or ten-inchers provide good leverage for dealing with all sorts of square- or hex-head screws and bolts.

9. Hammer: An all-purpose model weighs sixteen ounces, but a thirteen ounces is better for light tasks around the house. Having both is ideal.

10. Locking pliers: They lend a hand with an iron grip for undoing pipe fittings, pulling headless nails, removing stubborn nuts, and much more. These Vise-Grip pliers have a built-in wire cutter as well.

11. Drill: This is the heart of your minworkshop. Aside from its primary functions of boring holes and countersinking screws, it has accessories for grinding, abrading, sanding, and buffing. Spend a little extra and buy one with a 3/8-inch chuck capacity, variable speeds, and a reverse switch. It will let you drill larger holes than models with 1/4-inch chucks will, and it can be used with screwdriver bits to install or extract screws. This new Black & Decker has electronic feedback controls that automatically increase or decrease power to compensate for varying power requirements.

12. Surform: Stanley's hybrid plane/rasp lets you remove significant amounts of wood or plastic speedily. It's especially handy for planing ill-fitting doors that have swelled with humidity.

13. Sanding block: This one from 3M has rubber padding on the bottom, which distributes pressure for even sanding.

14. Tape measure: Stanley's newest eliminates guesswork when taking inside dimensions, such as the height or width of a window opening. The numbers can be read clearly through a window in the case.

15. Chisels: To pare away bits of wood when installing or readjusting door hinges, for example, keep a few sizes ranging from 3/8 to 3/4 inches in your box. This set is from The Fine Tool Shops, 20 Backus Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut 06810.

16. Pry bar: A great tool for pulling nails and prying lids and an indispensable one for removing molding intact for reuse, as when reflooring. The Hyde model here also doubles as a paint scraper.

Joseph R. Provey is the editor of The Family Handyman *magazine.*

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For more information, see reader service card on page 104A.

SPECIAL
29-Page Supplement



by Vito Russo

Making Love

Two guys and a girl—but "Jules and Jim" it ain't

WHEN A LONDON *Times* reporter asked Peter Finch how he could have kissed another man on the the screen in *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, Finch replied, "I just closed my eyes and thought of England." That was in 1971. As far as homosexuality was concerned, for the next ten years Hollywood kept its eyes closed, too. Despite critical acclaim, the commercial failure of *Sunday Bloody Sunday* only served to confirm long-held Industry opinion on the subject: the public will not accept a movie in which two men kiss, let alone make love.

Now, a decade later, a braver, or perhaps just more commercially astute, 20th Century-Fox is challenging conventional wisdom with *Making Love*, due out in early winter. Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson star as a couple whose eight-year marriage is torn apart when Ontkean falls in love with a man, played by Harry Hamlin. On location at a country-and-western bar in Hollywood, there is no sign of men kissing, behind or in front of the cameras. A haze of cigarette smoke hangs over the room, sawdust covers the floor, the country music blares. The atmosphere is vigorously heterosexual.

Arthur Hiller, eleven years ago the director of a slightly different Love Story, walks Ontkean and Jackson through an early scene in which they impulsively enter an amateur talent show. He steps back and yells, "Action!" The couple rush the stage to sing an awful duet at the piano, then collapse into each other's arms laughing. He is handsome, she is angelic. Like Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw clowning around in the snow, they suggest the perfect American couple in love.

This is a good day to visit the set. There's no tension at all. But three weeks from now, when Ontkean and Hamlin will film their big love scene, visitors will be barred from the set at the request of the two very nervous actors. Now, at lunch, Hiller shoos away a bee from his food. "I'm not sure yet how I'm going to handle that scene," he says. "I do know that it will be tasteful, no matter how far we take it." According to screenwriter Barry Sandler, who later attended the closed shooting, "Hiller went pretty far, further than I thought he'd go. They undress each other and kiss. They make love. Of course, there's enough footage so that if we have to pull something out we can." He chuckles. "I mean, if they run screaming from the theater in Omaha."

The filmmakers have done everything they can to guarantee that patrons will not run screaming from the theaters anywhere. Scott Berg, who wrote the original story, settles heavily into a chair in Arthur Hiller's dressing room. "This film has to reach everyoody," he says. "We had to focus it almost entirely on the heterosexual relationship or else nobody would want to see it." Berg conceived the idea after discovering that six of his friends had emerged from the closet after getting married. "This is *the* issue of the Eighties," he says, "and I knew that if we made sure the emphasis wasn't on homosexuality we could create a love story that would make people cry at the end." Berg took the story to his longtime friend Barry Sandler to work out a screenplay. "Barry has written some of the most terrific dialogue I've ever heard," Berg smiles. "And some of the worst movies I've ever seen."

Sandler, whose screen credits include such notable disasters as *Gable and Lombard* and *The Mirror Crack'd*, agrees. "None of my previous films will go down in history," he says good-naturedly. "But I've done a lot of searching personally, and I saw that I'd never reach my potential as a writer until I opened up and began writing about my gut feelings." Sandler himself has, in a sense, "come out" with this film, and he is the only openly gay person among its principal creators. "I was afraid for a very long time to write this movie," he says quietly. "It meant exposing a lot of nerves." He shrugs. "I'll either pay the price or be validated for it."

The price varies in Hollywood, a particularly schizophrenic town when it comes to homosexuality. Even straight actors carry a stigma for portraying gays, and no major screen personality has ever publicly declared his homosexuality. In the late Thirties, James Whale, director of *Show Boat* and *Frankenstein*, gambled and lost. "Whale was the first guy who was blackballed because he refused to stay in the closet," says director Robert Aldrich. "He never worked again." Films with gay themes have occasionally commanded respect for their courage but have always been kept at a safe distance by the Industry.

Making Love has been calculated to change all that: it is the safest, most commercially viable project possible with a gay theme, the next logical step in what critic Noel Purdon calls "mainstream cinema's boring shuffle towards sexual liberation." The enormous financial success of *La Cage aux Folles* I and II, in which the gay characters are harmless fools, has spurred other projects, including the upcoming *Partners*, a comedy from Paramount in which Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt play cops posing as a gay couple to help stop killings of homosexuals. The crucial difference is that *Making Love* is a serious love story, not a comedy, not a sadomasochistic thriller like *Cruising*, not a silly farce like *The Ritz*. *Making Love* may be "so inoffensive that it's offensive," as gay activist Arthur Bell pronounced after seeing the script, and yet the risk it takes is genuine because it places the romantic feelings of two men for each other on a par with heterosexual feelings, something no other major film has ever done and still made a profit. If everything goes as planned, *Making Love* may well become the *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* of gay rights.

IF THINGS work out as the filmmakers have carefully planned, "Making Love" may well become the "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" of gay rights.

HARRY HAMLIN SITS on an equipment truck outside the Mother Lode, a popular Hollywood gay bar, waiting for the cameras to roll on a scene in which he will pick up a man for a one-night stand. "When I first read the script," he says, "I thought, 'I can't do this.' But, really, who cares? This is what I want to do, and if people don't accept it, screw 'em."

As the music starts, about a hundred extras take their places inside. For the most part, they have been recruited from the gay community. They seem hopeful, a mood perhaps set earlier at a casting call when a briefing to the group was interrupted by a tall man in leather. "Does this movie have a positive ending?" he demanded. Second assistant director John Kretchmer replied that at the end Ontkean leaves his wife for a man, the crowd burst into applause.

Today, the cast and crew are on such good behavior that the set has the feel of a Johnny Carson show, double entendres flying. Sandler asks if there's any fruit around. A crew member stares hostilely until she realizes he only wants an apple. Cinematographer David Walsh asks Hiller if he'll be up on the camera or down on the floor during the next shot. Hiller says, "I don't know, I can go either way today." Hamlin is asked if he's ever been in a gay bar before. "Sure. Here. Last night." He smiles slyly. "Guy almost picked me up, too. When I told him I was doing research for a film, he said, 'I've heard that before.'"

A still photographer tries to take a few shots of the extras. One man turns his face away, explaining that he doesn't mind being lost in a crowd on screen but wouldn't want "to be individually identified in a gay film." Almost fifteen years ago a still photographer sneaked onto the set of a lesbian bar during the filming of *The Killing of Sister George*. When the photos were published, one woman spotted as an extra reportedly lost her job. That kind of history is not lost on the crowd, which is optimistic but still cautious. The actor who plays Hamlin's pickup is John Dukakis, whose father is running for reelection as governor of Massachusetts. "I asked my agent, 'Would you play a homosexual if your father were running for office?' He said, 'Sure.' But if I were *really* gay, I couldn't, I wouldn't, do it."

A few days later, at a split-level house high in the Hollywood hills, Hiller directs the movie's last scene. Ontkean and Jackson say goodbye after a brief reunion. She has remarried and has a child. He is going home to his lover in New York. Hiller frames them in the fading sunlight. "It's like the old romantic movies," he says. "At the end the star crossed lovers each have new loves." Ontkean drives off, literally into the sunset. "I feel things have changed," says Hiller. "People are more accepting now."

In the early Thirties, so they say, Sam Goldwyn expressed an interest in filming Radclyffe Hall's notorious *The Well of Loneliness* and was informed by a producer that it was impossible because the leading character was a lesbian. "So what?" roared Goldwyn in his immutable fashion. "We'll make her an American." *Making Love* may finally achieve the Americanization of homosexuality.

VITO RUSSO is the author of The Celluloid Closet: Homosexuality in the Movies, *which was published last July by Harper & Row.*



PHOTOGRAPH • WYNN HAMM/©1981 CENTURY FOX

HUSBAND ONTKEAN VS. HOUSEWRECKER HAMLIN FOR THEIR LOVE SCENE, THE SET WAS CLOSED

ESQUIRE FILM QUARTERLY COVER PHOTOGRAPH—THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



PHOTOGRAPH: THE KOBAL COLLECTION COLOR REALIZATION: SALLY SLIGHT

"EVERYBODY THINKS THEY LOOK LIKE ME."

DOSSIER

by Barbara Hey

Doris Day

SHE WAS BORN IN CINCINnati, Ohio, on the third of April, 1924—the same day as Marlon Brando.

Doris von Kappelhoff (German for *churchyard*) at birth, she changed her name to Day at the suggestion of bandleader Barney Rapp, who liked the way she sang "Day After Day." She later told him, "I'm glad you didn't catch me singing the 'Gotterdammerung.'"

She made her theatrical debut at the age of four, when she danced and recited "I'a Gwine Down to the Cushville Hop" at a Masonic hall in Cincinnati. She wet her pants before going onstage.

Her mother, Alma, worked in a bakery to support the family after Doris's father, William, a music teacher, left his wife for her best friend.

She once told her aunt that there were only four things she really wanted: a permanent, a brassiere, high heels, and false teeth.

She has blond hair ("It's natural, but not as blond as it appears") and dimpled knees, and at the height of her career she had one of the most admired fannies in Hollywood.

Bob Hope called her "J.B.," for "Jut-Butt." He'd say, "You know, J.B., we could play a nice game of bridge on your ass."

She took three showers a day until her husband told her she was getting scaly.

In *Lover Come Back*, Doris sang "Should I Surrender?" as Rock Hudson waited for her in bed.

She was not a virgin when she first married, at seventeen. By the age of twenty-five, she had been divorced twice.

She has been married four times. Her first husband was a trombone player, her second was a saxophonist, her third was her business manager, her fourth was a restaurant manager whom she met through her dentist.

The trombone player was a sadist who beat her while she was pregnant with her only child, Terry.

She has said that dogs "have taught me how to be serenely patient and they have taught me about love—fundamental love such as Jesus taught."

In her early movies she allowed only her right profile to be photographed. She thought it was less cheeky than her left.

She admits that her teeth protrude. She has said, "I had trouble doing kissing scenes with Gordon MacRae. Our teeth would bump—."

Her dream of a career as a dancer was ended at thirteen, when a car in which she was riding was hit by a freight train and her left leg was crushed.

She likes the Bee Gees. She also likes Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles. She has said, "Negroes are much freer than we are—they couldn't sing that way and not be. I'm not as free as they are. But I'm pretty free for a Caucasian."

She has made thirty-nine movies in twenty years. She doesn't like any of them. But, she says, "If other people like them, who am I to say?"

In 1953, she thought she had cancer but refused, for religious reasons, to see a doctor. When she later did go for treatment, it was discovered that she had a benign cyst. Doris persisted for some time in thinking she had tuberculosis. She called a press conference soon after to announce that she had recovered from a nervous breakdown.

She was nominated for an Academy Award for *Pillow Talk*.

She was offered the role of Mrs. Robinson in *The Graduate* but declined it "because of its exploitative depiction of sexual relations."

Olivia Newton-John's agent wanted his client to play Doris in a film of her life because he thought they looked alike. Doris said, "Everybody thinks they look like me."

There have been romances rumored between her and Maury Wills, Sly (of Sly and the Family Stone), Pancho Gonzales, Glen Campbell, and Jimmy Hoffa. She has denied them all.

The filming of *That Touch of Mink* was delayed while it was decided whether or not to cover Doris's freckles. In *The Pajama Game*, her freckles showed; in *Midnight Lace*, they were covered with pancake makeup.

Her favorite flower is the camellia.

The last five years of her seventeen-year marriage to Martin Melcher were without sex. She later said she never loved him physically.

One night a week she sleeps covered head to toe in Vaseline. She has, on occasion, slipped out of bed.

When speaking in movies, she hid the wad of gum she chewed constantly in the "north starboard side of one cheek."

Most mornings she rides her bike to a Beverly Hills deli for her regular breakfast of a large orange juice, two eggs, hashed brown potatoes, sliced raw onions, tomatoes, toasted bagels, sliced lox, a plate of cream cheese, rye bread, and coffee.

She prefers ugly men. "As far as I'm concerned, handsome men lack sex appeal," she once said.

The home she shared with her fourth husband was decorated with photos he took of Doris and dogs, some of the dogs dressed in clothes and other human gear.

To keep in shape, Doris walks, rides her bike, and swims. For a time, she ate eight leaves of a godakola plant every day.

She dated Ronald Reagan and liked the view from his apartment. What she remembers about him is "how much he liked to dance and how much he liked to talk."

Her son will be forty in February.

She is sensitive about her age.

She has said: "All my life I have never felt lonely with a dog I loved at my side."

James Cagney & Studs Terkel

CAGNEY AND TERKEL met on a sunny afternoon in Cagney's modest farmhouse, eighty miles north of New York City. The surrounding eight hundred acres are extraordinary: they include a vast pond, lush woods, and a stable for Cagney's beloved morgans.

Present at the session was Marge Zimmermann, Cagney's vigilant house manager and protector. Zimmermann calls the eighty-year-old Cagney "James-a-la." She helps him settle into chairs and walks him across the room. Although he has recently returned to the movies—in Milos Forman's Ragtime*—the actor's mobility has been severely hampered by diabetes.*

Terkel, whose books include Hard Times, Working, Talking to Myself, *and* American Dreams, *was Studs Terkel as usual: ebullient and probing.*

Sadly but necessarily missing in these pages is the sound of Cagney's voice. For even though his once-compact body has turned bulky, Cagney's voice remains true, unmistakably and unforgettably the one and only.

—**Lee Eisenberg**



CAGNEY (LEFT) AND TERKEL. (RIGHT) PHOTOGRAPH: CARL FISCHER

MARGE ZIMMERMANN: James-a-la, get talking.

STUDS TERKEL: James-a-la?

JAMES CAGNEY: Yeah. She comes from Montreal. There are a lot of Jews in Montreal.

M.Z.: I had a business going as a kid. I used to light all their...

S.T.: Shabbas candles. Yeah. You did that, didn't you?

J.C.: No. Never did that. I went with a Jewish boy, and *he* lighted the candles. Moishe was his name. Every Friday night when he went around to light the candles for the religious Jews, I'd go with him.

S.T.: You remember that as though it were now, don't you?

J.C.: Sure.

S.T.: You know, I think one of the first things to ask you, James Cagney, is just this. After so illustrious a career of thirty one years in movies, you retired for some twenty years to what I would guess was a very contented life. Suddenly you're back in action as Waldo, the police commissioner in *Ragtime*. How come?

J.C.: The doctor.

S.T.: The doctor?

J.C.: Yeah, I'm a partial diabetic. He wanted to keep me busy, so he said, "Get this guy working." And they did. It was as simple as that. Milos Forman, the director of *Ragtime*, saw there was a chance to do something worthwhile. He said to me, "How about it?" So we did it.

S.T.: I'm told by people who watched the shooting that you just dazzled them. For man says he didn't have a thing to tell you. It was all *instinct*. What was your immediate feeling when you were back in action?

J.C.: Just a job. It was easy. Milos was a wonder. We just turned it loose.

S.T.: It was that easy? Didn't you have a strange feeling that first day you were back in makeup and in action?

J.C.: No. I felt as if I'd done it the day before.

M.Z.: You said you were upset at first. But when you got on the set it was as if you'd never left. You remember that?

J.C.: That's right. Yeah. But I don't remember being upset.

M.Z.: *Oy-oy-oy (Laughs)*

S.T.: I'm thinking, well, let's go back to beginnings, that's the thing. *(Cagney laughs)* You came from a very tough district in New York, didn't you? On the East Side?

J.C.: Yeah. But I didn't know it was tough. Nobody knew it was tough.

S.T.: You were right in the heart of it.

J.C.: Sure. My father was a saloonkeeper. A bartender.

S.T.: Did you hang around the saloon?

J.C.: No, not much.

S.T.: What was your dream? What did you want to be?

J.C.: A farmer.

S.T.: Funny. Kids in tough areas always wanted to be firemen or cops, you know, or lawyers. Yet you, with no background at all in farming, wanted to be a farmer, and that's what you are today, of course.

J.C.: This is all I ever wanted to do.

S.T.: Why, do you think? What is it....?

J.C.: Can't tell you why. It was just that the country attracted me. My Greek great-uncle and his Irish wife were country people—they had a tiny house out in what's now Flatbush in Brooklyn. It was very easy there. No great strain. There was no great strain for anything really.

S.T.: Funny how your approach is so straight. You lived in hurly-burly turbulence.

J.C.: I didn't know it.

S.T.: What about some of your friends? Were they affected?

J.C.: You mean the ones that went to the chair? *(Laughs)*

S.T.: Yeah.

J.C.: Well, Bootah, he and I sat alongside each other in school.

S.T.: Who was that?

J.C.: Bootah. Peter Heston.

S.T.: But he was called Bootah?

J.C.: Yeah. Why, that I don't know. He and I sat alongside of each other in school. And anybody could lick him. But he had a gun. And he did a stickup on 102nd Street, and a cop named Riley came around the corner and saw what was going on. And without saying anything Riley just sneaked up behind Bootah. And Bootah gave him both barrels.

S.T.: Bang. Killed the cop?

J.C.: Right then and there. And Bootah went where we always went when we were being chased: down the cellar, through the yard, over the fence, and out in the next street. He had shot himself in the leg putting the gun away, so the cops had a beautiful trail. They found him on the fourth or fifth floor of a tenement house, in bed with the gun. But he was too weak to lift it, he lost so much blood. So they took him in.

I went to play ball at Sing Sing in 1919 and I was catching, warming up a pitcher. And this little voice beside me said "Hello, Red." I was always called Red. We were told not to talk to the prisoners, so I just said, "Hello, how are you?" He said "What's the matter? You gettin' stuck up?" Real, you know, New York. And I looked at him, and I said, "Bootah?" And he said, "Yeah." And I said, "How long you in?" And he said, "Five to ten." How he got away with that, I don't know.

S.T.: I was going to say, only five to ten for killing a cop!

J.C.: I was amazed, yes. No, wait, he didn't kill him. Pardon me, I was wrong. He killed a cop *later*. This cop he shot in the neck. I think—a superficial wound. Alongside him was a kid named Red Russell. I used to box with Russell in the back yard.

S.T.: I'll be damned.

J.C.: "Hello, Red," he said, and so on—you know, small talk. And so I got up. I went behind the bat, and the first man getting up had white hair. He was twenty-six years old. And this guy Jack—Dirty-neck Jack Dougherty—turned around and I said, "You Jack Dougherty?" He said, "Yeah." He said, "Too bad about your father"; my father had died the previous fall and this was late in September when we were playing ball.

S.T.: What kept you from being like them?

J.C.: I had a mother who would belt us if we did anything slightly cockeyed. Stiffened us, really. But we had other interests anyway. We played ball and so on.

S.T.: What about your father?

J.C.: A good guy. Nice fellow, you know? Drunk most of the time.

S.T.: But your mother was the strong one.

J.C.: Oh, yes.

S.T.: That happens so often, doesn't it? Particularly in immigrant families or families that are new to a new world—the old man has a job making a living and the old lady is the tough one.

J.C.: Yeah. *(Laughs)* She was just as tough as she needed to be. A great woman.

S.T.: There were five kids?

J.C.: Seven, really. Two died.

S.T.: And you were where?

J.C.: Second. Second eldest. Harry was the eldest.

S.T.: You wanted to be a farmer. Is it true that once, when you were a young guy, you enrolled in an agricultural school?

J.C.: Farmingdale school of agriculture. *(Laughs)* One of the profs came over to see why the hell this kid from the East Side wanted to enroll in an agricultural school. He had real clodhopper shoes on, you know, a real farmer.

S.T.: But you couldn't do it because of the lack of dough, is that it?

J.C.: That was everything eventually.

S.T.: But it's funny. Even now, country people look upon city people as strange, and the reverse is true too. You span both worlds, the country and the city.

J.C.: I suppose. I'm never aware of it.

S.T.: Because of your mother and your interests, you were able to avoid being a guy in the pokey—being a guy like the characters you eventually played in the movies. Do you think your knowledge of these guys when you were a kid played a role in the characters you created in *Public Enemy*, in *Doorway to Hell*?

J.C.: It all contributed. Some of the things I said in the movies were things people around me said. "Whattya hear, whattya say?" That was one of the.

S.T.: One of the lines you had.

J.C.: I put that in. There was a gal in the neighborhood, I think she was a hooker—I never found out really—and she came out with that one day. One of her boyfriends used to use it, so I dropped it in.

S.T.: You could drop in your own phrases?

J.C.: Well, I knew more about the hoods than the writers did, for God's sake. They were country boys.

S.T.: As the definitive gangster, you created a whole image in those movies of the Thirties about the Twenties. Yet it wasn't so much the director's doing, because Milos Forman said you do things instinctually. That's always been the case with you? This instinct.

J.C.: I was there when it was going on. I called on that.

S.T.: What about "That's the kind of hairpin I am"? You said that in *Strawberry Blonde*.

J.C.: That was my grandfather's line. It was something that he used to say as a kid—in Norway.

S.T.: Let's go back to the early years. How did you get into theater? After you were in the neighborhood.

J.C.: I needed a job and a fellow told me to go to the 81st Street Theater. That was how easy it was. I walked in, met the stage manager, and I was doing the job the next morning.

S.T.: Doing what?

J.C.: Dancing, singing, doing female impersonations.

S.T.: Tough Jimmy Cagney doing female impersonations!

J.C.: That's right.

S.T.: You didn't have training as a song-and-dance man?

J.C.: Oh, no, none at all. But I could dance. They showed it to me, I did it. As we did it, we learned.

S.T.: How about singing? Did that come naturally to you, too?

J.C.: I couldn't sing. I never could.

S.T.: You know, let me stop for a minute. I

> ***TERKEL:*** ***You lived in a tough area, in such hurly-burly turbulence. What kept you from being like some of your friends?***

> ***CAGNEY:*** ***You mean the ones that went to the chair? I had a mother who would belt us if we did anything cockeyed. Stiffened us, really.***

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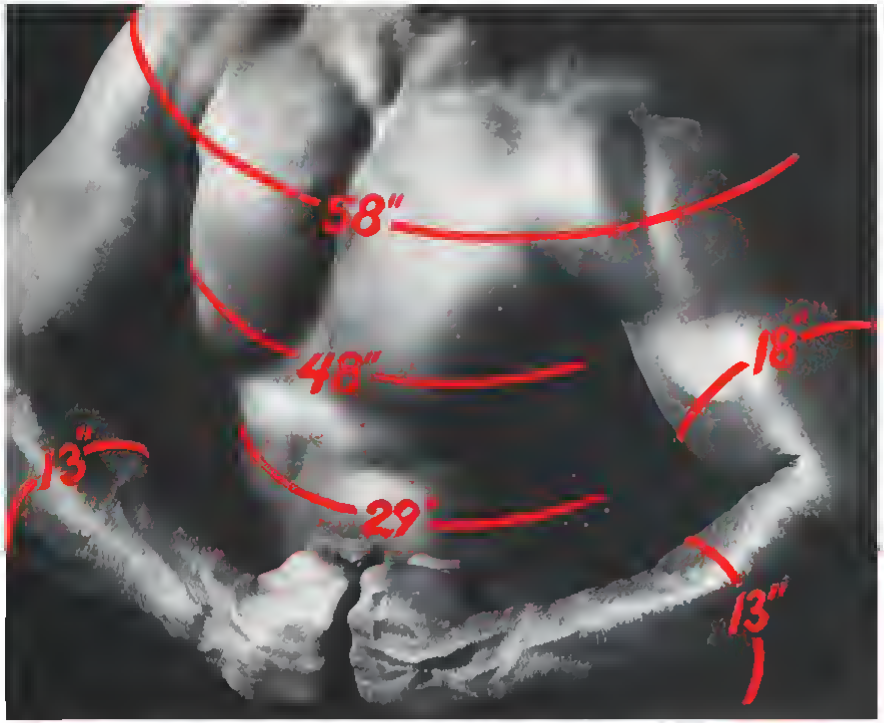
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come from Chicago. I've got to bawl you out. Wherever I go, people say "Chicago, *boom boom boom!*" They do a gesture with the guns. And they got it from you. Hollywood movies are so strong. I'm talking about Italy, Germany, all over Western Europe. And they see Jimmy Cagney in these movies. Are you aware of the impact?

J.C.: Never thought of it.

S.T.: Never thought of *that?* You ever been to Chicago, by the way?

J.C.: Oh, yeah. I was there, sure.

S.T.: I remember two guys wrote *Public Enemy* in this hotel where I lived.

J.C.: Glasmon and Bright.

S.T.: Yeah. Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Those were all real Chicago characters in *Public Enemy*—Nails Nathan was your boss in the movie, and there was a Nails Martin, a real guy. The movie was so accurate that it even showed how this gangster became a ladies' man, a gentleman riding horses. He fell off the horse so his confederates killed the horse. That was a real-life story.

J.C.: Yeah.

S.T.: Did you know much about the Chicago life?

J.C.: Just a standoff perspective, you know? Seeing what was happening.

S.T.: You know, Jimmy—can I call you Jimmy now?

J.C.: Please do, yes.

S.T.: I think you must be asked this question a million times. In one of your classic scenes in *Public Enemy* you're with Mae Clarke, but you're in love with Jean Harlow, so you shove that grapefruit right in Mae Clarke's puss. How did that idea come to be?

J.C.: It was supposed to be an omelet. Hymie Weiss had a girl he was having breakfast with her. They had an omelet on the table and he gave it to her right in the face. But the omelet was too messy, so we used a grapefruit in its place.

S.T.: Weiss was an actual Chicago gangster. Hymie Weiss was the name he took, a Polish kid. There's a famous photograph of him shot in front of Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago. It's very famous because his legs are casually crossed as though he's taking a nap. He had just been shot by a member of the Capone or the Bugs Moran gang.

Anyway, the grapefruit scene is a stunning moment. Now, I have to tell you about another stunning moment. I'm walking along in Chicago near my mother's hotel, and there's a movie house called the Century Theater. And I walk in to see this movie *Penny Arcade*—that's the play but the movie is *Sinner's Holiday*, and in it I see this marvelous old actress, Lucille La Verne, and she has this young boy who's her favorite, but he's a bad kid. And it was you. I never forgot it because it was the first time in movies, as far as I know, that you forgot the hero and this tough no-good kid became the one you remembered. Now, how did *Sinner's Holiday* happen? You were a song-and-dance man and then you had...

J.C.: No, at that time I was doing a play.

S.T.: A straight play.

J.C.: Mm-hmm. You see, we never turned down a job. You just damn well did it, did the best you could with it.

S.T.: That was always your theme.

J.C.: Mm-hmm. But never consciously.

S.T.: You were in *Penny Arcade* with Joan Blondell.

J.C.: Yeah. And they lured her and me not knowing anything about us at all. But she was able. She'd been around for a long time.

S.T.: And that's when you came to Hollywood.

J.C.: Mm-hmm. April 11, 1930.

S.T.: You remember the date! So after, when did you know that you were a hit?

J.C.: Let me see. After *Penny Arcade*, I did a picture called *Doorway to Hell*. We were driving down Santa Monica Boulevard and my name was up in lights. That was the first time I knew.

S.T.: It's kind of ironic, isn't it? Here you are today making a comeback after twenty years—and the role you're playing is a man upholding the law. Waldo. But for all those years you were playing the guy defying the law.

J.C.: Mm-hmm.

S.T.: Now that you've come back, what changes have you noticed about movie making?

J.C.: Well, the directors have changed, of course. Their whole point of view has changed.

S.T.: Too much money?

J.C.: Oh, God, yes, $20 million for a picture. We did *Public Enemy* for $165,000.

S.T.: A hundred and sixty-five thousand, right in the heart of the Depression, too—1930, '31.

J.C.: That's right, yeah. But, you see, the people were coming to the theater then in greater numbers. Less money, of course, for admission, but they were coming in greater numbers. And so what was generally conceded to be the low period financially for everybody was really our prosperous period.

S.T.: Aside from the money, are there any other changes in the making of films or the content of films that you feel strongly about?

J.C.: Yeah, I think they slight movies today. They just kind of breeze through the central idea of the picture. They'll cut and then go on to something else. And not make any point of the thing they've been working on before.

S.T.: A lot of things are left hanging.

J.C.: That's right.

S.T.: Some people say films are more mature today. Do you feel that?

J.C.: I think they're making excuses for what they want to say.

S.T.: Are you offended by anything in films?

J.C.: I never see them.

S.T.: What was the last one you saw?

J.C.: Let me see now. *Urban Cowboy.* Because John Travolta was in it and I knew him and he ran it for us.

S.T.: You know Travolta?

J.C.: Just casually.

S.T.: What is it about him that attracts you?

J.C.: He got us the seats.

S.T.: He's got the disease?

J.C.: He got us the seats.

S.T.: Oh, he got you the seats. *(They laugh)* Do you watch television reruns of Cagney films?

J.C.: Don't see them either. If there's a dance in it I'll look at it, because there's a marked difference between the way we danced then and now.

S.T.: What is that marked difference?

J.C.: I don't know. It's hard to describe. I think we were more precise in what we did. It's a different style.

S.T.: I've heard that you're also offended by some of the current language.

J.C.: Oh, sure. Don't like it. These young kids, girls using all those words.

S.T.: And the violence?

J.C.: Well, I think they overdo it.

***CAGNEY:* Hymie Weiss was having breakfast with his girl; he gave an omelet to her in the face. But omelets are too messy, so we used a grapefruit.**

***TERKEL:* Weiss was a Polish kid, a Chicago gangster. In this photograph he's got his legs crossed, like he's taking a nap. He'd just been shot.**

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S.T.: What about Jimmy Cagney in *Public Enemy*? And *Doorway to Hell*!

J.C.: I got killed.

S.T.: Ah. In *your* films crime never paid.

J.C.: No, we were knocked off. If not by the cops, then by the other gang.

S.T.: Funny, yeah. There was always retribution. *(Laughs)* You got it when you were pushed through that door with all those heavy bandages on in *Public Enemy Wham*. That was a shocker.

J.C.: There was a girl—you may have known her—she was the head of the sound department at MGM, and she had a very bad stutter. When I met her, she said, "You don't know me, but I know you." I said, "What did I do?" She said, "At the moment when they sent you through the door all wrapped in blankets and bandages, I said, 'Jesus, Jesus Christ' with no hesitation."

S.T.: It overcame her stuttering.

J.C.: But she had it from then on, too. *(Laughs)*

S.T.: You made some fairly close friends in Hollywood.

J.C.: Oh, yes. Pat O'Brien's one. He was in *Ragtime* with me. And Frank McHugh.

S.T.: He was always that sidekick of yours. Played a nice, gentle guy—the comical lead, sort of. But he got shot along with you all the time.

J.C.: That was his *part*. They gave it to him.

S.T.: When you became a star in Hollywood, what did you do with your spare time?

J.C.: Paint. I've always painted, though I haven't in a couple of years, ever since I got the diabetes.

S.T.: What did you paint?

J.C.: Well, the one that I did without any model or anything else is an ex-fighter. I call it *The Victor*. He's been cut to ribbons, and he's a winner. You see a hand holding his arm up, and his eyes and everything are just awful. It's out on the wall there.

S.T.: Do you still follow boxing?

J.C.: Oh, yeah.

S.T.: Who do you like?

J.C.: No one, really. The old-timers are all gone.

S.T.: I think of you as a lightweight, as a scrapper. Do you like any of the lighter weights? Because they seem to be coming back. The days of Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler.

J.C.: Well, now you're talking the best Leonard could really go.

S.T.: Yeah. And Tony Canzoneri. Jimmy McLarnin. Remember him?

J.C.: Sure. I saw him get the hell beat out of him one night. By a fellow named Lou. Lou Buto. Buto was a southpaw, belted the bejesus out of McLarnin... *(Laughs)*

S.T.: Well, now we've got some of the lighter weights, like Sugar Ray Leonard.

J.C.: Yeah. Good boy.

S.T.: You like skill and speed, like the kind of roles that you played in films. That fast shuffle. This is the obvious question, of course, but of all the roles you've done, is there one in your mind that was the greatest satisfaction and challenge?

J.C.: *Yankee Doodle*.

S.T.: *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. So it's George M. Cohan after all.

J.C.: Well, you see, I grew up with him. I saw him in—what the hell did I see him in? *I'd Rather Be Right*. And *Ah, Wilderness!*

S.T.: Oh, he came back as a straight actor, the father in O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!*, that's right. Stunned everybody.

J.C.: Mm-hmm. What a job he did there.

S.T.: Did you ever know him, I mean, meet him?

J.C.: Yeah, I met him once. He was casting a play and I went up to a hotel. He was behind a desk, and—Chamberlain Brown, you remember that name?

S.T.: He was an agent.

J.C.: That's right. He sent me up there. Well, apparently he had some signals with Cohan and Brown was behind me and I said, "Hello, Mr. Cohan." And he looked over at Brown and said, "I don't think you're right for us, son."

S.T.: And that was it?

J.C.: Mm-hmm.

S.T.: And years later you make the guy immortal as Yankee Doodle Dandy in a film. Cohan was rough in the early days when it came to the actors' unions, Equity. I think he fought Equity.

J.C.: Oh, sure he did.

S.T.: But you became one of the early presidents of the Screen Actors Guild.

J.C.: That's right. You do all the things that happen, one into another.

S.T.: But you're always on the side of the underdog. You even gave dough to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. You helped poor cotton farmers. That got you into a little trouble for a while, didn't it?

J.C.: No. It's all part of the scheme.

S.T.: You held your own on that, though.

J.C.: Oh, I guess so.

S.T.: Do you follow baseball?

J.C.: Oh, yeah, sure.

S.T.: Did you as a kid? I'm going to guess now. You were a Giants fan. John McGraw was your man.

J.C.: That's right.

S.T.: You see, I just took a wild shot. John McGraw, then Bill Terry.

J.C.: Not Terry, no.

S.T.: I'm just wondering. Did you do a lot of interviews when you were working in movies?

J.C.: No. So much repetition, you know? Same questions asked, same junk. I just grew out of it.

S.T.: You were bringing these studios in big dough, there's no question you were a draw. Yet they held you, didn't they for a while, to some contract?

J.C.: Four hundred dollars a week.

S.T.: Four hundred bucks! For how long?

J.C.: Two years. They were paying Dick Barthelmess twenty-five thousand dollars a picture. I was getting four hundred bucks a week and doing four and five a year. The first time I walked, I was out six months before they finally capitulated. And the second time, I was out again six months or more, I don't know. Errol Flynn had his way of doing it. He got his makeup on and sat down and said, "Tell the boys I'm ready to go when they come up with four thousand dollars a week." He got it.

S.T.: So it's no accident you became president of the Screen Actors Guild?

J.C.: I guess it wasn't really.

S.T.: Actors, I suppose, are like ballplayers. Hey how do you feel about ballplayers and the union?

J.C.: I don't like it. Well I do in a sense. I'm ambivalent. The very fact that they break their behinds in their last two years, it's not fair. But now they're getting a *minimum* of more than thirty thousand dollars. A little better than we did.

S.T.: What are your big interests now?

J.C.: My farm. The horses, the cows.

S.T.: Now that you're back in action, would you be open to other offers?

J.C.: You know, it all depends on how things shape up. If there is something to do that's interesting and fun, I'll do it. Otherwise, the hell with it.

TERKEL: You think they overdo the violence today? But what about Jimmy Cagney in "Public Enemy" and in "Doorway to Hell"?

CAGNEY: But I got killed in those movies. We were knocked off. If not by the cops, then by the other gang.

by Gregg Kilday

A Green Christmas for Tinseltown?

MOVIES ARE AN UNpleasant fact of life in Hollywood—if the industry had its way, it wouldn't even make them. Studios are increasingly concentrating on distribution rather than production, relying on suppliers like Orion Pictures and the Ladd Company—the real new forces in Hollywood—to take the creative and fiscal risks. When Sherry Lansing was named 20th Century-Fox's head of production, the studio amassed a wealth of publicity, but most of the past year's Fox releases haven't even been Lansing productions—they've been independently produced films acquired by Norman Levy, Fox's new vice-chairman, who, as head of distribution, was Lansing's de facto in-house competitor. . . Universal Studios' topper, Ned Tanen, is cutting back on film production—while parent company MCA-Universal continues to pour money into a new hotel in North Hollywood and a spurious "Universal City" in the Florida outback. . .

The future looks grim: two or three years from now, the only movies playing may well be such brand-name pictures as *Superman III* and *The Further Adventures of Indiana Jones*. No kidding. Universal nixed plans for a National Lampoon parody called ***Jaws 3, People 0,*** which could have effectively killed off Bruce the Shark, and instead commissioned producer Alan Landsburg to float a straight sequel, ***Jaws III***. . .

LIONHEARTED: Bucking the trend is the newly rejuvenated Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is now, under the aegis of David Begelman (his check-cashing days discreetly forgotten), staging a comeback with a splash: swimming upstream against the general downward flow of youthful adventure-movie demographics. Begelman hired Billy Wilder, who's been defiantly out of step with the industry for years, to recapture some of the scabrous cynicism of his 1966 hit, *The Fortune Cookie*, in December's ***Buddy Buddy,*** a comedy reuniting Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau as a suicidal loser and a hit man. MGM also tapped octogenarian George Cukor to oversee ***Rich and Famous,*** a remake of *Old Acquaintance*, starring Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen. While Cukor amused himself on the set by telling anecdotes of past triumphs, a troika consisting of producer William Allyn, screenwriter Jerry Ayres, and Bisset herself handled many of the directorial decisions. "Some days," explained one observer, "George would be real sharp; at other moments, he'd just drift off". . .

Begelman's got the usually hyperkinetic Richard Dreyfuss playing the paraplegic hero of ***Whose Life Is It Anyway?,*** for which Dreyfuss is practically guaranteed an Oscar nomination. . . And for Christmas, MGM's mounted some of the biggest musical production numbers in years, in Herb Rosss ***Pennies from Heaven.*** Steve Martin dyed his hair brown to play a Thirties salesman with Busby Berkeley fantasies. The word from those who've seen the dailies is that the film looks dazzling, but is a recession-weary public really ready for a Depression-era musical?

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER: "Relationships" is still the in word in town. Set for mid-December is ***Shoot the Moon,*** starring Albert Finney and Diane Keaton as a married couple who unsuccessfully contemplate divorce. Bo Goldman's original screenplay had been kicking around for years, judged too depressing by all who read it, until director Alan Parker, riding high from *Fame*, took it under his wing. . .

With perfect Hollywood irony, the king of the relationship movies turns out to be ol' redneck himself, Burt Reynolds. Already seen as a struggling divorced man in *Starting Over*, he will be on screen this month as a single man who hankers to have a child in ***Paternity;*** if scheduling can be worked out, he'll go on to film ***Best Friends,*** a comedy in which he and Goldie Hawn play two live-ins whose relationship falls apart once they marry. . .

This year's *Ordinary People* (which was last year's *Kramer vs. Kramer*) will be played by Jane and Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn, all of whom will confront their mortality in the autumnal drama ***On Golden Pond***. . . In ***Only When I Laugh,*** a rewrite of his Broadway play *The Gingerbread Lady*, Neil Simon has turned out a *Kramer*-esque script for his wife, Marsha Mason, who stars as an alcoholic actress trying to recapture her estranged daughter's love. In predictable fashion, expect to see both pictures heavily touted for Academy Awards. . .

MAKING BOOK: By default, Hollywood continues to draw some of its only inspiration from books. After attempts to bring it to the screen failed for more than ten years, John Fowles's ***The French Lieutenant's Woman*** has finally been translated to film. . . Novelist E. L. Doctorow has seen a rough cut of Milos Forman's screen version of ***Ragtime*** and has judged himself pleased even though Forman has pruned a lot of Doctorow's jazzier subplots. . . Those movies should pale, however, before the movie-book tie-in of the season, the lurid ***Mommie Dearest.*** Christina Crawford is worried that Faye Dunaway has humanized her monstrous mother, but that shouldn't deter the crowds. . .

THE BIG PICTURE: Watch to see if all those critics who wrote eulogies for the big-budget movie are forced to eat their words when ***Reds*** appears in time for Christmas. Warren Beatty's epic film follows the love affair between radical journalist John Reed (Beatty) and feminist Louise Bryant (played by Beatty's ex-girlfriend Diane Keaton) through bohemian New York, World War I, and the Russian Revolution. Master media manipulator that he is, Beatty unabashedly plans to promote the movie as a film "in the tradition of *Gone with the Wind* and *Doctor Zhivago*." Given the Midas touch that Beatty lent to his previous three films, the smart money bets that John Reed will end up doing somersaults in his Muscovite grave as *Reds* proves a roaring capitalist success. . .

Are we to conclude from this that a death knell for the industry is premature? Superman and Indiana Jones certainly granted the film business a much-needed boost. Now looking toward Christmas, the moguls claim the worst is over. But then in Hollywood, they still believe in Santa Claus.

GREGG KILDAY reports on the movie industry for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner

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RETROSPECTIVE

by Geoffrey Wolff

Carnal Knowledge

Down memory lane to the pigpen

MEN I HUNG OUT with must have heard the far-off thunder years before, but by 1971, when Mike Nichols's *Carnal Knowledge* was released, we couldn't ignore the storm. Women were furious and in full cry—questioning (why should I? why shouldn't I?), exhorting (be free, sisters, grow up, boys), complaining (about wages, physology, The System, men), repudiating (the convention of marriage; the imperatives of motherhood, housekeeping, men).

A decade ago it was discomforting to watch Jack Nicholson play Jonathan, a prisoner of sex, a pussy hound treed by the game he chased. Viewed through the optic of the period's sexual politics, his progressive decline into foolishness, sadness, and impotence invited a judgment upon him that felt oddly distanced, like the QED of a moral allegory in which the judge and witness—myself, really—failed to identify himself as an accomplice.

Ten years later, now, I settled in to watch *Carnal Knowledge* with a friend, preparing to judge Jonathan again. This time the movie bushwhacked me, hit me with a shock of recognition like a sockful of BBs behind the ear. It is not at all a movie meant to confirm generalized Woman's worst suspicions of generalized Man. It's about a particular American caste (privileged college graduates, professionals) at a particular time (from the end of World War II to the late Sixties). The proprietary idiocy of Jonathan and his Amherst roommate, Sandy (Art Garfunkel), is the consequence of a particular culture's peculiar way of regarding sex and, more important, power.

The culture of the Fifties, like the culture of the Eighties, served the self above all masters—but more stridently (or innocently) then than now. The moral of *Carnal Knowledge* today, unclouded by the tumult of women's liberation, looks fresh, smart, and bleak: the self is an abyss.

Jules Feiffer's screenplay and Mike Nichols's costumes and props make up a comprehensive inventory of a culture that peaked in the Fifties, of middle-class totems, taboos, manners, and purposes. Sandy's and Jonathan's saddle shoes, baggy flannels, tweed jackets, V neck sweaters, and three-piece suits worn with narrow rep ties situate *Carnal Knowledge* in time. The movie is fixed in spirit (cool) by the chums' droopy eyelids and smirky leers. Like everyone at college then, Sandy longs to lose his cherry, though sometimes he whines that an unspecified "they" excessively pressure him into getting laid. He is the roommate who wears pajamas, so he apprentices himself out to Jonathan, who sleeps bare-assed and who longs to lose *his* cherry.

To "get in," to have had "it," to take "it," is their desideratum and entire preoccupation. Jonathan and Sandy talk of "nice" versus "hot," "nice" versus "beautiful", they ponder the ultimate epistemological conundrum. Which is better, to be loved by it or to "bang" it?

"It" is first seen at an Amherst-Smith mixer, embodied in Susan (Candice Bergen), encased in a wool plaid skirt and sweater. "I'm Getting Sentimental over You" plays; Jonathan smirks; advises Sandy to go after Susan; to throw her a line, to trade on his (bogus) unhappy childhood. Instead, Sandy and Susan uncomfortably discuss parties, why they hate them. The newlymets discuss masks and disguises, the "real me" and the "real you," the usual. Sandy has a hunch he might score, as he of course tells Jonathan, who then decides he wants Susan. "She's mine," Sandy whines. "You gave her to me."

> ***THE MORAL of the movie today, unclouded by the tumult of women's liberation, looks fresh, smart, and bleak: the self is an abyss.***

Women are organs and ciphers, orifices merely, possessions (once possessed). Jonathan and Sandy are consumers competing for the only available piece of something, so it's triangle time. Jonathan seduces Susan (which Sandy intuits later). He thinks his line snags her, tells her his father is a Communist (wooing her, a Republican, on the bohemian platform) and a lifelong failure (setting up a fallback on the pity front). "After I get set up as a lawyer," he says to Susan, "what I'd really like to do is go into politics—public service." Whatever. They do it under a blanket beneath the stars, and the noises they make sound like middle-sized animals with bad tummy aches. Afterward, freed from virginity, Jonathan rolls off her. He looks puzzled, just a bit disappointed, as though he had traveled a long way at great cost and discomfort, climbing a final range of snake-infested mountains to find spread in the valley at his feet ... Bridgeport. He's already a goner.

Jonathan tells Sandy that he's scored but not with whom. It's another attainment, evidence of power, the exercise of the will, it's of a piece with Jonathan's ambition to be a lawyer, Sandy's to be a doctor. They neither torment themselves about the character of these choices nor fret about whether they will succeed. They move forward, taking ground, now Sandy must have what Jonathan has had. His campaign is inexorable, responsive only to the logic of his ambition. He moves from base to base, cranking up the stakes; a kiss today must be followed by two tomorrow. Feiffer and Nichols have the desperate comedy of that time tone-perfect: the glancing allusions to rubbers ("Do you have anything?"), to organic geography (here? there? where?), even to the escape hatch of a hand job after failed appeals to "friendship."

I remember that determined dexterity; those prayers from the back seat for three hands, prayers that she'd fall asleep (better, pretend to fall asleep), the big-tit gestalt, the forlorn slapstick; the farcical

GEOFFREY WOLFF is a contributing editor of Esquire. His profile of Norman Lear appeared in the August issue.



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GARFUNKEL AND NICHOLSON IN THE SOUP. IS IT BETTER TO BANG IT OR TO BE LOVED BY IT?

PHOTOGRAPH • THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

war fought between us and them, as though we were intelligence agents behind the lines, speaking only in code. It encouraged in us boys sharp wits and dull vision, a preoccupation with the available rather than with the main chance. "I love you," Sandy says. "Let's do it." Eventually Sandy scores, but not before Susan pleads with him: "How can it be fun if you know I don't want it?"

Sandy is too busy with his hands to reply immediately, but when I first saw *Carnal Knowledge* ten years ago a friend answered for him. "You supply the pussy, let me worry about the fun." Watching it this year with a friend about Sandy's age, I asked him what he thought of Susan's question. We are all hedged up now, checking the temperature on the far side of the liberationist fires, looking around the room for "them" or their representatives before we speak. "Sensible question from the woman," said my friend, grinning a secret agent's grin. Bullshit artist.

"Bullshit artist!" is the movie's chorus cry, what Jonathan and Sandy call each other. Tracking "it" is dark and lonely work, but a man has to do it, and a man doing it can't afford to be softened by the truth. Truth will finally soften Jonathan, though, in the most awful way. The first truth to reach him is that Susan never cared about his line, his personality, or his mind. *She* used *him*, he was what they now call a sex object, a humanlike vibrator.

A few scenes later Jonathan begins to utter the movie's signature line, a litany of self-pity that is more an expression of Fifties misogyny than a generalizing sentiment of the late Sixties and early Seventies: women are "ball busters," women "today" (which means whatever time he chances to make the observation) "are better hung than the men."

After college, Jonathan, a lawyer, makes plenty of money; Sandy, a doctor, makes plenty of money. Boys back then, we did okay: we made out. But after they leave college, *Carnal Knowledge* progresses by the rake's decline, sure as gravity.

We don't see their marriages, their divorces. Jonathan does meet a girl, Bobbie (Ann-Margret), with whom he "shacks up," but not before limiting their involvement. He wants to lay his cards on the table so "there can be no possibility of a misunderstanding. I don't know how many business deals I've seen come to grief . . ." He wants what he wants, which is her when he wants her. She quits modeling, lies in bed a lot, dreams of being a mother. Jonathan spends a lot of time in the shower, now alone.

One night, late Sixties now, Sandy shows up at Jonathan's white-on-white penthouse to watch a slide show, the history in pictures of love between men and women of my generation, the Silent, Smug, Cunning, Can-Do Generation. Women and kids, all "girls," flash on the screen. This one Jonathan "banged," that one broke his balls. Sandy and his latest girlfriend, a fruit-and-nut eater (Carol Kane) from Greenwich Village, deplore Jonathan's bad character. Sandy wears blue jeans, has had his consciousness raised (and been laid plenty). Sandy's bullshit artist is that pathetic figure of our time, the born-again feminist looking to score, as ever, when she falls asleep.

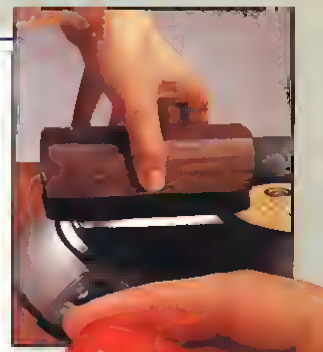
After the slide show Jonathan goes to a whore (Rita Moreno). If she says just the right words, tells him how just he is and how unjust women are, maybe he can get it up, maybe. *Bullshit artist!* His balls are broken. His heart is broken. What we did, what we do still—a lot of us—makes for a weird way to put in hours. The unconnected self, even with its plug in a socket, is an impotent thing. Nota bene, today's younger generation as well as my own, on this one.

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William Goldman
on the Craft of the Screenwriter

WILLIAM GOLDMAN, a two-time Academy Award winner, has written twelve movies, including Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Marathon Man, *and* All the President's Men. *The following is adapted from interviews with John Brady, whose book* The Craft of the Screenwriter *is being published this month by Simon and Schuster.*

THE ONLY "FUN" IN MOVIE writing for me is the first draft, because that's the only time the movie's really yours. After that, the contingencies of the business come along. I mean in truth, no one has ever heard me use the word "good" about any of my screenplays. I would never attribute that kind of quality—good, true, or beautiful—to a screenplay. A screenplay is a piece of carpentry, and except in the case of Ingmar Bergman, it's not an art, it's a craft. And you want to be as good as you can at your craft, and you want to give them what they need within the limits of your talents—and the only reason I am "hot" now has nothing to do with the quality of the films that I have been involved with. It has to do with two things: some of the films have been successful; but more important, *they have been made.*

In the movie business, basically you get paid off principal photography, that day when the director first rolls a camera with the first unit. Until that day, it's all development. And so one of the reasons there are so many bad movies is that people get paid not on the success of the movie but on the *existence* of it. So someone will hire me not because of any quality inherent in my screenplays but because there's a good chance (knock wood) that the screenplay will become a film. Better that it should be a successful film, but the *crucial* thing is that it should be a film at all. In a crazy sense you can almost say there are two entirely different versions of any screenplay. There's the stuff written before the movie is a go project, and there is what's written when the movie is actually going to be shot. Sometimes they have very little to do with each other. The purpose of the earlier version is to make it happen. The purpose of the later versions is to be as supportive of your director as you can. You want to make the performers relaxed. You want to make the movie as good as you can possibly make it.

Each assignment that I am given is different, and I feel I'm doing my job successfully if the picture shoots. If the picture is good, successful, that's terrific. But *basically* my job is to see that the film starts. My screenplay is a catalyst. So you alter what you do for each situation.

Let's take the case of *All the President's Men.* We had a producer, no director, and one star who was also one of the producers—Robert Redford. It was clear to us going in that, although Redford was very much aware that conceivably he was miscasting himself and maybe we should have used two unknown actors, we were stuck, since it was his baby, with Bob Redford as Bob Woodward—which meant we *desperately* needed somebody to play Carl Bernstein who was of equivalent stature. Well, the only two ethnic choices that are comparable stars to Redford were Dustin Hoffman and Al Pacino. We *had* to have one or the other. We got Hoffman, but I was very much aware when I wrote that screenplay that the Bernstein part had to not just be *good*. It had to be *good enough to try and nail a major star* because not only was he going to be acting against Bob Redford but Redford was also the producer. The part had to be as bulletproof as one could make it.

In *A Bridge Too Far* I knew going in I had to write a dozen parts that would attract stars—so I had to come on very, very big when I introduced each of those guys. And you bullshit, you know, when you introduce a character in the script. The opening sentence describing Major Cook, which is the Redford part, goes like: "If this man had been an actor, he would have been a star." Well, a star reads that, and he says, "Ah, this is a star role." That's all there very consciously.

I came to screenwriting in a strange way. I was a novelist for ten years before I was a screenwriter, and I live in New York, and I don't know people in the picture business, and I am not involved in Hollywood and all that. I stay here and try to lead as ordinary a life as I can. I am not by the pool making deals.

I was writing a novel called *Boys and Girls Together.* In the middle of it I stopped to do some Broadway work. When I went back, I was stuck. There was a little article in the paper telling of a new theory about the Boston Strangler—that maybe there were *two* people who were stranglers. I've never had this experience before, and I never expect to again, but in the length of time it took me to walk the two blocks to my office, a novel fell into my brain based on that idea. What if there were two stranglers? And what if one got jealous of the other?

I sat down and in a *frenzy* wrote down the plot [of the book that eventually became *No Way to Treat a Lady*]. I wanted to do the strangler book fast and get back to *Boys and Girls,* so I wrote it with lots of chapters, and each time I had a new chapter—even if it was only one line long—I would start a fresh page so that it would run longer. I ended up with a book that was fifty chapters long and probably a hundred and fifty pages.



***ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN:** With Redford as Woodward, Goldman knew the Bernstein part had to be good enough to nail Hoffman or Pacino.*



***HARPER:** Goldman's big break. When Newman first read the script, he was prancing around in tights, making "Lady L" in Europe. "'Harper' was very Americana. Newman jumped for it."*



***A BRIDGE TOO FAR:** A dozen stars, a dozen egos. To attract top names, Goldman built up his characters when introducing them in the script.*

PHOTOGRAPHS—MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Somehow Cliff Robertson got hold of it before it was published and came and saw me. He said he'd read my *screen treatment*, and I didn't say, "That was really a book." He had this marvelous short story called "Flowers for Algernon," by Daniel Keyes, and he said, "Would you try to make a movie out of it?" I said I would try. And then I panicked. I said to my wife, 'What am I going to do? I've never written a screenplay." I zoomed down to a bookstore looking frantically for something on screenwriting. They had one, but I realized I could never write in that form because it was full of all those awful capital letters and numbers and... it was unreadable. So in desperation I made up my own form, using "cut to" like I use "he said" in books—for rhythm, to control the reader's eye. After I gave Robertson the screenplay for "Flowers for Algernon" he fired me and hired Stirling Silliphant, who wrote the screenplay *Charly* without a comma of mine in it—and it won Robertson the Oscar. So he was not dumb to fire me. But that's how I got into screenwriting. By that time I had gotten unblocked—*No Way to Treat a Lady* was finished and later went on to become a movie—and I completed *Boys and Girls Together*, which was later optioned for a movie by Elliott Kastner.

Which brings us in a way to *Harper*. *Harper* happened because it was basically my idea to do a movie from a book by Ross Macdonald. Kastner had just seen a film by Richard Brooks called *The Professionals*, with Burt Lancaster, and he came to me and said "I want to do a really ballsy film." And I said, "Read some Ross Macdonald.' He called me a few days later and said, "Gee, I really like him." I said "Okay, I will read all his books again. I'll find one and you option it." And he said, "Fine."

Ideas come to you in very different ways. Some people occasionally will ask, 'Why didn't you do *Butch Cassidy* as a novel?" And the answer is that it came to me as a movie. There's a marvelous narrative thing about movies: they have size and scope, but they aren't really very good at interpreting or at complexity.

Books and movies are entirely different forms. The way that one handles a scene in a movie and the way one handles a scene in a book have nothing to do with each other. For example, you always attack a movie scene as *late* as you possibly can, which is why when you see a scene in a movie where a person is a teacher, for instance, the scene always begins with the teacher saying, "Well, class..." and the bell rings. And then you get into another scene because it's very dull watching a man talk to people in a room. In a book you might start with some dialogue and then describe the room and start with some more dialogue and then describe the clothing and more dialogue... The camera gets that in an *instant*. *Boom*, and you're on. Get on, get on. The camera is relentless. Makes you keep running.

The average screenplay is very short. Rule of thumb: A page a minute. The ideal

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length for a screenplay is 130 to 135 pages because that lets everybody be creative when they get it. That means that the producer will be able to say, "Well, we must cut fifteen pages out of this." No matter what you give them, ultimately you end up with 115 pages, because that is how long the movie is. But if you gave somebody a first draft of 115 pages, they would say, "What's this, television?"

Ultimately you develop a kind of intuition. You want to come in with approximately what you know the needs are. I mean I'm basically a gun for hire. Someone hires me, and I do the best I can for as long as they want me. And then I'm gone.

Most people think that screenwriting is only dialogue and that we're those people who write those dreadful lines that all those nice, wonderful actors have to say. The reality is that the single most important thing contributed by the screenwriter is the structure. It's a terrible thing for a writer to admit, but in terms of screenwriting, dialogue doesn't really matter as much as in plays and books—because you have the camera. Ultimately, I'm only as good as the others allow me to be. It doesn't matter how good or bad a scene I write. If it's a bad shot, badly lit, badly acted, badly edited, badly directed, if the producer has not functioned to let the director try to be clear—in other words, we're—*all* of us—at each other's mercy. Movies are a group endeavor. Of course we live in a world where people think the director is this giant genius "having dreams," as Robert Altman would say: "I woke up with a dream, and there it was." But basically there are seven people who are essential to a film, and if the film's going to be really any good, all seven—the director, the producer, the players, the cinematographer, the production designer, the cutter, and the writer—have to be at their best. Now sometimes the composer is essential, and sometimes the special-effects man is essential. The most important single thing in *Jaws*, for instance, was the shark, and the most important single thing, I think, in *The Exorcist* was Dick Smith's makeup on the girl. Really dazzling makeup is hard to do.

Same is true of the cinematographer. The director doesn't look through the camera except to see if the shot is showing. The lighting—in other words *how it looks on film*—is the province of the cameraman. But one of the reasons cameramen have much better lives than writers is because nobody says to a cameraman, "I'll fix the lighting" because nobody knows how to do it.

The only one who gets screwed around with basically is the writer, because everybody knows the alphabet. And the producer makes contributions and so does the actor's mistress and so does the agent, and all that. That's why I say the first draft of the screenplay is all that gives me pleasure. The rest of it is basically dealing with exigencies that you know are going to happen. I am making this up now, but suppose you have a part in your script and suddenly someone says to you, "I hear Ali MacGraw wants to go to work. If we can build up the girl's part we have a shot at getting Ali because I know she wants to do a movie in the jungle." So that part *balloons*. Or Jack Nicholson doesn't want to play a loser. You get the idea.

One of the great examples of how Hollywood louses up things is Richard



BUTCH CASSIDY: Ignoring their plight, the boys plot the future. One of the few scenes about which Goldman can say, "Yes, I am proud of that."

Brooks's film *Lord Jim*, and I don't say Brooks did it intentionally. But the novel is about a man who has a moment of cowardice and who spends the rest of his life trying to explain that moment of cowardice. Well, nobody would have played the part. The stars would say, "I'm not a coward." So the movie is about a guy who *doesn't* have a moment of cowardice and then explains his moment of noncowardice, right? It's really madness, but you're dealing with performers of talent and enormous egos. We all have that. And they are not going to play losers.

Screenwriting is a peculiar thing. I mean, we're this appendage in the business. They would like to do without us, kind of, but they can't get a movie made without us. And most screenwriters, most of us, are not very good. We really aren't. But basically we are very important, and everybody in the business knows we are important. And everybody outside the business doesn't understand what we do, and there's no reason to really know what we do. Nobody understands what a cameraman does, and they shouldn't. Do they like the movie? Did you have fun at *Jaws* is really all that matters. It just doesn't matter who made the monster.

I tend to research my screenplays a lot, and then I write them very, very quickly. The reason that I am fast, if I know what I am doing, is that the scene is kind of *there*. Ultimately, what you try to do is to wallow through all that stuff and find what the story's going to be: the basic thread that you can hang everything else on.

When I am doing an adaptation, I read the source book first. If I am not kicked by the source book, I can't do it. I have to *like* it. Then I reread the book several times. The first time, I mark in color the things I think are useful. The next time, I use a different color pen and mark things that I still think are useful; the third time, I use a different color pen, and then when I am very full with the material, I'll look at those things I marked *every* time, and I will think, "That must be good. I must try to use that." I throw away things that are only marked from *one* reading's color.

But that's not what I mean by a lot of the research. The battle of Arnhem, although it's not famous in America, is probably, after Dunkirk, the single most famous action in World War II for the British. And almost everybody involved who survived wrote about the battle of Arnhem, so in addition to reading *A Bridge Too Far* at least a half-dozen times, for instance, and interviewing a few people, I must have read at least twenty other books dealing with that particular battle.

For *All the President's Men* I read all the shit on Watergate and talked to many of the people involved. Bob Woodward was incredibly helpful. I remember saying at one point, "What were the *essential*, basic, crucial things that happened?" And he listed something like thirteen of them. The book runs about 350 pages, and the movie ends somewhere near page 190, on their Haldeman screw-up. And the notion on that was since Woodward and Bernstein had become media darlings, there was no point in glorifying them. Wouldn't it be classier, maybe, to end on their screw-up and let the audience carry the fact out of the theater that *Woodward and Bernstein were right*? Now in doing that, we lost a lot of wonderful material, most notably Judge Sirica. But ultimately, we

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were doing a movie that could run only about two hours and fifteen minutes.

On *President's Men* I had Woodward's list of crucial anecdotes—the break-in, the General Accounting Office scene, and so on to help with the organization. I think I had that. Sometimes I'll write down a scrap of dialogue to remind me of a scene, but usually I have it in my head. Lately I've been doing this. I'll write down a list of scenes—thirty, forty, eighty, scenes. They won't be scenes really, but key words—like fifty words, and each word is supposed to remind me of a scene that *promotes* the story.

One of the things you do when you are dealing with real events is to truncate, to try to make things move as quickly as possible as long as you stay faithful to the reality or logic of the thing. I did an interview with somebody who was talking about *Marathon Man*. In the movie Olivier goes into the diamond district and is discovered by some Jews, and this guy was objecting to the logic of Olivier going into the diamond district. I said, "Did you like the scene of Olivier almost being caught?" And he said, yes, he thought it was the best scene of the picture. And I said, "Okay, then I would argue that since it doesn't affect the general structure of the film, it *doesn't matter* why he goes into the diamond district." In other words, if the diamond district had led to his being caught by Dustin Hoffman, then you could say, "Hey, wait a minute. This really is a crucial part of the plot. It's wrong." But in essence, that scene in the movie is like "Ol' Man River" in *Show Boat*. It's a turn. "Ol' Man River" doesn't advance the story. It just makes the trip more pleasant. And that's what that scene in *Marathon Man* was. It's just a very exciting piece of cinema.

I worked on *Butch Cassidy* for eight years. Originally it was called *The Sundance Kid and Butch Cassidy*. I always liked the Sundance Kid first. Paul Newman liked the screenplay and was going to play the Sundance Kid. But he had script problems because secretly in his heart of hearts, I think, he thought that Butch Cassidy was a better part. George Hill, when he read the screenplay and agreed to direct it, assumed that Newman would play Butch. When he said that to Newman (I was not present at this—I was told this by Hill), Newman *leaped* to that assumption. His script problems just vanished with the wind because he suddenly had the part that he thought he was better for, and the title—because he was the star of the movie—obviously that day became *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

What's historically accurate in the movie is that Butch was the head of a gang that was called the Wild Bunch, secondarily called the Hole in the Wall Gang. (The reason we used the Hole in the Wall Gang is that Peckinpah changed the title of his movie to *The Wild Bunch*, creating a moment of wild panic. Everyone wondered, *what was it about?* For a while, we didn't know.) Anyway, Butch was an extremely affable leader, not a shooter or a fighter or any of those things. To stop the train robbery, E. H. Harriman formed what I called a superposse. In truth, when Butch heard about that and heard who the enemy was, he and Sundance and Etta took off. The superposse never chased him. So I had to write that whole chase, which must be thirty, forty pages. I don't know. In reality, they went on to become legendary in South America. So it was crucial that I get them to South America.



MARATHON MAN: One of the most chilling sights in any Goldman movie. "I've always been panicked by dentists," Goldman says.

In fact, though, when the screenplay was first made available to people, the criticism was "Get rid of that South American shit." And I would answer, 'But they *did* it. It happened." And they would say, "We don't care if it happened. John Wayne doesn't run away. You can't have your hero run away."

Anyway, that central part of the script—this posse *machine* that was going to kill them—is all made up. Robbing the bank in Spanish and not knowing how to speak Spanish is all made up. What is verifiably real, I suppose, is very little. I hope the *spirit* of the script is real. I hope the two guys are like what they were like.

A lot of things about *Butch* are very different and unusual for a western, none of which was intended by me. There is no confrontation scene. There is little violence. It is very chatty, a very talky movie. Not a lot happens. One of the panicky things in doing the film was, I felt there wasn't enough action for it to be an action film, and it wasn't funny enough to be a comedy, and if we didn't *like* those two guys, we were all in trouble. And so I felt that we had to like those two people. They had to be affable or that was it. So the humor was Jack Benny–like, slow and amiable—not Bob Hope–ish, with punch line after punch line.

When I think of myself as a movie writer, it is as a genre writer. I tend to do one movie of each type. I doubt that I'll ever write another western or another war movie. I wrote my caper picture—*The Hot Rock*. I am very anxious to write a musical. And I want to do a romantic-comedy-thriller type. I want to write those kinds of movies for which I had great affection as a child and for which I have great affection now. I want to try and write one of each of them and then try something else. Since *A Bridge Too Far*, I am offered a lot of big war movies. Well, I've done that. I think it would be extremely dull to try it again.

I have a theory. In the early years of my career I used to write a lot of short stories, and I was not very good at it. Finally, in the late Fifties or early Sixties, I wrote a decent short story—but it was never published. Everybody turned it down. I think I got seventy-eight rejections on it. I thought, 'They don't want me." I finally did something that was as good as I thought I could do, and nobody wanted it. There was no point in continuing. I assume that if anybody had taken my short stories I would never have gotten into screenwriting. I didn't *seek* screenwriting. I had a certain skill and facility for that kind of writing, and since my career has clearly gone so well as a screenwriter, I think I keep doing it because they want me.

I do wonder about Joan Didion, who I think is so fabulously gifted. I wonder why she wastes time doing movies. I assume her answer would be the same as mine. If I wrote novels every day, I wouldn't write movies. It's as simple as that. I wrote my first novel when I was twenty-four. Now I've written ten novels. Well, that's one every two years and I have got to do something in between. So what I have found to do in between is write movies.

I don't have very much respect for anyone who is *just* a screenwriter, in terms of their writing. Writing a poem is hard. Writing a sonnet is hard. But writing a screenplay . . . it's not that it's easy . . . it's different. It's, as I've said, basically a skill. Writing a sonnet is only a skill to sonneteers. To most of us, it's awesome. How do you make the lines rhyme? How do you make it so concise?

I remember once I was at a gathering at which most of the people in the room were screenwriters. And they were the most despair-ridden people. All you had to do was say "rewrites" or whatever and they had horror stories to tell, because ultimately if you *are* just a screenwriter it is denigrating to the soul. Your life is constantly trompled on by directors who are insecure or stars who want to have their parts made bigger. Nobody in the world—maybe it's too strong a statement—but there's almost nobody in the world who wants to be *just* a screenwriter. They want to be producers or else they want to be directors. They are using screenwriting as a stepping-stone to some other source of power.

The only thing about me as a screenwriter that makes me different from most other screenwriters—not better or worse, but different—is that I don't want to be a producer or a director. I don't want any more power than I have. I don't know if I could *have* any more power, but I sure don't want it, because in my heart I am a novelist. I think there is an adversary situation between writers and directors, [illegible] say it's all theirs. They *really* do, and they're frustrated because most of them can't write, and secretly they all wish they could. So I try to think of myself as being supportive. And if somebody asks for a rewrite, I will give it to them if I feel I can. If I can't, I'll leave the picture.

I don't think I am a very good rewriter. I don't like to rewrite. I don't enjoy it. One of the reasons I left the theater is that I hated the on-the-road experience on Broadway. I hated being out of town and that kind of thing. That's one of the reasons I don't like being on the floor of the movie when they are shooting. That's peculiar. Most screenwriters would say I am just insane on that, but as a rule I don't like to be because I think (a) usually I've done the best I could by the time we come to shooting and (b) I'm on to something else, and I think I'm a disturbing force on the floor for the actors.

On the other hand, I have always wanted to do script doctoring. It must be a terrific thing. When you're the screenwriter on a project, you are always the villain. "Why isn't it better? Why isn't it quicker? Why is it so long?" If you're the doctor, though, (a) the movie is already in trouble and (b) you can't hurt it. They *love* you! All you can do is help them.

[illegible] I have a reputation as a money writer [illegible]—this sounds very bullshitty—I've *never* written for money. By which I don't mean that I am artistic and pure. What I mean is, money has *happened*. It's gone along with what I've written—especially in film. And I like to think one of the reasons for that is I've wanted to do what I've done. I have gotten very few compliments that I treasure in my life, but one of them is from Stanley Donen, a wonderful director who is now out of repute (but who will be hot again because the wheel keeps spinning. Out There.) He said, "You're very tough." And I said, "Why?" And he said, 'Because you cost a lot, and you have to want to do what you do." I think that's true of me and basically of almost everybody I know in the picture business who's above the water level on the iceberg. We're all clinging to the iceberg, and the water level is rising constantly.

I don't read reviews. I have a defense against all of that stuff. I do not read those things that I don't ordinarily read in my ordinary life. Besides *Sports Illustrated*, *The Sporting News*, and *Variety*, I read *The New York Times*, the New York *Daily News*, and the *New York Post*. I tend to get bad reviews—I have for twenty years—in New York, in particular; and so it would be madness to seek out what *The New Yorker* or *Time* said about me. It has nothing to do [illegible].

Once I was in my dentist's office, and I saw a review of *Slap Shot*. I wanted

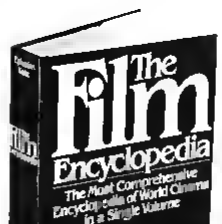
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George Hill to do well...so I read it. It was by John Simon. The opening paragraph was something like (I'll misquote it), "George Roy Hill is a very careful director who makes very good movies when he is not working with William Goldman." Well, I had nothing to do with *Slap Shot*. I read that gratuitous cheap shot, and I said, "Jesus Christ, don't do that." All I expect of any decent critic is honesty.

I told you about the compliment given me by Stanley Donen. The other compliment that I treasure is from a friend of mine who said to me, "Whatever part of you is a writer you really protect." It seems to me that's essential, because the minute you start getting involved with reviews or interviews or hype on movies or *any* kind of stuff like that—it has nothing to do with writing. And you can begin to become Peter Bogdanovich and believe your own press clippings, and then it's disaster time. It seems to me that the essential thing is to maintain a low profile and go about your business as quietly as you possibly can.

I'm really crazy. How can I put this? I *don't like* my writing. I like one book, which is *The Princess Bride*. And I like my children's book, *Wigger*. I don't really like anything else. There are individual scenes that I think are nice, but as a rule, I don't ever go back and look at what I have written because it is too embarrassing. One of the reasons I write so fast is that one of the pleasures is getting done with it, if that makes sense. Basically I think that accounts for a great deal of the way I write. I suppose one of the reasons why I am so good about deadlines is the fact that meeting deadlines is one of the few prides that I can have, since the writing is sure as shit not Shakespearean, the least I can do is get it in on time.

What I dislike is that horrible thing that your writing is never really as good on paper as it is in your head. If we're talking about movies—I'll use *Butch Cassidy*—there are only two scenes in *Butch Cassidy* that I can read with a certain amount of pleasure: the scene just before the jump on the cliff and the scene after the shoot-out. That whole dialogue about "I got a great idea about where we should go next"— I can look at that and say, 'Yes, I am proud of that scene.' They are dying, and they don't mention that they're dying. But for the most part you are confronted with your own inadequacies.

If I were a scrambling young writer trying to break into films today, I would write an original screenplay and use any contact that I possibly had to get me in to see anybody who would read it. Anybody whom your second cousin Sadie went to high school with thirty-five years ago who knows somebody who works in the mailroom at William Morris is a help. Anything to cut yourself away from the herd. I would try to find out what kind of films seem to be meeting with public acceptance that I felt I could write with some passion, and I would write an original screenplay and then flog the shit out of it. I remember once driving up to see Paul Newman after Paul had agreed to do *Harper*. He agreed to do *Harper* with great quickness because he had been given the script when he was in Europe in agony doing a disastrous film called *Lady L*. Newman had to wear tights, and he felt all wrong for it. *Harper* was very Americana and he *jumped* for it.

I remember Elliott Kastner, the producer, looking at me and saying on the way back from the meeting, "You don't know what's just happened, do you?" And I said, "No." He said, "You jumped past all the shit." Which was true. Automatically I wasn't a nobody anymore. I was a somebody who had written a Paul Newman picture. But when I say flog it with everything you can, I also mean don't write stuff you can't handle. If you don't like romantic comedies, don't write *Annie Hall*. You have to write your best, or you're dead.

HOW DO you break in? It's very hard. You do anything to cut yourself away from the herd. You just hustle and get lucky.

"How do you break in?" It's very hard. The answer is a wonderful quote from a great basketball player, Ed Macauley. "When you are not practicing, remember, someone somewhere is practicing, and when you meet him he will win." The same is true in screenwriting. You just hustle your ass off and get lucky.

Writing, ultimately, is really about one thing: going into a room and doing it. No one is going to do it for you. There's part of us that wants to be flattered, part of us that wants to believe we're wonderful. And the fact is, we're not. We're all of us just trying to get through the day. I believe that what's dangerous about being flattered is you begin to believe it and then to expect it and then all of a sudden it takes you farther and farther away from going into a room by yourself.

The Esquire Film Quarterly will next appear in the January issue.



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FICTION BY RAYMOND CARVER

I HAD A JOB AND PATTI DIDN'T. I WORKED A FEW HOURS A night for the hospital. It was a nothing job. I did some work, signed the card for eight hours, went drinking with the nurses. After a while, Patti wanted a job. She said she needed a job for her self-respect. So she started selling multiple vitamins and minerals door to door.

For a while she was just another girl who went up and down blocks in strange neighborhoods knocking on doors. But she learned the ropes. She was quick and had excelled at things in school. She had personality. Pretty soon the company gave her a promotion. Some of the girls who weren't doing so hot were put to work under her. Before long she had herself a crew and a little office out in the mall. But the names and faces of the girls who worked for her were always changing. Some girls would quit after a few days, after a few hours sometimes. One or two of the girls were good at it. They could sell vitamins. These girls stuck with Patti. They formed the core of the crew. But there were girls who couldn't give away vitamins.

The girls who couldn't cut it would last a week or so and then quit. Just not show for work. If they had a phone they'd take it off the hook. They wouldn't answer their door. At first Patti took these losses to heart, like the girls were new converts who had lost their way. She blamed herself. But she got over that. Too many girls quit. Once in a while a girl would quit on her first day in the field. She'd freeze and not be able to push the doorbell. Or maybe she'd get to the door and something would happen to her voice. Or she'd get the opening remarks mixed up with something she shouldn't be saying until she got inside. Maybe it was then the girl would decide to bunch it, take the sample case, and head for the car, where she hung around until Patti and the others had finished. There'd be a hasty one-on-one conference. Then they'd all ride back to the office. They'd say things to buck themselves up. "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." And, "Do the right

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ILLUSTRATION • ROBERT MASON

things and the right things will happen." Stuff like that. Now and then a girl disappeared in the field, sample case and all. She'd hitch a ride into town, then beat it. Just disappear. But there were always girls to take their places. Girls were coming and going in those days. Patti had a list. Every few weeks or so she ran a little ad in *The Pennysaver* and more girls showed up and another training session was in order. There was no end of girls.

The core group was made up of Patti, Donna, and Sheila. My Patti was a beauty. Donna and Sheila were medium-pretty. One night Sheila confessed to Patti that she loved her more than anything on earth. Patti told me she used those words. Patti had driven her home and they were sitting in front of Sheila's apartment. Patti said she loved her, too. She loved all her friends. But not in the way Sheila had in mind. Then Sheila touched Patti's breast. She brushed the nipple through Patti's blouse. Patti took Sheila's hand and held it. She told her she didn't swing that way. Sheila didn't bat an eye. After a minute, she nodded. But she kept Patti's hand. She kissed it, then got out of the car.

THAT WAS AROUND CHRISTMAS. The vitamin business was off, and we thought we'd have a party to cheer everybody up. It seemed like a good idea at the time. But Sheila got drunk early and passed out. She passed out on her feet, fell over and didn't wake up for hours. One minute she was standing in the middle of the living room, laughing. Then her eyes closed, the legs buckled, and she went down with a glass in her hand. The hand holding the drink smacked the coffee table as she fell. She didn't make a sound otherwise. The drink poured onto the rug. Patti and I and somebody else lugged her out to the back porch and put her down on a cot and tended to forget about her.

Everybody got drunk and then went home. Patti went to bed. I wanted to keep on, so I sat at the table with a drink until it began to get light out. Then Sheila came in from the porch and began complaining. She said she had this headache that was so bad it was like somebody was sticking hot wires into her temples. It was such a headache, she said, she was afraid it might leave her with a permanent squint. And she was sure her little finger was broken. She showed it to me. It looked purple. She bitched that we'd let her sleep all night with her contacts in. She wanted to know didn't anybody give a shit. She brought the finger up close and looked at it. She shook her head. She held the finger as far away as she could and looked some more. It was as if she couldn't believe the things that must have happened to her that night. Her face was puffy, and her hair was all over. She looked hateful and half-crazy. She ran cold water over her finger. "God, oh God," she said and cried some over the sink.

But she'd made a serious pass at Patti, a declaration of love, and I didn't have sympathy.

I was drinking Scotch and milk with a sliver of ice. Sheila leaned against the drainboard. She watched me from little slits of eyes. I took some of my drink. I didn't say anything. She went back to telling me how bad she felt. She said she needed to see a doctor. She said she was going to wake Patti. She said she was quitting, leaving the state, going to Portland, and she had to say goodbye to Patti. She kept on. She wanted Patti to drive her to the emergency room.

"I'll drive you," I said. I didn't want to do it, but I would.

"I want Patti to drive me," she said. She was holding the wrist of her bad hand with her good hand, the little finger as big as a pocket flashlight. "Besides, we need to talk. I want to tell her I'm leaving. I need to tell her I'm going to Portland. I need to say goodbye."

I said, "I guess I'll have to tell her for you. She's asleep."

She turned mean. "We're *friends*," she said. "I have to talk to her. I have to tell her myself."

I shook my head. "She's asleep. I just said so."

"We're friends and we love each other," she said. "I have to say goodbye to her." She made to leave the kitchen.

I started to get up. I said, "I told you I'll drive you."

"You're drunk! You haven't even been to bed yet." She looked at her finger again and said, "Goddamn, why'd this have to happen?"

"Not too drunk to drive you to the hospital," I said.

"I won't ride with you, you bastard!" Sheila yelled.

"Suit yourself. But you're not going to wake Patti. Lesbo bitch," I said.

"Bastard," she said. She said that, and then she went out of the kitchen and out the front door without using the bathroom or even washing her face. I got up and looked out the window. She was walking down the road toward Fulton Avenue. Nobody else was up. It was too early.

I finished my drink and thought about fixing another one. I fixed one.

Nobody saw any more of Sheila. None of us vitamin-related people anyway. She walked to Fulton Avenue and out of our lives. Later on that day Patti said, "What happened to Sheila?" and I said, "She went to Portland." That was that. Patti didn't ask the details.

I HAD THE HOTS FOR DONNA, THE OTHER member of the core group. We'd danced to some Duke Ellington records that night. I'd held her pretty tight, smelled her hair, and kept a hand at the small of her back as I guided her over the rug. I got turned on dancing with her. I was the only guy at the party, and there were six or seven girls dancing with each other. It was a turn-on to look around the living room.

I was in the kitchen when Donna came in with her empty glass. We were alone for a minute. I got her into a little embrace. She hugged me back. We stood there and hugged.

Then she said, "Don't. Not now." When I heard that "Not now," I let go and figured it was money in the bank.

So I'd been at the table reconstructing that hug, Donna on my mind, when Sheila came in with her burn finger.

I thought some more on Donna. I finished the drink. I took the phone off the hook and headed for the bedroom. I took off my clothes and got in beside Patti. I lay for a minute, winding down. Then I started in. But she didn't wake up. Afterwards, I closed my eyes.

It was afternoon when I opened them again, and I was in bed alone. Rain was blowing against the window. A sugar doughnut lay on Patti's pillow, and a glass of old water sat on the nightstand. I was still drunk and couldn't figure anything out. I knew it was Sunday and close to Christmas. I ate the doughnut and drank the water. I went back to sleep until I heard Patti running the vacuum. She came into the bedroom and asked about Sheila. That's when I told her, said she'd gone to Portland.

A WEEK OR SO INTO THE NEW YEAR, Patti and I were having a drink. She'd just come home from work. It wasn't so late, but it was dark and rainy. I was going to work in a couple of hours. But first we were having us some Scotch and talking. Patti was tired. She was down in the dumps and onto her third drink. Nobody was buying vitamins. She was reduced to Donna and Sandy, a semi-new girl who was a kleptomaniac. We were talking about things like negative weather and the number of parking tickets Patti had accumulated and let go. Finally, how maybe we'd be better off if we moved to Arizona, someplace like that.

I fixed us another one. I looked out the window. Arizona wasn't a bad idea.

Patti said, "Vitamins." She picked up her glass and swirled the ice. "For shit's sake! I mean, when I was a girl this is the last thing I ever saw myself doing. Jesus, I never thought I'd grow up to sell vitamins. Door-to-door vitamins. This beats everything. This blows my mind."

"I never thought so either, honey," I said.

"That's right," she said. "You said it in a nutshell."

"Honey."





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"Don't honey me," she said. "This is hard, brother. This life is not easy, any way you cut it."

She seemed to think things over for a minute. She shook her head. Then she finished her drink. She said, "I even dream of vitamins when I'm asleep. I don't have any relief. There's no relief! At least you can walk away from your job after work and leave it behind. Forget about it. I'll bet you haven't had one dream about your job. You don't come home dead tired and fall asleep and dream you're waxing floors or whatever you do down there. Do you? After you've left the goddamn place, you don't come home and dream about the goddamn job!" she screamed.

I said, "I can't remember what I dream. Maybe I don't dream. I don't remember anything when I wake up." I shrugged. I didn't keep track of what went on in my head when I was asleep. I didn't care.

"You dream!" Patti said. "Even if you don't remember. Everybody dreams. If you didn't dream, you'd go crazy. I read about it. It's an outlet. People dream when they're asleep. Or else they'd go nuts. But when I dream, I dream of vitamins. Do you see what I'm saying?" She had her eyes fixed on me.

"Yes and no," I said. It wasn't a simple question.

"I dream I'm pitching vitamins," she went on. "I dream I've run out of vitamins and I have a dozen orders waiting to be written if I can just show them the damn *product*. Understand? I'm selling vitamins day and night. Jesus, what a life," she said. She finished her drink.

"How's Sandy doing? She still have sticky fingers?" I wanted to get us off this subject. But there wasn't anything else.

PATTI SAID, "SHIT," AND SHOOK her head as if I didn't know anything. We listened to it rain.

"Nobody is selling vitamins," Patti said. She picked up her glass. But it was empty. "Nobody is buying vitamins. That's what I'm telling you. I just told you that. Didn't you hear me?"

I got up to fix us another one. "Donna doing anything?" I read the label on the bottle and waited.

Patti said, "She made a little sale a few days ago. That's all. That's all that's happened this week. It wouldn't surprise me if she quit. I wouldn't blame her," Patti said. "If I was in her place, I'd think of quitting. But if she quits, then what? Then I'm back at the start, that's what. Ground zero. The middle of winter, people sick all over the state, people dying, and nobody thinks they need vitamins. I'm sick as hell myself."

"What's wrong, honey?" I put the drinks on the table and sat down. She went on as if I hadn't said anything. "Maybe I hadn't. "I'm my own best customer," she said. "I've taken so many vitamins I think they may be doing something to my skin. Does my skin look okay to you? Can a person OD on vitamins? I'm getting to where I can't even go to the bathroom like a normal person."

"Honey," I said.

Patti said, "You don't care if I take vitamins. That's the point. You don't care about anything. The windshield wiper quit this afternoon in the rain. I almost had a wreck. I came this close."

We went on drinking and talking until it was time for me to go to work. Patti said she was going to soak in a hot tub if she didn't fall asleep first. "I'm asleep on my feet," she said. She said, "Vitamins, for shit's sake. That's all there is anymore." She looked around the kitchen. She looked at her empty glass. "Why in hell aren't you rich?" She laughed. She was drunk. But she let me kiss her. Then I left for work.

THERE WAS A PLACE I WENT TO after work. I'd started going for the music and because I could get a drink there after closing hours. It was a place called the Off Broadway. It was a spade place in a spade neighborhood. It was run by a spade named Khaki and was patronized by spades, along with a few whites. People would show up after the other places in town had stopped serving. They'd ask for house specials—RC Colas with a belt of whiskey—or else they'd bring their own stuff in under their coats or in the women's ditty bags, order RC, and build their own. Musicians showed up to jam, and the drinkers who wanted to keep drinking came to drink and listen to the music. Sometimes people danced on the little dance floor. But usually they sat in the booths and drank and listened to the music.

Now and then a spade hit another spade in the head with a bottle. Once, a story went around that somebody had followed another somebody into the Gents and cut the man's throat while he stood in front of the urinal. But I never saw any trouble. Nothing that Khaki couldn't handle. Khaki was a big spade with a bald head that gleamed under the fluorescents. He wore Hawaiian-print shirts that hung over his pants. I think he carried a pistol inside his waistband. At least a sap. If somebody started to get out of line, Khaki would walk over to where it was beginning, some voice rising over the other voices and the music. He'd rest his big hand on the party's shoulder and say a few words and that was that. I'd been going there off and on for months. I was pleased that he'd say things to me like, 'How're you doing tonight, friend?" Or, "Friend, I haven't seen you for a spell. Glad to see you. We're here to have fun."

The Off-Broadway is where I took Donna on our first and last date.

I WALKED OUT OF THE HOSPITAL JUST after midnight. It'd cleared up and stars were out. I still had this buzz from the Scotch I'd had with Patti. But I was thinking to hit New Jimmy's for a quick one on the way home. Donna's car was parked in the space beside my car. Donna was inside the car. I remembered that hug we'd had in the kitchen. "Not now," she'd said.

I walked over to her door. She rolled the window down and knocked ashes from her cigarette.

"I couldn't sleep," she said. "I have things on my mind, and I couldn't sleep."

I said, "Donna. Hey, I'm glad to see you."

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she said.

"You want to go someplace for a drink? I could have been out of this place an hour ago." I said.

"I haven't been here long. Anyway, I needed time to think. I guess one drink can't hurt. Patti's my friend," she said. "You know that."

"She's my friend too," I said. Then I said, "Let's go."

"Just so you know," she said.

"There's this place. It's a spade place," I said. "They have music. We can get a drink. Listen to some music."

"You want to drive me?" Donna said. "Scoot over."

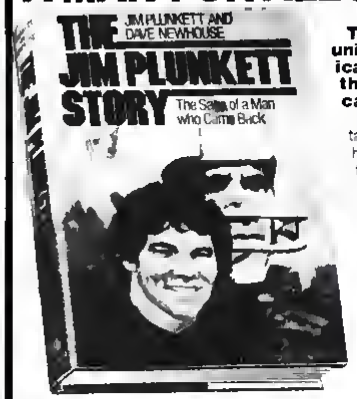
SHE STARTED IN ABOUT VITAMINS. Vitamins were in a skid, vitamins had taken a nose dive. The bottom had fallen out of the market.

Donna said, "I hate to do this to Patti. She's my best friend, and she's trying to build things up for us. But I may have to quit. This is between us. Swear it!" But I have to eat. I have to pay rent. I need new shoes and a new coat. Vitamins can't cut it," she said. "I don't think vitamins is where it's at anymore. I haven't said anything to Patti. Like I said, I'm still just thinking about it."

Donna's hand lay next to my leg. I reached down and squeezed her fingers. She squeezed back. Then she took her hand away and pushed in the lighter. After she had her cigarette going, she put the hand back on the seat next to my leg. "Worse than anything, I hate to let Patti down. You know what I'm saying? We were a team." She handed me her cigarette. "I know it's a different brand," she said, "but try it, you might like it."

I pulled into the lot for the Off-Broadway. Three spades leaned against an old Chrysler that had a cracked front windshield. They were just lounging, passing a bottle in a paper sack. They looked us over. I got out and went around to open the door for Donna. I checked the doors, took her arm, and we headed for the street. The spades watched but didn't say anything.

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"You're not thinking about moving to Portland?" I said. We were on the sidewalk. I put my arm around her waist.

"I don't know anything about Portland. Portland hasn't once crossed my mind."

The front half of the Off-Broadway was like a regular spade cafe and bar. A few spades sat at the counter and a few more worked over plates of food at tables covered with red oilcloth. We passed through the café and into a big room in back. There was a long counter with booths against the wall. But at the back of the room was a platform where musicians could set up. In front of the platform was something that could pass for a dance floor. Bars and nightclubs were still serving, so people hadn't turned up at the Off-Broadway in any large numbers yet. I helped Donna take off her coat. We settled ourselves in a booth and put our cigarettes on the table. The spade waitress named Hannah came over. Hannah and me nodded. She looked at Donna. I ordered us two RC Cola specials and decided to feel good about things.

After the drinks came and I'd paid and we'd each had a sip, we started hugging. We carried on lightly for a while, squeezing and patting, kissing each other's face. Every so often Donna would stop and draw back, push me away a little, then hold me by the wrists. She'd gaze into my eyes. Then her lids would close slowly and we'd fall to kissing again. Pretty soon the place began to fill. We stopped kissing. But I kept my arm around her. She ran her fingers up and down my thigh. A couple of spade horn players and a white drummer began fooling around with a piece. I figured Donna and me would have another drink and listen to the set. Then we'd leave and go to her place to finish what we'd started.

I'd just ordered two more from Hannah when this spade named Benny came over with this other spade, a big, dressed-up spade. The big spade had little red eyes and was wearing a three-piece gray pinstripe that looked new but was tight in the shoulders, a rose-colored shirt, a tie, topcoat, a fedora. All of it.

HOW'S MY MAN?" SAID BENNY. Benny stuck out his hand for a brother handshake. Benny and I had talked. He knew I liked jazz, and he used to come over to the booth and talk whenever he and I were in the place at the same time. He liked to talk about Johnny Hodges, how he had played sax accompaniment for Johnny. He'd say things like, 'When Johnny and me had this gig in Mason City.'

"Hi, Benny," I said.

"I want you to meet Nelson," Benny said. "He just back from Vietnam today. This morning. He here to listen to some of these good sounds. He got his dancing shoes on in case." He looked at Nelson and nodded. "This here is Nelson."

I was looking at Nelson's shiny black shoes, and then I looked at Nelson. He seemed to want to place me from somewhere. He studied me. Then he let loose a rolling grin that showed his teeth. He looked down the booth.

"This is Donna," I said. "Donna, this is Benny, and this is Nelson. Nelson, this is Donna."

"Hello, girl," Nelson said, and Donna said right back, 'Hello there, Nelson. Hello, Benny."

"Maybe we'll just slide in and join you folks?" Benny said. "Okay?"

I said, "Sure." But I was sorry they hadn't found someplace else. "We're not going to be here long," I said. "Long enough to finish this drink is all."

"I know, man. I know," Benny said. He sat across from me after Nelson had let himself down into the booth. "Things to do, places to go. Yes sir, Benny knows," he said, and winked.

Nelson looked across the booth to Donna. He stared at her. Then he took off the hat. He seemed to be examining the brim as he turned the hat around in his big hands. He made room for the hat on the table. He looked up at Donna. He grinned and squared his shoulders. He had to square his shoulders every few minutes. It was like he was very tired. I wished they'd go away. I wished they'd have landed someplace else.

"You real good friends with him. I bet," Nelson said to Donna, not wasting a minute.

"We're good friends," Donna said.

Hannah came over. Benny asked for RCs. Hannah went away and Nelson worked a pint of whiskey from his topcoat pocket.

"Good friends," Nelson said. "Real good friends." He unscrewed the lid of his whiskey bottle.

"Watch out, Nelson," Benny said. "Keep that bottle out of sight. Nelson just got off the plane from Vietnam," Benny said.

Nelson raised the bottle and drank some of his whiskey. He screwed the lid back, laid the bottle on the table and tried to cover it with his hat. "Real good friends," he said.

Benny looked at me and rolled his eyes. But he was drunk too. "I got to get into shape," he said to me. He drank RC from both of their glasses and then held the glasses under the table and poured whiskey. He put the bottle in his coat pocket. "Man, I ain't put my lips to a reed for a month now. I got to get with it."

We were bunched in the booth, glasses in front of us, Nelson's hat on the table. "You," Nelson said to me. "You with somebody else, ain't you? This beautiful woman, she ain't your wife. I know that. But you real good friends with this woman. Ain't I right?"

I had some of my drink. I couldn't taste the whiskey. I couldn't taste anything. I said, "Is all that shit about Vietnam true we see on the TV?"

Nelson had his red eyes fixed on me. After a time he said, 'What I want to say is, do you know where your wife is? Hah? I bet she's out with some dude and she be laying in his arms this minute. She be touching his nipples, pulling his pud for him while you sitting here big as life with your good friend. I bet she have herself a good friend, too."

"Nelson," Benny said.

"Nelson nothing," Nelson said.

Benny said, "Nelson, let's leave these people be. There's somebody in that other booth. Somebody I told you about. Nelson just this morning got off a plane," Benny said. "Nelson."

"I bet I know what you thinking," Nelson said. He kept on with it. "I bet you thinking, 'Now here's a big drunk nigger and what am I going to do with him? Maybe I have to whip his ass.' Hah? That what you thinking?"

I looked around the room. I saw Khaki standing near the platform the musicians working away behind him. Some couples were on the floor. People had piled into the booths and were listening to the music. I thought Khaki looked right at me, but if he did, he looked away again.

'Ain't it your turn to talk now?' Nelson said. "I just teasing you. I ain't done any teasing since I left Nam. I teased the gooks some." He grinned again, his big lips rolling back. Then he stopped grinning and just stared.

"Show them that ear," Benny said quickly. He put his empty glass on the table. "Nelson got himself an ear off one of them little dudes," Benny said. 'He carry it with him. Show them, Nelson."

Nelson sat there. Then he started feeling the pockets of his topcoat. He took things out of the pocket. He took out a handkerchief, some keys, a box of cough drops.

Donna said, 'I don't want to see an old ear. Ugh. Double ugh. Jesus.' She looked at me.

"We have to go," I said.

Nelson was still feeling in his pockets. He took a wallet from a pocket inside the suit coat and put it on the table. He patted the wallet. "Five thousand dollars there. Listen here," he said to Donna. "I going to give you two bills. Okay? Two one-hundred dollar bills. I got fifty of them. You with me? I give you two of them. Then I want you to french me. Just like his wife doing some other big fellow. You listening? You know goddamn well she got her lips around somebody's hammer this minute while he here with his hand up your skirt. Fair's fair. Two one-hundreds. Here." He pulled the corners of the bills from his wallet. "Hell, here another hundred for your friend. So he won't feel left out. He don't have to do nothing. You don't have to do nothing," Nelson said to me. "You just sit here and drink your drink. Sit here and listen to the music. Good music. Me and this woman walk out together like good friends. And she walk back in by herself. Won't be long, she be back."

"Nelson," Benny said, "this is no way to talk, Nelson, Nelson."

Nelson grinned. "I finished what I have to say." Then he said, "But I ain't joking." He took the handkerchief and wiped his face. He turned to Benny.

"I always say my mind, Benny, you know me. You still my friend, Benny? Hell, we all good friends. But I want what I want," Nelson said. "And I willing to pay for it. Don't want something for nothing. I pay for it, or I take it. That simple."

He found what he'd been feeling for. It was a silver cigarette case, which he worked open. I looked at the ear inside. It lay on a piece of cotton. The ear was brown, like a dried mushroom. It was beginning to curl. But it was a real ear, and it was attached to a key chain.

"God," said Donna. "Yuck."

Benny and I looked at the ear.

"Something, hah?" Nelson said. He was watching Donna.

'I'm not going outside with you and that's that," Donna said. "No way. I'm not going and that's all there is to it."

"Girl," Nelson said.

"Nelson," I said. And then Nelson fixed his red eyes on me. He pushed the hat and wallet and cigarette case out of his way.

"What do you want?" Nelson said. "I give you what you want."

Benny closed his eyes and then he opened them and said, "Thank heaven, here come Khaki. Nelson, Benny going to make a prediction. Benny predict that in thirty seconds Khaki going to be standing here asking if everything be all right, if everybody happy."

Donna said, "I'm not happy. I'm not one bit happy."

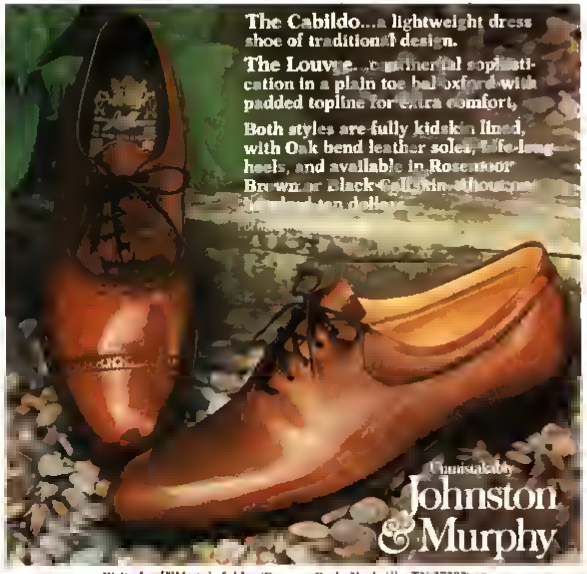
KHAKI CAME OVER TO THE BOOTH and put a hand on my shoulder and the other hand on Benny's shoulder. He leaned over the table, his head shining under the lights. "How you folks? You all having fun?"

"Everything all right, Khaki," Benny said. "Everything A-okay. These people was just fixing to leave. Me and Nelson going to sit here and listen to the music makers."

"That's good," Khaki said. "Folks be happy is my motto." He looked around the booth. He looked at Nelson's wallet on the table and at the open cigarette case next to the wallet. He saw the ear.

"That a real ear?" he said.

Benny said, "It is. Show him that ear, Nelson. Nelson just stepped off the plane



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from Vietnam with this ear. This ear has traveled halfway around the world to be on this table tonight. Nelson, show him," Benny said.

Nelson handed the case over to Khaki. Khaki examined the ear. He took up the chain and dangled the ear in front of his face. He looked at it. He let it swing back and forth on the chain. "I heard about these dried-up ears and cocks and such things, but I ain't really believed it. Or I believe it, but I never really believed it till this minute."

"I took it off one of them little gooks," Nelson said. "He couldn't hear nothing with it no more. I wanted me a keepsake.'

'My God," said Khaki. He turned the ear on its chain. "I guess I seen everything.'

Donna and I began getting out of the booth.

"Girl, don't go," Nelson said.

"Nelson," Benny said.

Khaki was watching Nelson now. I stood beside the booth with Donna's coat. My legs were crazy.

Nelson raised his voice. He said, "If you go with this prick here, let him put his face on your sweets, you going to fry in hell with him!"

We started to move away from the booth. People were looking.

"Nelson just got off the plane from Vietnam this morning," I heard Benny say. "We been drinking all day. This been the longest day on record. But me and him we going to be fine. Khaki.'

Nelson yelled something over the music. He yelled, "You fixing to plow that, son of a bitch, but it ain't going to do no good! It ain't going to help none!" I heard him say that, and then I couldn't hear anymore. The music stopped, and then it started again. We didn't look back. We kept going. We got out to the sidewalk.

I OPENED THE DOOR FOR HER AND went around to my side. I drove us back to the hospital. Donna stayed over on her side of the car. From time to time she'd use the lighter on a cigarette, but she wouldn't talk.

I tried to say something. I said, "Maybe I should have taken *his* ear for a souvenir. Look, Donna, don't get on a downer because of this. I'm sorry it happened," I said.

"Maybe I should have taken his money," Donna said. "That's what I was thinking."

I kept driving and didn't look at her. I couldn't say anything that would help.

"It's true," she said. "Maybe I should've taken the money." She shook her head. "I don't know. I don't know what I'm saying. I just shouldn't have been there." Donna began to cry. She put her chin down and cried.

"Don't cry," I said. There was nothing else to say.

"I'm not going in to work tomorrow, today, whenever it is the alarm goes off," she said. "I'm not going in. I'm going to quit. I'm leaving town. I take what happened back there as a sign.' She pushed in the lighter and waited for it to pop out.

I pulled in beside my car and killed the engine. I scanned the rearview, half expecting to see that old Chrysler drive into the lot with Nelson in the front seat. I kept my hands on the wheel for a minute, and then dropped them to my lap. I didn't want to touch Donna. She knew it. She didn't want to be touched either. The hug we'd given each other in my kitchen that night, the kissing we'd done at the Off-Broadway, it seemed to belong to somebody else's life now, not my life.

I said, "What are you going to do?" But right then I didn't care. Right then she could have died of a heart attack and it wouldn't have meant anything.

"Maybe I could go up to Portland," she said. "There must be something in Portland. Portland is on everybody's mind these days. Portland's a drawing card. Portland this, Portland that. Portland's as good a place as any. It's all the same."

"Donna," I said, "I'd better go." I started to let myself out. I cracked the door, and the overhead came on.

"For Christ's sake turn off that light!" I got out in a hurry. "'Night, Donna,' I said. She nodded.

I left her staring at the dash and went to my car. I saw her move over behind the wheel. Then she just sat there without doing anything. She looked at me. I waved. She didn't wave back. So I started the car and turned on the headlights. I slipped it in gear and fed it the gas. Donna would get herself home okay.

IN THE KITCHEN I POURED SCOTCH, drank some of it, and took the glass into the bathroom. I brushed my teeth. Then I pulled open a drawer. Patti yelled something from the bedroom that I couldn't understand. She opened the bathroom door. She was still dressed. She had fallen asleep with her clothes on.

"What time is it?" she screamed. "I've overslept! Jesus, oh my God! You've let me oversleep, goddamn you!"

She was wild. She stood in the doorway with her clothes on. She could have been fixing to go to work. But there was no sample case, no vitamins. She was having a bad dream, that's all. She began shaking her head back and forth.

I couldn't take any more tonight. "Go back to sleep, honey. I'm looking for something." I said. I knocked stuff out of the medicine cabinet. Things rolled into the sink. "Where's the aspirin?" I said. I knocked down more things. I didn't care. "Goddamn it," I said. Things kept falling. G

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BY TAKI

JET SET IN THE GOLAN

They were bored with Paris, so they decided to take in a tank battle or two



ILLUSTRATION • DAVID CHOLAND

IN THE DAYS before the Greek press and Greek politicians decided to blame the United States for Greece's self-inflicted disasters, I was employed by the oldest and largest selling morning newspaper in Athens, the *Acropolis*. Eventually I lost my job for pulling a Philip Agee in reverse. I published a list of KGB agents in protest over the killing of two American diplomats. But back in October 1973, I was still the *numero uno* correspondent of *Acropolis*, probably because I was the only Greek journalist who could speak another language.

On the first Sunday of October, I went into Athens to play tennis. Sunday morning is the only time one can get a court at the tennis club, because all the Greeks go to church to be absolved of their sins so they can start screwing their fellowmen first thing on Monday. Although I am deeply religious, I go to church when I feel the need, not when it's expected of me. Since I also feel the need to practice my tennis, I used Sunday mornings to hit nonstop backhands for an hour. I had just about finished when I was called to the telephone and told to go down to the newspaper. My boss at the time, the publisher of *Acropolis*, was Nasos Botsis, a seventy-five-year-old lecher who made Warren Beatty seem celibate by comparison. Botsis was rich but always in debt because of his gambling, and he loved young girls, nightclubs and the dissolute life. Needless to say, we were fast friends. That morning when I arrived at the paper, the editor handed me a Telex card and asked me if I was ready to fly to Egypt. The day before, Egyptian troops had thrown pontoon bridges over the Suez Canal and had crossed into the Israeli-occupied Sinai. Simultaneously, Syria had attacked the Golan Heights. Israel was fighting on two fronts, and things looked bad. The Arabs had probably already closed their airports, I figured, since the only people who might want to visit them would be the Israeli commandos. On the other hand, Israel was waiting for all the reservists who were outside Israel proper to fly home. I said, instead of going to Egypt, I'd try to get into Israel. The editor agreed, and so did Botsis once I told him that Israeli women were very sexy and that if Israel survived I would set things up with a couple of lieutenants and he could fly down and join me. His last words to me were, "Make sure they're young and that they wear uniforms."

I managed to get on an El Al flight that was picking up Israelis and flying them back to join their units. My friend John Zographos came to say goodbye at the airport. John believes in the work ethic as much as Khomeini believes in the democratic process, thus he was very upset. "If you really need the money," he had said, "I'll lend it to you. Let's go to Biarritz—the climate is better." But Tel Aviv it was, and soon the pilot announced that he would be dousing the lights and sort of sliding in over the sea at a very low altitude. Having flown Air Vietnam, I didn't worry, but once I got inside the terminal, things got a bit dicey. Imagine trying to get aboard the *Titanic* after the abandon-ship order had been issued, and you'll have a good idea of what I was up against. But eventually I found my friend Joe Fried, whom I had gotten to know in Vietnam.

Fried could best be described as a walking ulcer—a nervous, high-strung reporter who had spent ten years in Vietnam and now, in Israel, he knew everyone and everything there was to know. He got me a pass and told me to rent a car and stay away from the buses that ferried the visiting press corps to the front. I checked into the Hilton Hotel, made arrangements for a car, had some drinks, and retired for the night. Early the next morning Fried and I drove toward the Golan. After Tiberias, the Golan rises forbiddingly. We could hear heavy artillery pounding the junction town of Al-Kuneitra. We drove back, and Fried made the rounds of ministries to gather further information, a pursuit I found to be above and beyond the call of duty. I simply wired a story about how close I had been to the action, and then I retired to the bar of the Hilton to have a look for what the owner of the *Acropolis* had sent me down for.

That was when I saw the strangest scene. It was from a Hollywood movie, or better yet, a Hemingway story filmed by Hollywood. There was Alix Chevassus, all suntanned and soigné, wearing a pith helmet and a khaki uniform last worn by a Bengal lancer, or perhaps by Stewart Granger in *King Solomon's Mines*. His left breast pocket was signed Yves Saint Laurent, and his desert boots were made by Gucci. Now for any of you who haven't heard of Alix, he is the last of the great French playboys. He is a fixture of the European gossip columns and the ex-husband of Maria Niarchos, daughter of the billionaire Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos. (Niarchos threw a bash in 1979, which reputedly cost half a million dollars, to celebrate their marriage; however, the couple broke up a week or two later.) Next to Alix stood a man in a Lacoste shirt whose face looked very familiar; next to him was another playboy, Roger Fourcade, and then my old friend Jean Claude Sauer, from *Paris Match*. All four were cheerfully celebrating.

After the initial greetings Sauer introduced me to the man in the tennis shirt, who turned out to be Group Captain Peter Townsend, the Battle of Britain hero and the man who once loved Princess Mar-

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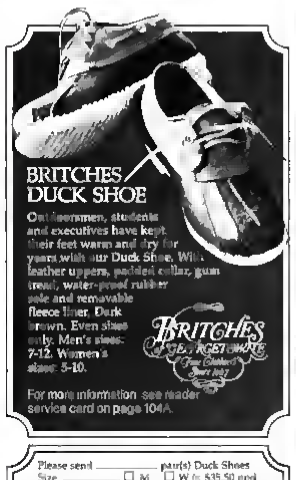
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garet. Townsend was there to report on the war for *Paris Match*, while the other two had decided to fly with Sauer from Paris after a heavy night of drinking at Regine's. Sauer had been there when he got the call from *Paris Match* saying that he had to go to Israel, and he kindly brought along two of his jet-set buddies, who had been bored in Paris. The fact that one of the greatest tank battles in the history of warfare was taking place never seemed to have entered their minds. I found the group an odd one but agreed to take them with me the next day.

The fourth day of the war found the Israelis finally stemming the Syrian tide and beginning to counterattack. Sauer, who used to be a Le Mans racer, was entrusted with the driving, and we tore up toward Al-Kuneitra. As we started the climb toward Al-Kuneitra, we saw the first destroyed Syrian tanks, oodles of supporting infantry were strewn all around. Townsend volunteered the information that he had never seen a dead man before. Sauer and I had a fight because I was sure he would get me killed the way he was driving, and if I had to go, I wanted at least to go as a war correspondent. Alix and Roger egged him on. I was furious, while Townsend, a man who had shot down eleven enemy aircraft, was very quiet. Suddenly we got caught in some heavy incoming artillery. We screeched to a halt and tried to run for cover. But there was no cover to be had, so we lay flat on the ground. Alix, however, froze and wouldn't get out of the car. Finally, swearing, we threw him on the ground. Sauer kept yelling that Regine would never let him back in if something happened to Alix and Roger. I kept thinking how ludicrous it would be to die next to these fools.

When the shelling stopped, Sauer, Townsend, and I left the two playboys behind and pressed on. The Israelis had taken Al-Kuneitra, and we followed their army while it pursued the Syrians. On the way back we picked up the two jet setters, who seemed to have recovered from their ordeal and wanted more action. I am glad to say they did not get it. The following week Sauer, Fried, and I switched to the Sinai and stuck to the company of legitimate correspondents. Back at the Hilton the boys embellished their stories, but after a while they got bored and jetted back to Paris. On the last day of the war, I finally found what Botsis wanted, but sadly, I had to return alone to Athens. Her name was Daphna, and she even wore a uniform. After two weeks of filing two stories per day, a couple of brushes with incoming Syrian shells, a week in the company of jet setters (the most dangerous time of all), I heard only one thing from Botsis when I got back. Why didn't I bring Daphna with me?

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS is a London-based correspondent and author.

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OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

BACK IN BIRDS

The hunter's new year is here, celebrated by a return to the field



ILLUSTRATION • LIZ PYLE

WHEN YOU hunt birds, you do not have to get up at dawn in order to have breakfast. Frank poured a second cup of coffee for himself and one for me. We had already eaten fried eggs, biscuits, and hot country sausage.

"Supposed to be a lot of birds this year," he said. "I talked to a fellow up in the north end of the county, where I used to hunt, and he says he hasn't ever seen so many birds."

'Maybe we ought to drive up to the north end of the county then," I said.

"Nah. Too far. Anyway, there will be plenty of birds around here. I've got a couple of places picked out."

"You've got all the birds named and numbered, too. Right?"

"Not this year. I haven't scouted that much. Been too busy. Seems like I'm too busy to breathe these days. But I can't see where I'm getting all that much done—and I damned sure ain't making any money."

'Running hard just to stay in place?"

'I wish. Anyway, here it is bird season, and I haven't scouted any birds. I haven't shot a gun since last season. But I have worked the dogs. They're ready even if I'm not."

"It's been years for me," I said. "I hope I don't embarrass the dogs."

"Don't think it hasn't happened. I remember a day when I just could not shoot for some damned reason. Couldn't have hit a bull in the ass with a bass fiddle."

Didn't sound likely. I'd never seen anyone who could shoot like Frank could. When he was fourteen he could outshoot all the grown men in a dove field. He was born to handle a shotgun the way Joe Namath was born to throw a football.

"I was having a bad day, you know. Happens to everyoody." He smiled. "You must have a bad day every now and then in the city. Well, after I'd missed about seven straight birds that day, the dogs just sort of walked away and started trotting around the woods like a couple of poodles in the park. Didn't want to have anything to do with me."

"Well, then. I hope I can still shoot."

"Comes right back to you. Don't worry. You want another cup, or do we get up out of these chairs and hunt?"

We got up and walked outside, where the tall yellow pines were shedding the way they do every fall. There were two dogs behind a stretched wire fence in the corner of the yard. Both were setters, one black-and-white and the other almost all white with a few red freckles. They were old but eager, pawing and barking and trying to climb the fence. 'Those two are ready," Frank said. 'They're going to run hard. You haven't forgotten how to walk in the city, have you?"

WE DROVE down the county roads past small patch farms and several stands of regimentally planted pines. It was about nine o'clock. The deer hunters had been out since before dawn, and most of them would be coming back out of the woods in an hour or two, when the football fans would be mixing the first Bloody Marys and checking the television reception.

We pulled off the road and followed a gravel drive around a small pecan orchard into the back yard of the kind of brick bungalow that has replaced old frame farmhouses everywhere. We knocked and a man came to the door. He was thick and smooth, with small eyes and big hands that were twisted and bony. Frank introduced me, and I shook hands with the man. He gripped my hand the same way that he would grip the handle on a shovel.

'You boys fixing to hunt some birds?"

Frank nodded. 'We wanted to ask if we could hunt some of your land. I know it's posted."

"Not to you. That's just to keep out the sons of bitches who bust up fences. You go on and hunt. You ought to find some birds. I just got through combining, and there's beans scattered in those fields."

We thanked the man and drove to a field covered with broomweed. There were some blackjack oaks and a few wind-seeded pines standing in the field like sentries. A wash that ran off to one side was filled with blackberry brambles.

The sun had come clear of the tree line, and a steady breeze stirred the pines. Three or four fields away, a lone hawk cruised the breeze as though it were an interstate, going five minutes between wingbeats. He dove once and came up empty.

The dogs went to work, and we walked behind them. The first stiffness passed, my legs felt limber and strong. The little six pound shotgun, a side-by-side twenty, seemed just right. I felt great. I was one bird hunter who could walk all day long.

' That black-and-white dog is onto something, ' Frank said. The dog had stopped cold and was holding steady as stone except for his tail, which stood



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straight out and quivered like a man fighting an impulse to murder. The other dog came up behind him, saw the point, and froze to honor it. "Tell me that ain't beautiful," Frank said softly.

We walked up to them through the waist-high grass, guns ready. We passed the first dog, and he held point. As we stepped even with the black-and-white, the covey came up. There was a single ragged explosion and then a blur of fragments angling off in a dozen directions. Old reflexes moved the gun to my shoulder, and the barrel covered a single bird moving almost straightaway—the easiest shot. I touched the trigger, and the bird dropped cleanly. The second bird was almost out of range and moving to the right, boring hard for the brambles. I missed.

Frank had hit with both barrels. The dogs brought the birds to him, and he tossed me mine with a soft underhand motion. The bird was a cock with brown body feathers and white on his crown and around his chest. A stately little bird, this bobwhite, and as I noticed the faint beads of blood that oozed through his feathers, I felt the touch of sadness that is the paradox of all hunting. I put the bird in the game pouch of my vest and wiped my hand on my leg.

We hunted the singles, most of them in the brambles, and we each shot a bird. We left the rest and went looking for another covey. There were two more in that field, and all the birds we shot had a crop full of soybeans.

Soybean agriculture has been great for game. There are more birds now than when the farmers planted cotton. Still, you don't shoot every bird in a covey. The foxes will get some, and the hawks will get some. House cats that have been turned out into the woods will get some. Disease and cold will kill some. A few will be hit by cars, and about the same number will be shot. A few birds from every covey will survive all of that—if they aren't overhunted—and in the spring, the cocks will fight for turf and strut for hens. They will pair and breed and nest. And there will be birds again in the fall.

"I told you we'd have birds," Frank said. "You could get them here all through the season, too. But I don't like to work a covey too hard. You've got to know when to quit."

We stopped at midday, tired, hungry, and dry. We drove to a general store where we ate sardines and soda crackers, drank cold tea on the porch, and talked with the owner. The day had turned hot, and I thought of all those people dressed up and drunk for a football game.

"I am sure glad you came," Frank said. "Otherwise I might have missed all this."

"You? Somebody would have to break your legs to keep you out of the woods on opening day—or any other day."

He smiled. "Not anymore."

"You must have cut forty days of school to go hunting. They were always calling your parents."

"I was kind of a buck. It's true."

"And you were the first boy in our group to get a summons."

"Shooting wood ducks after dark. It's the only time you can shoot them. But I'm not proud of that. I don't even hunt ducks anymore. If you hunt public land, there are so many hunters you have to draw blinds in a lottery. If you want to hunt private clubs, you need about two producing oil wells. I just like to get up and go."

We paid for lunch, and the dogs jumped back into the bed of the truck. We were all a little tired now that we'd had time to cool down and stiffen up. The first fifteen minutes of the new field were hard. The twenty-gauge felt heavy now, and my legs were no longer supple and responsive. Frank moved crisply and his example carried all of us. Before long I was revived, and the dogs were back in birds.

We shot all afternoon. First the covey rise and then the singles. Never too many. When we walked, we watched the dogs and talked about this and that.

"You know why I still like to hunt quail?" Frank said. It was near the end of the day, and the dogs were tired. "Because there's more to it than just rolling up the score. I used to count the ducks and the deer. I even won some pretty big money betting on myself in a dove field. But I don't even know how many birds we've shot today. I'm pretty sure we're under the limit, yet I couldn't give you an exact count on a bet. I don't know if it's because I'm older or smarter or lazier, but what I like to do these days is fool around with the dogs and shoot a few birds. I know two things I never knew when I was a kid. I know how to take it slow, and I know when to quit."

We were through hunting now, just walking through the woods on our way back to the car. The sounds of the night creatures were beginning to rise. Long, ragged flights of blackbirds passed overhead. The air was cool and laced with the fragrance of pine, which you do not smell at any other time of day.

We drove back to the house, where we cleaned the birds, fed the dogs, bathed and drank bourbon. Frank's wife put the birds in a Dutch oven and smothered them with onions. I ate four or five. The kids sat in another room of the house, watching something on the television. We did the dishes, and when the children were in bed we drank another glass of bourbon and watched the late news. I recognized the usual Saturday night material—murders, traffic accidents, football riots. Frank turned the set off and yawned. "You know," he said, "I once came about an inch from going to reform school, but damned if I don't feel like the only civilized man in all of Alabama right now. Good night, friend. Tomorrow we'll hunt more birds."

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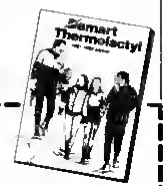
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The Esquire

Early warnings, inner soundings, offhand comments, gratuitous advice

MEDIA NOTES

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Coming in like sirocco, desert chinook. A muted melody of material. A petal of poetry. Hi in fabric. Virgin cotton with just a kiss of polyester. Significantly lo in minuses. They don't shrink or shrivel, pucker or bag! Pair of! When no nearness is too close. Get *Chummy* with our *Chinos*!

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That wonderful moment when you forget what *no* means. Dino wears our chinos. Gild your lily! Flatter your femur! Choose from a wide selecta choice. The Label goes on . . . before the Registered Trademark goes on. . . before the Name Tag goes on. I guess we could say you're that cosmopolitan boy.

Oh, but you can be serious too. Alone on a rainy night. Giving in to thoughts of who you are. Wishing they were there. Hanging where you could see them. The son you never had. *Tu-whit, tu-whoo*, we've got the pants just for you. You deserve nothing better—we deserve nothing less. "Seize now and here the product that is best, nor trust some later day."—Horace.

Pssst—personally, we wouldn't trust other pants as far as we could throw them. P-n-t-s! Sizewise, they are downsized or uplarged to fit any body type. Large, reg, or missy. Fully optimized Designer-designed Namename Wearwear, with extra extras, added pluses, and ultra-additionalizers. The body quencher for the picky people! Off married to white. Leg wedded to leg. A study in matching contrasts. *Mute testimony to a sleeveless errand!* No straps, bones, or wires. This ad continues.

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If roaches check into other trousers, they check right out. But insects and ants... stay *in* our pants! At where we are, that's who we is, doing what us do best!

Who would only say no more than this?

—Robert M. Strozier

Ladies' Entrance

Greaser Girl



WHEN I was thirteen, I fell for Walter Ross's biceps. He swaggered into our eighth-grade math class in a tight T-shirt, and I forgot to breathe. This event was more momentous than just an early twinge of lust. Walter Ross, with whom I seemed destined to fall in love, was the head of the greaser group of my junior high school, the reigning king of the toughs.

I wanted in with the group, after thirteen years of being a good girl, I needed to do something drastic. Becoming a greaser seemed the best way to act out my tragic adolescence, which before had found expression only in outpourings of depressing poetry. So I hung around with the gang for a while to show that I wasn't put off by their coarseness. After a couple of weeks, Walter took me on as his girl, and I was in. I donned the requisite navy pea jacket, learned how to inhale Marlboros and chug Southern Comfort, and worked on developing a sarcastic cool.

At my school, being a greaser was teenage rebellion at its most rebellious. In retrospect, it seems tame; we were only thirteen, after all, and couldn't have drag races at midnight or Jets-versus-Sharks-type rumbles. We didn't have cars or licenses, and there wasn't anyone to rumble *with*. So we settled for bickering among ourselves and mildly terrorizing the other students.

In return, we were treated with a mixture of fear and disdain. The boys were given the respect due those who would punch you in the face for getting in their way; the girls were given the respect due those who hung out with guys who would punch you in the face. One day on the school bus, some guy snatched my hat in an innocent grab for attention, his friend hissed, "That's Walter Ross's *girlfriend*," and he apologized profusely, dusting off my hat as he handed it back. For the first time in my life, I was scary. I loved it.

Within the group, there was a definite hierarchy. Walter had absolute rule, he wasn't the strongest, but he was, besides being wiry and tough, the smartest. Below him, the boys had descending status, depending on their own combinations of tough and sharp. Then came the girls, whose status depended on the male hierarchy. Being Walter's girlfriend, I was the top female, but being female, I was second to all the guys.

The girls weren't *really* considered part of the group; we were accessories, a sort of sullen cheering squad. Besides, it was tough to be hard-core with a ten o'clock curfew. We spent a lot of time not being where we had said we would be. On Friday nights we didn't go to the Seventies version of a sock hop at the school, contrived to keep the students out of trouble. On Saturday afternoons we didn't go to the library to work on book reports, we didn't go to the movies. Instead, we smoked, watched the boys throw rocks through windows, ran away from police cars, made out with the boys on the church lawn. I suppose we must have talked, but I can't recall one conversation.

Mainly, the group just hung out. This wasn't a *slum*, after all: this was the North Shore of Long Island. When we weren't in the town's teen center (where we could smoke cigarettes without sneaking and watch the boys play pool), we were in a tree house that the boys had built high above someone's back yard. Or—and I now think that this was a big reason why the boys liked having us around once winter hit—we were in a rec room provided by one of the girls, an upper-middle class fixture unknown to greaser guys in their homes. In the rec room, they could count on a Ping-Pong table and a record player as well as an unending supply of Cokes and potato chips stocked by our parents, who at first were just being sociable in the way parents are when they're relieved that their children aren't social rejects, but who eventually just wanted to keep an eye on us.

To be good at being a greaser girl, one had to be *really* bad; in the end, those who lasted were those who felt they had the least to lose. For me, the whole thing eventually got boring. It began to seem silly to sneak off for piano lessons and pretend that I didn't enjoy them. I wanted to work on the yearbook! Join the chorus! Eventually, the same thing that got me into the group got me out of it: love, with all its pathos and passion. This time, I fell for my piano teacher. The greasers shunned me. I began writing tragic poetry again.

—L.B.

The Listener

The Earth Hour



UPON HEARING that NASA engineers have placed gold-plated long-playing records of human sounds aboard Voyager I *and* Voyager II *in a project they have called "Greetings from Earth"*:

National Aeronautics and
Space Administration
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

Human music—I am with you all the way! But let's hope we're being honest about ourselves to alien beings. We're not touching up the little ol' résumé on those records, are we? Don't get me wrong, Bach may be our mightiest self-recommendation, but those onion-headed prodigies out Orion way might be more astounded by our actual banality! Look, give *me* funding; here's the Top Ten program I'll line up for the Earth Hour:

1. "Chopsticks"

Its charisma is limited, no matter how jazzy the arrangement, but although there's fancier music, there's none so honest. "Chopsticks" is the ABCs of mortal exertion. Still, it's such a weird introduction to us, or to anything, that I think those eavesdropping unimaginables would just have to keep listening.

2. "Happy Birthday"

Now that we've got their attention, let's hit 'em broadside with our theme song. Not classy but, you'll agree, very

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Earth. All that clangorous, foggy getting-together at parties in anticipation of free cake. If linear time has any meaning to them, the pathos of this limp anthem to time's onslaught will set their feelers aquiver.

3. "Nyaa-Nyaa-Nya Nyaa Nyaa"

True, it's not strictly music, but what is? Besides, they don't know about the distinctions we make; they might think cricket sounds were dance music. Sending this brief recitativo might risk interplanetary warfare, but at least they'll realize that we're not 100 percent water and that it's not good manners that got us up from the lobe-finned fishes. They might as well know that rudeness is the way on this vicious, nearly spherical cafeteria. Anyhow, I for one am willing to put up with the nuisance of interplanetary warfare just to get a look at these yoskies once and for all.

4 and 5. "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Is it honest? No, not exactly, especially since most of the people who have sung it have never worked on any railroad. But, remember, we want to be honest even about our dishonesty; this way they'll know that whether or not we work hard, we pretend to like it. The progress of this tune will give them a whiff of progress in general. The song never ends; it has successively merrier and more uncalled-for extensions, like a house whose senile owner is always adding lean-tos. After Dinah and her horn, there is a crazed shift to the kitchen and, finally, a free-for-all of "fee-fi-fiddl-i-i-ohs"—God knows what's happened to the railroad. If manifest destiny has a musical spokesman, this is it.

6. "Body and Soul"

After that last one, we'll need sympathy fast. Biology has its victims too. "For you I sigh for you, dear, only." Sharing heartbreak with strangers may not be polite, but maybe they'll be flattered when we confide in them. After all, we *are* Mother Earth: all the tourist billboards say TRY OUR FAMOUS FEELINGS. And, luckily, this kind of music can make even our most psychotic depressions seem sexy. John Q. Mars may not dig torch music, but even if he can't scan the blues, he might just get agitated enough to want to know if the guy and girl ever get back together.

7. The Pachelbel Canon

I know. I cut Bach out of town, but this piece is short and serene, which will surprise them after what they've heard so far. And when they contact us to tell us how much they like the Pachelbel, we can shrug and say, "You should hear our *big* composers!"

8. "The Loco Motion"

This tells them how we get around.

9. "Holiday for Strings"

I think those Other Worlders are ready for some more complicated social patterns. This industrial cheer maker, the granddaddy of Muzak, is the best melodic equivalent we could choose of mannered behavior, apparently benign institutions, sexual repression, hypocrisy, and self-presentation of all sorts. This piece isn't personal, it isn't impersonal—what the heck is it? If I know those extragalactic intelligences, they'll put *z* and *z*+1 together and realize that we can conceal ourselves from them and from one another and still pretend we're out in the open. Intrigue like that should tantalize 'em.

10. "Ol' Man River"

Sure, I'd rather close with a tasteful string quartet, but the finale has to be straightforward enough to appeal to some gigantic amphibious protozoan a thousand parsecs away. Interpretation is going to be crucial here, so let's get a version that really lets 'er rip—no youth choirs need apply. Keep the violin arrangement in check, no hotdogging on the closing phrases, and there won't be a dry eye in the sky.

OF COURSE, the arts councils will show up on our isolated recording-studio doorstep with shopping bags full of Verdi cassettes, and they'll point out that we could do a lot better for those silvery heathens than piping them hokey popular tunes. Yes. But let's not be importunate. Superciliousness is not going to bring them calling with bonbons and a cure for cancer. Do you think they want edification lessons from us countlessly distant as we are and still molten at our core? Let's take our cue from all those teen dating manuals: To Make Friends, Be Yourself.

Sincerely,

Mark O'Donnell
Chairman, Earthlings for Honesty

AFTERTHOUGHTS

A Conversation with Kate



KATE NEVER called anymore, and I had stopped thinking about her, but I'm sure that the night she called at three A.M. to tell me she was getting married, I had dreamed of her in her cheerleading suit.

"To Stanley?" I said.

"No, Evan."

"The watchmaker?"

"The watchmaker."

She asked me to tell her about my love life, and I wouldn't.

"Why not?"

"You know," I said and swallowed. "So tell me, is it real?"

"Of course."

"You're not going to change your mind?"

"Stop it."

"It's just that I've never seen you when you weren't willing to change your mind."

"You were the one person I didn't want to tell."

"Why did you call me at three A.M.?"

"I've been drinking."

"Alone?"

"Naughty boy," she said. "Will you come to the wedding?"

"Sure."

"You will?"

"I don't know."

"Don't hang up," she said, and then she thought of something to say. "Do you remember what you once told me? That getting married was the thing I wanted to want to do?"

"I remember that you once asked me to marry you."

"It was the same night," she said.

"Oh."

"I love him," she said.

"Stanley?"

"Evan," she said.

"Don't hang up," I said.

"I won't. How do you feel?"

"Nostalgic."

"Me too. You'll kill me for this, but I wish you were here right now so I could kiss you. Is that awful?"

"Fairly awful, yes."

"It is?"

"How would you feel if I told you I was getting married?"

"Are you?"

"Someday."

"I'd think you were making a mistake."

"Oh, yeah?"

"It would make me feel old," she said. "We were so young together. You were so young."

"Thanks," I said.

"Sorry," she said, and then she blurted, "I didn't love you because of how young you were, I loved you because of how you were young."

"What? Did you read that somewhere?"

"No, I made it up," she said. "I thought of it yesterday."

For some reason, I told her not to worry about me. When she didn't say anything, I imagined hearing her sniffle.

"What's Stanley up to, anyway?"

"He's a Jehovah's Witness," she said. "It isn't funny. He goes door to door."

"Wow." The telephone line crackled. I was thinking about what happens to people.

"I'll see you at the wedding?" she asked finally.

I doubt it, I said.

Kate sneezed. "I must be allergic to you," she said.

"It's psychosomatic," I said. "Kate?"

"You going to hang up now, hon?"

"Yup."

"Okay," she said.

"Okay," I said. —B.W.

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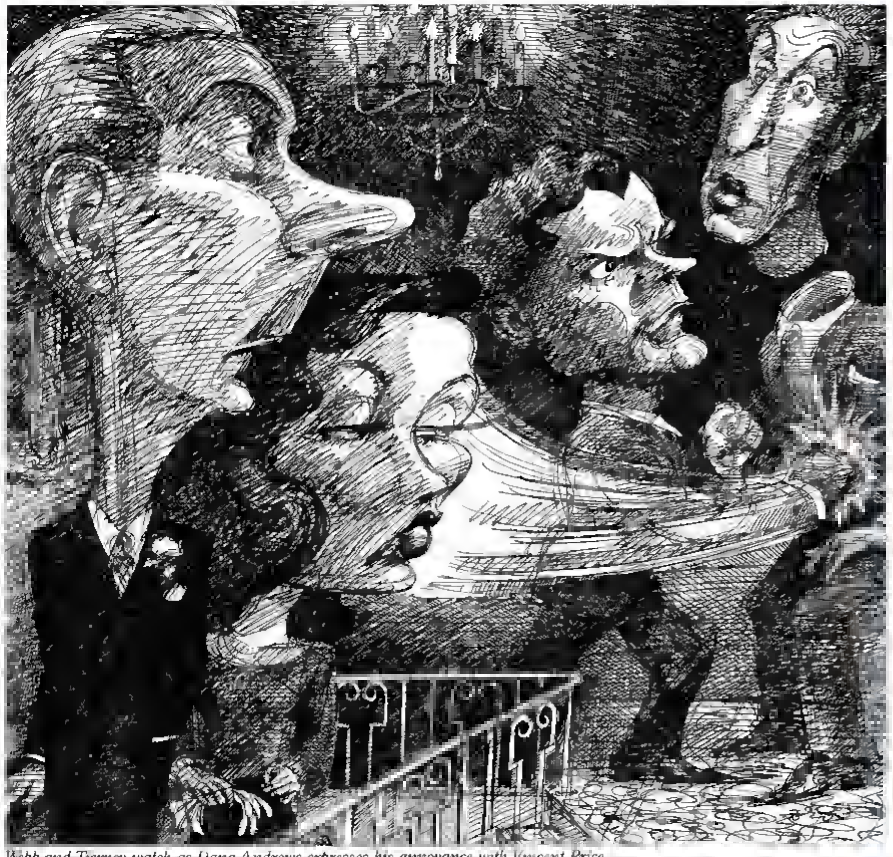
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For more information, see reader service card on page 104A

BY EDWARD SOREL

LAURA

The single gem in the Preminger collection



Webb and Tierney watch as Dana Andrews expresses his annoyance with Vincent Price

YES, VIRGINIA, Otto Preminger did make one good movie. It happened in 1944 and was called *Laura*. This single gem in the Preminger collection owes much of its brilliance to David Raksin's haunting score and to Jay Dratler's literate screenplay—a screenplay that underscores the class conflict between an unlettered cop and the bitchy denizens of upper-class society. (Thirty years later, this same conflict would be exploited over and over again in the TV series *Columbo*.)

In casting the film, Rouben Mamoulian—the film's director until producer Preminger fired him—found the perfect effete snob to play the murderer. Clifton Webb. Returning to the screen after an absence of twenty years, Webb gave an elegant, fruity performance that proved so popular that he repeated it in various guises for the next decade. Gene Tierney played the beautiful Laura, and Dana Andrews played the unsophisticated cop in his typical manner—dour but honest. ●

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For more information, see reader service card on page 104A.